

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

October
1929

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE

FOG

Bambrack
By Cosmo Hamilton

The Parker Desk Set Inaugurates

Non-Stop Writing

... the productive way



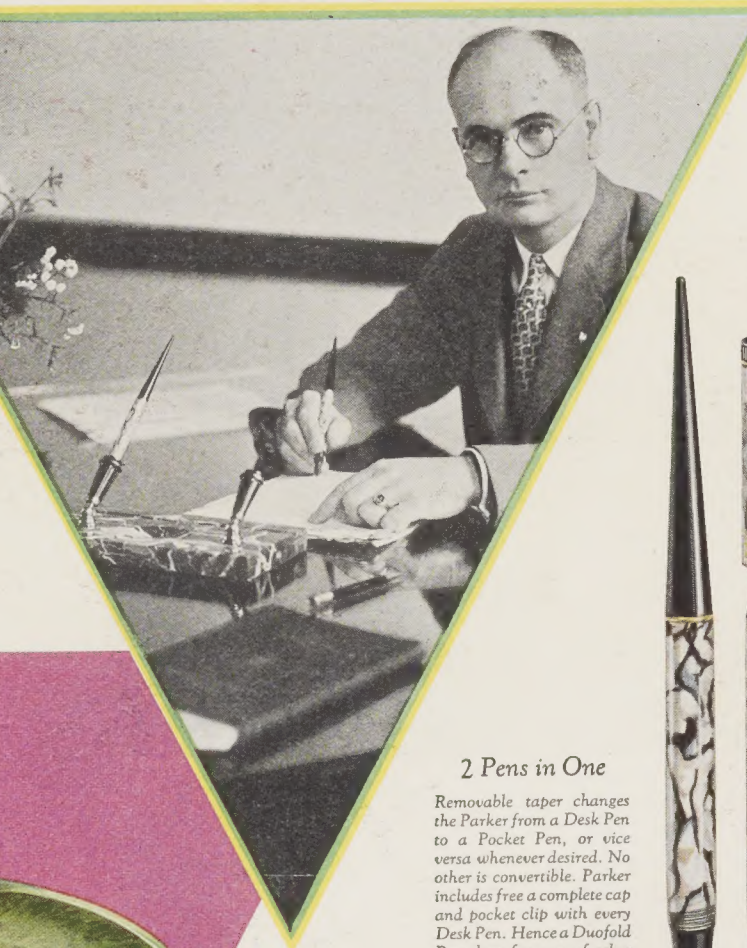
Ends Pen-Dipping—Puts Lost Motion at Work—and Brings 2 Pens in One, for Desk and Pocket



The handsome building of the London Life Insurance Co., London, Ontario, is completely equipped throughout to meet modern standards of efficiency, including Parker Desk Sets instead of old fashioned ink-wells. Mr. J. S. Lovell, Secretary of the Company, is shown signing his mail with a Parker Duofold Desk Pen.



Porcelain Base with Parker Convertible Duofold Junior Desk-Pocket Pen, \$9; others, \$6.75



2 Pens in One

Removable taper changes the Parker from a Desk Pen to a Pocket Pen, or vice versa whenever desired. No other is convertible. Parker includes free a complete cap and pocket clip with every Desk Pen. Hence a Duofold Pen does for two of other makes. If you already own a Parker Pen you have half a Parker Desk Set. Get a Taper and Base to complete it.



Pen-dipping has resigned in favor of Non-stop writing, and big business is quickly falling in line with the change to meet a competitive world.

This swift and extensive trend is exemplified in the new modern building of the London Life Insurance Co., London, Ont., where 31 Parker Desk Sets are in use in executive's offices. A few years ago this progressive concern also equipped the majority of its agents with Parker Duofold Pens, at its fiftieth anniversary.

So it is from Halifax to Victoria—business—*Good Business*—has turned to Parker Fountain Pen Desk Sets for a shorter way and a more productive day!

Parker Desk Sets bring the Parker Convertible Pen with taper for desk use, and cap and clip for pocket.

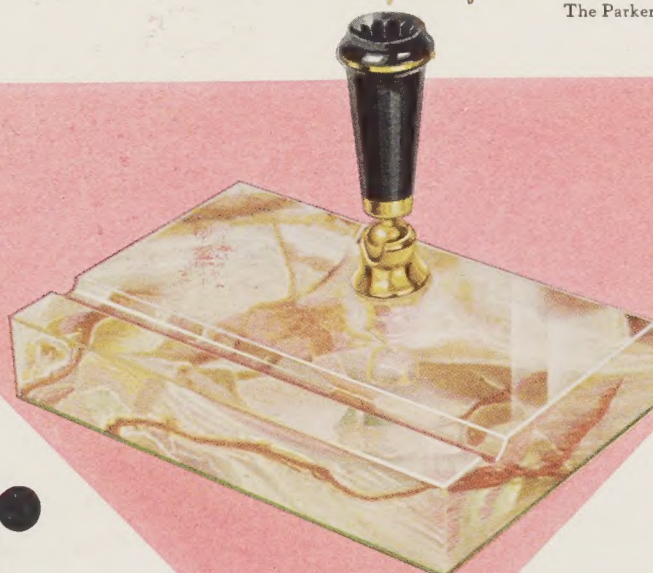
A pen holding 24% more ink than others, and **Guaranteed against all defects*. It writes with Pressureless Touch.

As graceful and light as a dart—28% lighter than rubber. For it's made of Parker's Non-Breakable Permanite—lustrous, jewel-like, colourful.

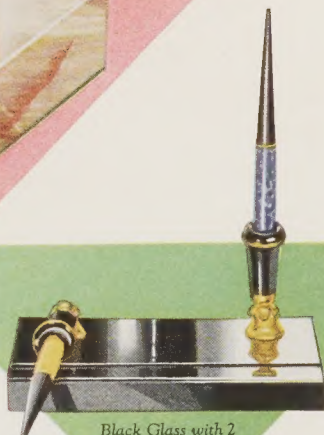
Instead of an ink-spattered ink-well with corroded steel pen, you have here an ornamental base in onyx, marble, porcelain, or glass—with a graceful ball and socket sleeve that holds your gold-pointed Parker ever ready within sight and reach.

To inaugurate productive writing this month, stop at any Parker dealer's, or phone him to put a Parker Desk Set in your office.

The Parker Fountain Pen Company, Limited
Toronto 3, Ontario



Onyx Base with Parker Convertible Black & Pearl Senior Duofold Desk-Pocket Pen, \$19; with Junior Duofold, \$17.50



Black Glass with 2 Senior Duofolds, \$24; with 2 Juniors \$20

Parker

»» Duofold

Desk Sets

\$6⁷⁵
to
\$100

*Guaranteed against all defects

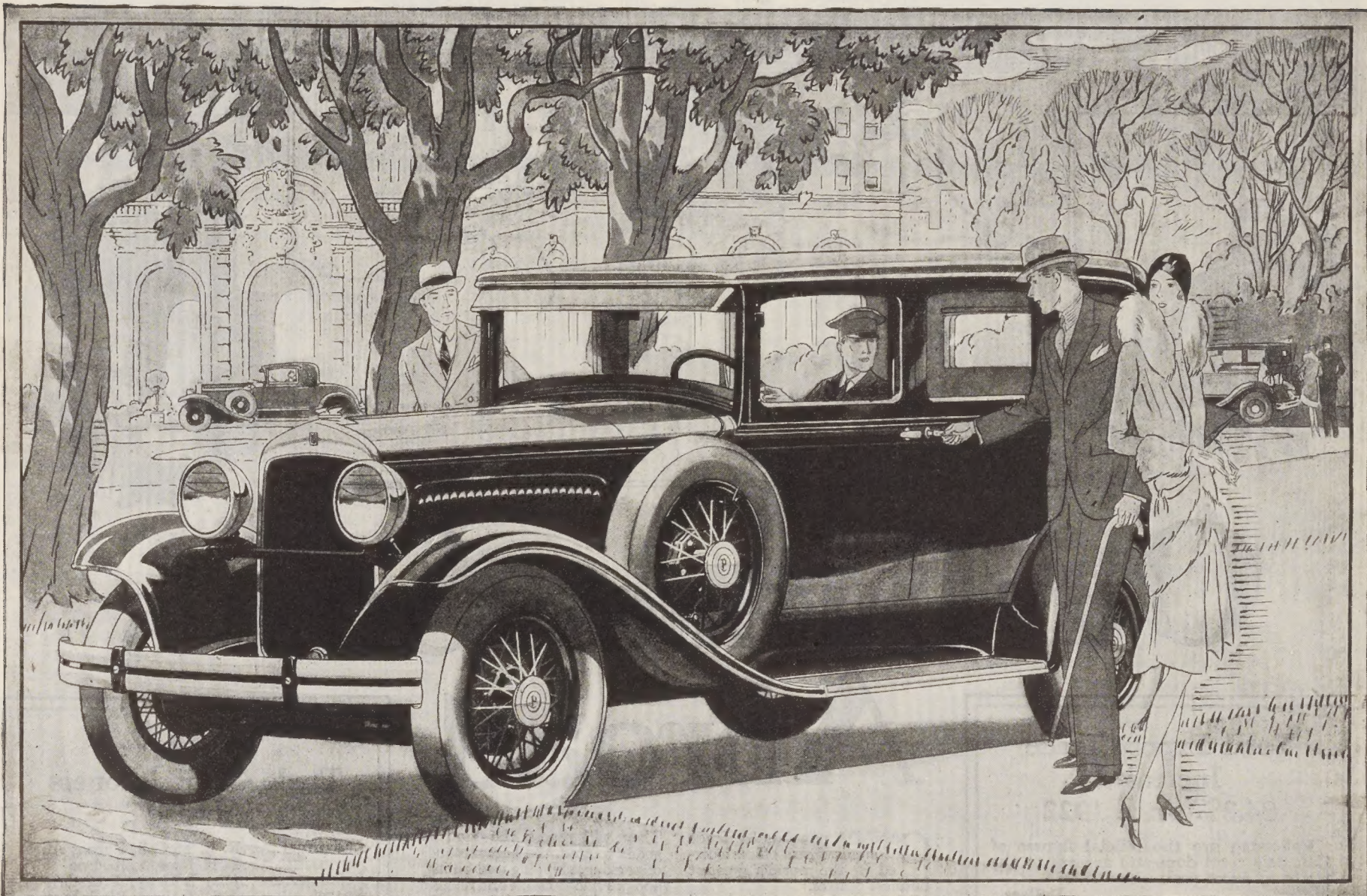
The Parker Duofold Fountain Pen is made to give lifelong satisfaction. Any defective parts will be replaced without charge, provided complete pen is sent to the factory with 12c for return postage and registration.



CHRYSLER

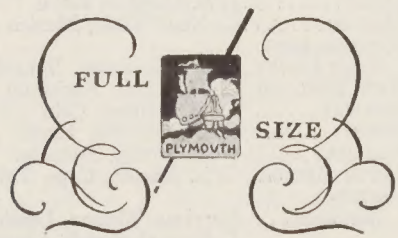
MOTORS

PRODUCT



THE FULL-SIZE 4-DOOR SEDAN, \$890 (Special equipment extra)—Canadian-Built for Canadians

Economically priced — Supremely satisfying



In *all* things that endear a car to the woman who drives, the Chrysler-built Plymouth sets the highest standards ever established in the low-priced field.

Until Chrysler built Plymouth, endowed with the distinctive stylishness of Chrysler designing, there had never been a low-priced car that anybody would be proud to own.

Until Chrysler built Plymouth, there had never been a low-priced car so responsive to the throttle, so smooth and quiet, so steady and well-balanced at all speeds.

Until Chrysler built Plymouth, equipped with 11-inch Chrysler weatherproof internal-

expanding 4-wheel *hydraulic* brakes, there had never been a low-priced car so easy to handle, control and stop.

Until Chrysler built Plymouth, there had never been a low-priced car in which five grown-up passengers could ride in such complete comfort—without hint of unpleasant crowding.

The improved Plymouth is manifestly a product of good taste—and at a price amazingly low by comparison.



"Have you read So and so's latest? No? Well, by all means get it. It's the best story that has appeared in months" . . . And you go to the bookseller's, pay \$2.00 or more for the book and consider the money well invested. Did you ever stop to consider that for an investment per day of even less than the price of a popular novel you can own and drive a *full-size* Chrysler-built Plymouth?

Coupe, \$820; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$850; 2-Door Sedan, \$860; Touring, \$870; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), \$870; 4-Door Sedan, \$890. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

PLYMOUTH

CANADA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario



Our Business Scouts Abroad

Total Export Trade Increased 84.2% since 1922

Following are the official figures of Canada's total domestic exports to the world by fiscal years since 1922:

	Dollars
1922.....	740,240,680
1923.....	931,451,443
1924.....	1,045,351,056
1925.....	1,069,067,353
1926.....	1,315,355,791
1927.....	1,252,157,506
1928.....	1,228,349,343
1929.....	1,363,709,672

Exports to the British Empire Increased 55% since 1922

Following are our total exports by fiscal years since 1922 to the British Empire:

	Dollars
1922.....	345,835,410
1923.....	439,625,892
1924.....	436,596,369
1925.....	475,132,713
1926.....	598,567,995
1927.....	540,437,761
1928.....	499,265,845
1929.....	536,127,017

Exports to Foreign Countries Increased 108.8% since 1922

Canada's export trade to twenty-six foreign countries in 1922 was \$388,793,940. In 1929 this total was \$812,110,312.

The countries to which this export was made were: United States, Germany, Netherlands, Japan, Belgium, China, Italy, France, Argentina, Greece, Norway, Denmark, Brazil, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Cuba, Dutch East Indies, Egypt, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Mexico, Russia, Chile, Finland, Colombia and Czecho-Slovakia.

CANADA now has 32 Trade Commissioners' offices located in the world's greatest business centres.

The sole duty of these offices is to assist in the development of Canadian export trade.

The Trade Commissioners, each one a specially trained Canadian, living among the buyers of other countries, search out new markets for Canada's products, or seek to widen existing markets.

They are this country's business scouts abroad.

A Service for Exporters

These Trade Commissioners will make direct inquiries, or conduct preliminary surveys for any Canadian producer or manufacturer regarding the opportunities for selling his product.

While the story of Canada's increasing export trade constitutes a business record in which every Canadian can take pride, still more can be accomplished. Greater markets for Canadian products exist. The producers and manufacturers of this country have the resources and the skill to compete successfully across the seven seas. At the same time more active participation in export trade will stabilize employment at home, and lower production costs. The continuation of Canada's prosperity is linked with a trade beyond our boundaries. Let us help you to gain your share of this profitable business.

They will report the kind of goods wanted, the best methods of packing, shipping and billing, and provide valuable and reliable information on business conditions generally. They will place any Canadian, seriously interested in export, in touch with progressive local representatives, or introduce his salesmen to established trade houses. They will assist in maintaining business contacts.

A World View of Business

The latest trade developments the world over are constantly reported by these Commissioners to the Commercial Intelligence Service at Ottawa. This information is at the command of any Canadian. Letters of inquiry on any phase of export trade are welcomed.

Canada's Trade Commissioners Abroad

ARGENTINA.....	E. L. McColl, Buenos Aires
AUSTRALIA.....	D. H. Ross, Melbourne
BELGIUM.....	Jean J. Guay, Brussels
BRAZIL.....	A. S. Bleakney, Rio de Janeiro
BR. W. INDIES.....	R. T. Young, Port of Spain, Trinidad
BR. W. INDIES.....	F. W. Fraser, Kingston
CHINA.....	L. M. Cosgrave, Shanghai
CUBA.....	James Cormack, Havana
FRANCE.....	Hercule Barré, Paris
GERMANY.....	L. D. Wilgress, Hamburg
GREECE.....	L. J. H. Turcot, Athens
HOLLAND.....	J. C. McGillivray, Rotterdam
HONG KONG.....	Paul Sykes, Hong Kong
INDIA & CEYLON.....	Richard Grew, Calcutta
IRISH FR. STATE.....	J. H. English, Dublin
ITALY.....	A. B. Muddiman, Milan
JAPAN.....	J. A. Langley, Kobe
MEXICO.....	C. Noel Wilde, Mexico City
NETHERLANDS.....	
EAST INDIES.....	G. R. Heasman, Batavia
NEW ZEALAND.....	C. M. Croft, Auckland
NORWAY.....	F. H. Palmer, Oslo
PERU.....	G. R. Stevens, Lima
PANAMA.....	J. A. Strong, Panama
SOUTH AFRICA.....	C. S. Bissett, Cape Town
UNITED KINGDOM.....	Harrison Watson, London
	J. Forsyth Smith, London
	Harry A. Scott, Liverpool
	Douglas S. Cole, Bristol
	Gordon B. Johnson, Glasgow
UNITED STATES.....	Frederic Hudd, New York
	R. S. O'Meara, Chicago
	San Francisco (to be opened later).
Director of Commercial Intelligence Service,	
C. H. PAYNE, Ottawa.	

DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE

HON JAMES MALCOLM Minister

OTTAWA

F. C. T. O'HARA Deputy Minister





VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 10

Britain as Leader

IN THE London Graphic Lord Balfour wrote an inspiring article which he himself summarized in these words:

"Put shortly, my view is this: I hold that the world, as never before, is conscious, however intermittently, that it constitutes a unity, however loosely organized: that it has common interests which may require, however rarely, a certain measure of common action; that it should cultivate an international public opinion—dispassionate, impartial and instructed—capable of working through any form of international machinery, temporary or permanent, now existing or hereafter to be created; and that the English-speaking peoples, if they work harmoniously together, are specially fitted by temperament and tradition to contribute to the realization of this great ideal."

This surely was a remarkable plea for world peace, and an invitation for all English-speaking lands to join hands in a movement looking towards that end.

Last month the Premier of Great Britain, this time the leader of the Labor Party, expressed himself even more emphatically for at the meeting of the League of Nations he made a plea for disarmament and for settlement of disputes by conference and arbitration, pointing out how easy it was for Great Britain and the United States to come to agreement when they met in the spirit of trust and good-will. It is common knowledge now that most of the other nations in the League accepted the challenge. Premier Briand of France went even farther when he said: "There is another kind of disarmament necessary, and that is economic disarmament." He believed this problem should be taken out of the domain of technicalities and handled from a political standpoint. It is gratifying to note that the World is moving steadily towards peace, and citizens of the Empire may take pride in the fact that Great Britain and the Dominions across the seas have been ready to lead the way.

Yet it is not enough that Britain should lead in movements of this kind. She still has to keep an eye on the warring factions in the East. Tribal and religious ferocity has to be quelled, and, unfortunately, by a strong hand. Jew and Arab have to learn that there is something more important than a difference of opinion as to the ownership of a praying plot. They too have to forget differences and learn to live together in peace and amity. If the cement of persuasion and argument will not hold them together, they must get accustomed to another cohesive that is not likely to fail. The ownership of Palestine is not likely to be settled by religious feuds and tribal raids. The world has moved forward, and in this movement Britain will not lag behind. If the trouble turns out to be not chiefly religious and racial, then the quarrelsome tribes who acknowledge no League but who are bent on the lessening of British influence in the East, must be taught that magnanimity is not weakness, and that those who have returned to their own land to plant vineyards and lead the flocks over the hills, and build towns and cities, are not to be disturbed.

Altogether Great Britain is comporting herself very well. In her international dealings she has been more than fair, and so she is respected by the World. If the various classes in the Homeland and in the Dominions can feel that in domestic affairs the same fairness is assured then peace and contentment are not far away.

The Crime of Usury

THE TORONTO TELEGRAM gives the story of a certain lawyer in the United States who ten years ago acted as counsel in a law-suit. He turned his fee of \$10,000 into stock in a gas company or something of that nature, and added \$7,500 more to gain control. Then by manipulation and splitting of shares and by getting control of shares in allied concerns, he increased his capital to no less than \$55,000,000, on which he draws interest. The figures may not be trustworthy but they illustrate a plan of financing that is all too common these days. And of course

everything was within the law and therefore the manipulation was not looked upon as a crime. Were it a private transaction it would be called plain theft, for the consumers of gas were robbed—every one of them. Yet, because of lack of state supervision this form of plundering went unchecked and the man making the profits was called a financier. The worst of it is that many men envy him, and just wish they could have had an opportunity to do the same thing.

Yet last week we met a man who holds a very responsible position in the public service. He told me that an agent offered him stock in a company which was guaranteed to give him 30 per cent. on his investment from the start. All the indications were that the profit would be more than this. The public would pay the price. The gentleman who was offered the stock declined at once, on the ground that if he made this much someone was bound to lose, and he did not wish to become a party to any transaction of the kind. Thank Heaven there are some left who take such a stand. This man was a Scotsman. There may be something in that.

There is such a thing as legitimate interest on money borrowed or loaned, but in all ages and in all lands usury has been condemned—yet practiced. Usury in its worst form is interest on inflated capital. Think of this, that the people in one state pay over 7 cents for electricity when a neighboring state pays only 2. There is need that governments examine into rates of profit in all money-lending and money-making concerns, with a view to protecting those who are borrowers and consumers.

This, of course, is only one side of the picture. The other may be presented again.

Fires

THIS year the loss by fire in Western Canada has been enormous. The long dry season converted the greenwood into tinder, and there was no controlling of the flames once they were fanned by the winds. The origin of some of the fires was no doubt spontaneous combustion; in other cases it was lightning. The greater number, however, were traceable to human carelessness.

One man near Lake Winnipeg was warned to be careful about lighting small fires to burn rubbish. Still he persisted, with the result that he set fire to his buildings, and hay-stacks, while three of his neighbors lost everything in the conflagration.

Another man threw away a cigarette stub. A fire began, and he might by strenuous effort have stopped it before it spread, but he went for his neighbors, and by the time he returned the blaze was beyond human control.

Too much cannot be said for the watchfulness and energy of the Forest Patrol and for the efforts of the fire-fighters in the various districts of the West. There have been many cases of noble heroism, and lives have been saved at a cost of great suffering and sacrifice. Yet the loss in property has been very great and many people will never recover from the shock they received on seeing the flames threaten life and destroy property. It is a cruel experience to go through a fire.

There will always be some fires, but education of the people can help to lessen the number. It is natural that people should first look to the public school. It is a public institution and one of its first functions should be to prepare for public service. All children should be taught how to prevent danger to life and property. They should be taught to see the ultimate consequence of trivial acts. In nearly all schools something is done, but possibly many teachers and parents think that the duty of the school ends with the teaching of the three R's. One of the greatest reforms in education in recent years is the shifting of emphasis from teaching the subjects of study to developing and protecting private and public life.

Yet the school alone is not responsible for education of this kind. Parents should impress upon children the importance of guarding against fire, and should set a careful example. Adolescents are often careless in their habits. Lighted matches and cigarette stubs are

thrown away without thought as to the consequences. Home, school, press, pulpit and every other agency should join in an effort to educate young and old to the danger of fire in the open. Western Canada is not likely to have another summer as dry as this, but there is always danger and always need of education.

Two Educational Agencies

IT WAS intimated in the last paragraph that the school alone is not responsible for education. Sometimes one gets the impression that it is not the most effective educator.

The home always stands first. There is nothing that equals the influence of a good mother, and nothing that can do more harm than the influence of a bad father—unless, indeed, it is the example of a mother who is coarse, immoral, or lacking in womanly qualities.

There are, however, organized agencies that are doing in a public way much to educate the people. Two of these deserve a word of notice.

This summer was held in England a great Jamboree of the Boy Scouts—50,000 of them camped together—50,000 from all the civilized countries of the world. They were there in all their strength and rugged beauty from all parts of the Empire, the United States, Africa, South America, Asia, Australia. No color line was drawn, no nationality was excluded, no religious belief barred them from associating with their kind. Here was a great melting pot. Here was training in brotherhood. Here was preparation for world citizenship. Here was the League of Nations of the days to come. Those who see in the Boy Scout movement the perpetuation of the military spirit are hopelessly out in their reckoning. Every gesture, every saying makes for peace and understanding. Not only so. The Scout Drill tends to develop in young boys the qualities that are essential to manhood—integrity, loyalty to truth, self-sacrifice, cleanliness in thought and speech. Some there are who do not like the bare knees, the hideous hat, but what if these appeal to boys? That is the beauty of this movement. It suits growing boys as nothing else that has been planned. It was fitting that the founder should have received the honor of the peerage.

There is a second semi-public organization. Throughout the West this year the Chautauqua companies did a great work. Good music, good acting, good speaking. These were offered to the people everywhere, at a price that made it possible for all to attend. The Chautauqua is clean. That much cannot always be said for places of amusement and for lecture halls. The best proof of the value of Chautauqua is that people ask for return visits. The seats are hard, the acoustic properties of the tents not the best, but there is something sprightly, attractive, and instructive in the programmes furnished. They lift the people to a higher level.

There are other agencies outside the schools that should deserve recognition but they must be singled out at another time.

What Canadians Read

STATISTICS show that apart from text-books, Canadians read far more fiction than anything else, and that the books on religion and psychology are becoming increasingly popular. Men wish to know, they wish to transcend the limits of ordinary experience, they wish to understand the meaning of existence. All this is good within limits. Every person should explore some field of truth and become an authority on some living issue. In order to keep his mind from moving in a narrow circle, routinized and stale, he should get out of himself and live with lovers and heroes in realms of beauty or in deeds of courage. Above all he should keep in touch with the Unseen and the Eternal. The finite to realize its highest must reach towards the Infinite.

Canadians will be greatest not as a money-making people, but as a people who are zealous in the quest of truth and beauty and eternal goodness.

People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great
intestinal specialist

"TO check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health."

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated', it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard, straight bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your

digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast to combat the poisons there.

Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants re-awaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin. Most people,



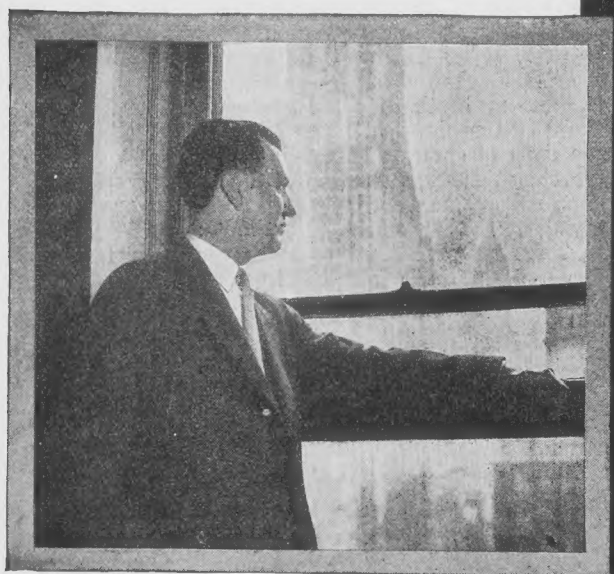
PROFESSOR DOCTOR PAOLO ALESSANDRINI is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the distinguished title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound, straight bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, head-achy half-health? Has living away from the sun made you "soft"? World-famous doctors point the way to quick, *natural* health renewal. How easy it is—just three cakes daily of fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

"I was a human wreck —
absolutely run down"

"I was a human wreck, absolutely run down and my face was broken out," writes Peggy Howell of Sandwich, Ont. "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and I must say it brought positively wonderful results. My friends say I am the picture of health... I owe it all to Fleischmann's Yeast."



(Above)

"At the end of the day
too tired to enjoy
the evening"

New York, N. Y.

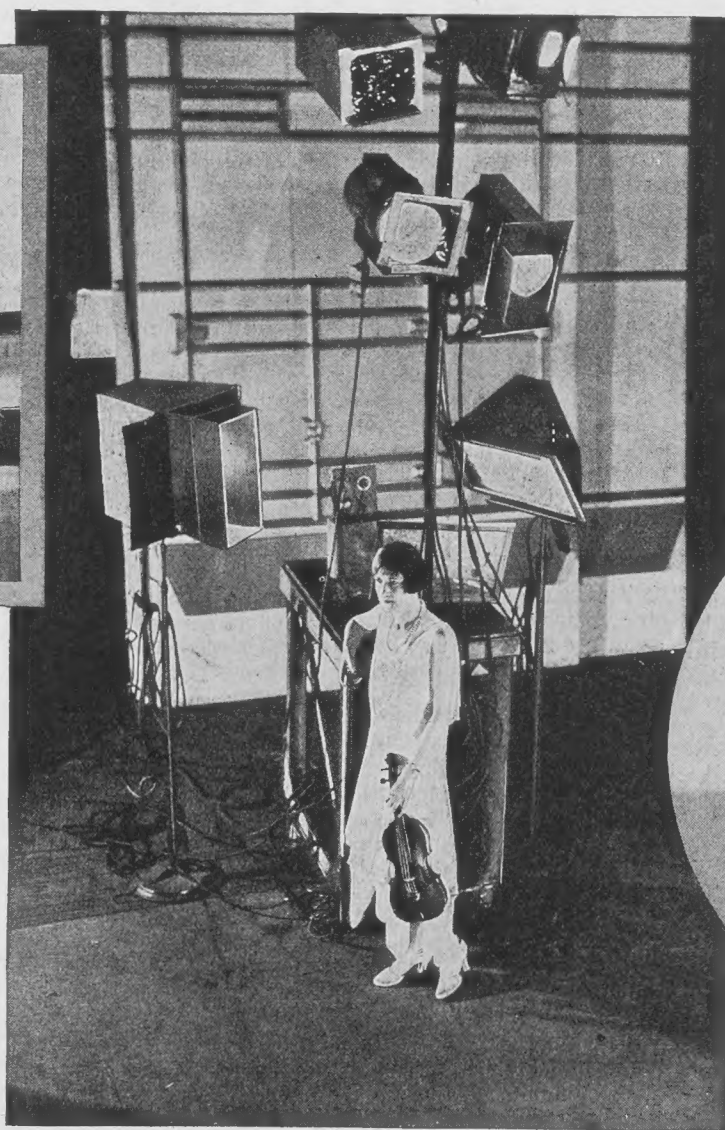
"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience."

"Close confinement to my desk resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation."

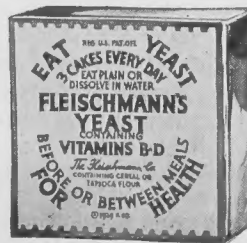
"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. But suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped."

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

H. J. LLOYD



"Playing on the Keith Circuit means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent. My work has become a pleasure."



Made in Canada by Canadians

EAT THREE CAKES daily of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. S-16 Fleischmann Company of Canada Limited, 1449 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Que.

NOW ON SALE!

The New FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST contains Vitamin B and the "Sunshine" Vitamin D

Women Builders of the Westland

By Mary Markwell

Mrs. Elizabeth McDougall

IN OLDEN days troubadors sang to their lady-loves, twanging guitars under cover of star-shine; but now masculinity is staring hard, seeing the women of today occupying places in business—even in scientific lines—without feeling one whit displaced (or outdistanced); rather do the men-folk applaud this extraordinary sight of women assisting in setting the old world to rights after the ravages of a war that enlarged our mentality and tore away every sham that heretofore existed. One of the greatest shams was that "Woman was the inferior sex"! Women are proving the contrary today.

Quite without knowing it, the very first woman to lead in the feminine movement was the shyest, the most modest of women, who never dreamed she was doorkeeper to her sex, when she essayed the rôle of leader in social life out West. The First Lady of the Land was the wife of the first Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. David Laird, who opened the first Government House in Swan River—or Livingstone, as it was later known—and, in the words of a gentleman present on that historic occasion, she "saw the opening of the First Legislature." Mrs. Laird was the only woman present.

The late Amedee E. Forget (who was clerk of the Assembly) told the writer a delightful story of early-day difficulties in social intercourse. Mrs. Laird was giving a State dinner. The Westland was bare and bald of anything in the floral line; but the little lady was inventive. Gazing out of the window her eye fell on the potato-patch, and in a trice she was out amongst the flowering tubers and, when the guests assembled, there, in a large bowl, was a central attraction. It was the delicate, creamy, homely yet beautiful potato blossoms that gave the little touch just needed for decoration! Was there ever a more resourceful mind?

ELIZABETH McDOUGALL,
PIONEER

IN Elizabeth McDougall we get the woman missionary. Her smiling face hides all the early-day hardships of the West, when, accompanying her husband, she undertook the work of assisting in Christianizing the savage Indian. Of that harsh time, and of its terrors—for she faced death on more than one occasion—this gently nurtured young mother stood under the "Banner of the Cross" and fought—? she fought for the souls of those who knew nothing of the Savior.

Interviewed, Mrs. McDougall told the writer some of her experiences; of standing all night long guarding the little home where her children slept while outside the door drunken Indians caroused and danced, knowing "McDougall of Alberta" was on the trail "somewhere up north."

"That was the only time I was really frightened," she said. "I thought of the children—of my husband coming home to find us"—her eyes looked into the misty past—her voice failed, then she said simply: "I knelt down and prayed, and, as I prayed, I heard the barking of the dogs, and knew my husband had come"! Today Mrs. Elizabeth McDougall lives in Calgary in the retirement of a life given up to the civilizing of the Indians of the West. What a splendid vista must be hers, looking back, today, to see the work of "The McDougalls," as of other brave missionaries, shaped, perfected and made whole by prayer!



Mrs. David Laird



Mrs. Laura E. Jamieson



Mrs. Boyce Sprague



Mrs. Dennis Harris



Mrs. John

McKenzie

LAURA E. JAMIESON, New Westminster, B.C.

WHEN I came across Mrs. Jamieson (who was a Bruce County girl) she was packing up for a trip to Prague, where the W.I.L. will discuss the Kellogg Pact, and endeavor to make it "a reality"! Laura E. Marshall was brought up on a farm, came west and was at once caught in the Mountain Climbing Club (being a charter member). Returned to Toronto University, graduated in Arts, became Y.W.C.A. Sec-

retary, and married J. Stuart Jamieson, to settle in Vancouver. There she became president of the University Women's Club—all of whom took part in Red Cross work when the Great War broke out. Later she became secretary of the Canadian W.I.L., as also president of the B.C. Parent-Teacher Federation, which important body Mrs. Jamieson will represent at Prague. While absent on this important mission, Mrs. Jamieson will lay down the Juvenile Court Judgeship which she holds, and the Library Commissioner's job which for three years she has held. Asked her opinion concerning woman's entry into public life, she made answer:

"I am strongly of the opinion that once women are aroused to think for themselves instead of taking their opinions ready-made; and once they become familiar with public work, that they will make great strides in political as well as social reform, especially in such realms as peace. Women are good organizers; they have imagination, and above all, they have the 'divine unrest,' that keeps them pegging away."

MARGARET M. MITCHELL

IN A world-wide competition, Columbia University gave the "Curtis-University Scholarship in History and English" to Miss Margaret M. Mitchell, of Vancouver, B.C. Miss Mitchell represents the younger generation; she is full of enthusiasm, occupying an important post on the teaching staff of the public schools of her native city. Her record is brilliant: Graduating from the B.C. University, she was awarded the American Antiquarian Society's Scholarship at Clark University, where she gained distinction as a student. She was winner of three scholarships (1924-26), i.e., Woman's Canadian Club, Historical Society and Native Sons' Scholarship.

A WOMAN JUDGE...

FEW women have achieved in youth not only the applause given to the writer of books, but, as in the case of "Janey Canuck," achieved the greatest and highest gift obtainable in the province she adorns.

Take the pen-name selected by Mrs. Judge Emily Murphy: not "Gwendoline," or "Penelope," or "Cleopatra"; nay, nay! In her simple, direct desire to do herself justice and do her homeland honor, this delightful personality selects the ordinary, every-day cognomen, "Janey Canuck."

"Janey Canuck" is loved by those who have never met her. She is an established institution in the hearts of those who know her best; and, in her capacity as Magistrate of the Woman's Court, she has never for a single moment lost sight of her responsibilities to the people. "Janey Canuck" has salvaged souls and bodies of derelicts on the way down. She has, in the words of Proverbs, "stretched out her hands to the needy and opened her arms to the poor." Is there any office in Canada she couldn't fill with distinction? Edmonton, Alberta, is her address.

MRS. DENNIS HARRIS

IN MRS. DENNIS HARRIS, of Victoria, you get epitomized all the virtues of the home-maker and the business-woman. Born in the purple—daughter of Sir James Douglas, first Lieutenant Governor of B.C., all her girlhood days were given over to social joys. A reigning belle of the eighties, you'd scarce expect to find her establishing an industry in the same city she was enthroned "A Society Girl."

And yet, the day I called [Continued on page 50]



Illustrated by
John F. Clymer

IT WAS impossible to see beyond the length of an arm. For five days and nights an impenetrable fog had held the beautiful "Blue Bird" in its vapory grip. Before an excellent breeze Twyshot had taken her out on a Saturday morning from Cowes with the intention of returning before sundown on the Monday afternoon. The chief steward had laid in little more food, tobacco and alcohol than would last the party three days. It was at mid-day that the lovely, engineless thing ran into the dense mass in which, with unflapping sails, she was lying now. For five days, therefore, Twyshot's guests, skipper and crew had been forced to live on the more and more meagre rations that were served to them.

So far as Twyshot himself was concerned, he was a man who held, and rightly, that food, tobacco and alcohol are responsible for most of the ills of life. He was in first-class health and spirits. Under the strain of boredom, privation and anxiety the more self-indulgent and high-strung of his friends, however, had cracked.

The behavior of these people was proving, as all such crises prove, how thin the dividing line is between civilization and the savage state. To one who clung to the belief that humanity has progressed since the days of bows and arrows it was distinctly depressing to spend an hour in the large saloon.

Arthur Rowant found it so, optimist as he was. He preferred for that reason, and for another which had driven him into a mental fog far thicker than this temperamental outburst on Nature's part, to be cold and hungry above than warm and shocked below.

Pacing the wet deck alone, he listened to the hoarse siren of a not-distant liner which gave the only indication, nerve-racking in its monotonous regularity, of reluctant companionship. From time to time, abaft of where he paced, the man at the useless wheel whistled out of tune. Of other sounds in that walled-in prison there were only the occasional yells of the look-out man in the crow's-nest and the bell that marked off the dismal quarters of the "Blue Bird's" helplessness.

Not only was there danger of being run down, but the predicament had assumed a greater ugliness from the fact that Gairloch, deprived of alcohol and tobacco, was on the verge of suicide. He had dwindled into a pithless and despicable object, moaning and blaspheming, who had to be kept under watch. At the moment, by the grace of God, he had cried himself to sleep.

Rowant's bewilderment and unhappiness demanded sympathy. Two days before he had been about to lead Jean Cochran to the altar he had found a letter from her on his breakfast table at the Bachelor's Club. He had given up his rooms. In this, in the fewest number of words, she requested him to be so kind as to consider the event a wash-out. She greatly regretted the sudden change in her plans and remained sincerely his.

Because he banked on this girl and was a man who had never been counted out without every ounce of fight, he left his breakfast standing and went at once to her house. The friendly footman had told him that Miss Cockran was out of town. He asked to see General Cockran and was shown into the familiar dining-room in which his hitherto prospective father-in-law was lighting his first cigarette of the day. In spite of a puzzled expression on his typical Staff College face

the general's air was that of one who had done himself very well. There was a nice aroma of coffee and kippers in the room.

Rowant said: "What's all this, do you know, sir?"

To which the answer was: "Why ask me? I'm only her father, damn it!"

The inclement Mrs. Cockran, whom Rowant insisted on seeing, indulged, however, in a Wagnerian recitative. The frightful waste of money in such tight times. The trousseau, the bridesmaids' frocks, the cards of invitation! Jean's behavior was outrageous. No reasons volunteered. An icy shoulder turned to protests. A flat statement that the wedding had been cancelled and a placid retreat in her car. What would people say—those nasty-minded people? "My God, these modern girls."

There appeared to be nothing else for Rowant to do than stumble back to the Club through unrecognizable streets. Five lines of careless writing on a page of sky-blue paper had ruined his life.

He was thirty-five years old. He had performed the miracle of serving throughout the war, in France, without a disfiguring wound. That is, a physical wound. On his soul there were sore places that had barely healed by the time, six months ago, when he had first met Jean. He had burned his uniform after the armistice and gone to work. He had proved himself as useful on earth as he had been in the air. Nothing more needs to be said. In addition to that, which isn't everything, his name had only to be mentioned by those who knew him, in every class, to be received with warmth. Possessing idealism, inflexible loyalty and a one-woman heart, he had put all his eggs in Jean's basket and was about to enter into partnership with a very sacred love.

So that, of course, he would have shown uncharacteristic moral cowardice if he had accepted his unexplained congé without facing Jean. He spent the whole of that appalling day in eager search. In a condition of mental turmoil he drove to the several houses within fifty miles of London in which he thought that Jean might be. He ran her to earth at last at a place in Surrey, near Godalming, called "Plashetts," which belonged to her brother-in-law. She had just returned from playing tennis somewhere and was standing by the lodge. He jammed on his brakes and sprang out.

"Oh, hullo Jack," she said, apparently as cool as a celandine, but with a nervous flutter of lashes.

"What's all this?" he asked casually, but with misery around his mouth.

"I haven't a single word to add to my letter. I'm sorry—but there it is."

"But you can't leave a man standing in a vacuum without some sort of explanation! My God, it isn't done."

"It is done, under these circumstances. But I add once more that I'm sorry. That's all there is to say."

FOG

She whanged her racquet against her knee as a man whistles in the dark, but all about her there was a look of determination which was unmistakable.

"All right. Good-bye."

But all the same she called after him as he lurched to his car. She was very young, but woman enough for that.

"Let's be good friends when we meet," she said.

To which he replied angrily: "We shall never meet again."

And yet here they were on the "Blue Bird," not six weeks after their mysterious break, in another and more tangible fog.

ROWANT and the Cockrans belonged to the paragraphed people. Hovering over their heads were always the hawks of the press. The abruptly cancelled wedding had been a very welcome *bonne-bouche*. Then, too, every old hen in society had competed in the concoction of rumors. Nastiness was exchanged on the telephone for a week. Then poor dear Blossy Featherstone took an overdose of sleeping draught at Monte Carlo, the Duke of London's moon-struck boy married one of the Sulki Sisters in Paris, and a very thrilling murder was committed in Regent's Park. And so the Rowant-Cockran affair faded out of the average mind with the exception of Nicolas Twyshot's, who was a Jonathan to Jack.

Having brought the "Blue Bird" to Cowes from the little harbor at Cannes this well-meaning fellow had conceived the idea of giving a week-end party to which Jack and Jean should be invited, without either knowing it, and thus given the chance to talk things over at sea. He believed in the healing power of the



"But you can't leave a man standing in a vacuum without some sort of explanation! My God, it isn't done."

friend he was now bottled up in that impotent yacht with the girl he had never intended to speak to again and the creature he despised and hated who wanted that girl. And being the only man on board except Twyshot who had kept his nerve, it fell to his duty to watch Gairloch so that he might be prevented from leaping over the side. "A hell of a mess," he called it, but did his job. He said it aloud to the owner of the yacht, who came up, also preferring the deck.

Twyshot's laugh made a temporary dent in the fog. It was a trick of his to laugh when others swore. "And yet I intended to enjoy the luxury of doing good," he said.

"You're not entirely to blame, Nick."

"You're the only one of the little gang, except Jean, who thinks so, old bird. All the others believe that I put them into this filthy thing on purpose. My idea of a joke. Scrunchorpe looks the other way when he sees me coming. Ivo practises on me all the new sarcasm he'll eventually shoot at Winston, and Rosie intends to cut me dead when she gets ashore—though she believes she never will. She told me just now that if she wasn't supplied with a cigarette within ten minutes her 'entire works would stop'."

"They probably will," said Rowant. "She's never been without the least of her needs since the day she joined the chorus."

"No, amazing, isn't it? Constant self-indulgence, as in Gairloch's case, has made her flabby and spineless. And what a sight she is! She hasn't washed her face or plastered it with makeup for at least three days, and she's in such a frightful funk of death that she borrowed a Bible from the skipper half an hour ago."

"As for Gairloch . . . God!"

Twyshot flung up his hand. "If his hypnotized admirers could see that swine in his present state of crumble he'd have to retire to Algiers and eke out a living in the insalubrious native quarters by squatting outside a Mosque."

Rowant didn't know Algiers and its filthy picturesqueness. The full beauty of this horrible picture was lost on him.

Another bellowing siren made a warning duet.

"Jean now, by Jove!" Twyshot's ingrained optimism bubbled at the thought. "She has nerve, if you like. Her flag hasn't been lowered for a second during this freakish time."

"No," said Rowant, "it hasn't. She's come through well."

"Well? Magnificently, you mean. Although her example hasn't been followed her sportsmanship and gaiety have been heroic. She's been like a nurse among a lot of shell-shocked Tommies. She's got up games, played the piano for hours at a time and made a spree of the whole affair. Whatever may be said

against the General as a soldier, as a father, by Jove, he can't be criticized."

"No," said Rowant, turning away, "I'll be damned if he can." Jean's conduct had added another reason for his life-long love. "Any sign of a change?"

"No. But the skipper's betting on a sou'-west blow at five o'clock this evening."

"He is? I'll take it for the pleasure of losing."

"But I don't think we shall get it until after sunrise tomorrow. In any case why should you want to lose? This fog's been a godsend to you."

Rowant was amazed. "A godsend? . . . What do you mean?"

"Hasn't Nature assisted me in the most beneficent way to give you a monopoly of Jean?"

"Monopoly? You must be blind. She's never allowed me to see her alone since she came on board. She's treated me as though I was a saucy tourist who was trying to pick her up on the way from Dover to Calais."

"Then you're missing a golden chance, Jack. If I were in your place I'd never let her alone. I'd swarm like thousands of bees."

Rowant shook his head. "It wouldn't be any use. You see, the mystery her people couldn't solve and was an enigma to me, is as plain as a pikestaff now. I was chucked in favor of Gairloch. She was dazzled by his 'brilliancy.' I haven't a chance on earth. That's the cursed truth."

"No it isn't," said Twyshot. "I'm jolly certain of that. Mind you, I know nothing. I'm as much in the dark as you are. She's never confided in me. Somehow she doesn't confide. It would be better for her if she did. My idea is that she chucked you because of something you said or something that was said about you. Or else that you did something, without the slightest intention, that hurt her frightfully. You never know your luck with girls. They're so oddly sensitive. But as to your theory about Gairloch—which I think is tosh—could her sort remain gone on a man who's shown such a rotten streak?"

There was the squeak of rubber-soled shoes on the wet deck. Someone parted the fog.

"Oh, hullo, old thing," said Twyshot. "Come up for a breather?"

"Jean's dimples appeared for the owner. The glance she threw at Rowant was merely polite.

What was the meaning of this?"

"Yes. It's stuffy below and everyone's asleep . . . But we've had the last of the tea and it's just been whispered to me that there are only ten more biscuits. How much water's left?"

"Precious little," said Twyshot gravely. "And there's no other drink on board. We'd had a pretty long cruise, you see, and there wasn't time before we sailed that Saturday to lay in very much. Barely enough to see us through that week-end, as a matter of fact."

"It's rather serious, then?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it is." He liked her way of putting rather before that word. She reminded him of one of his adjutants—Pugh, a very good egg. It was a favorite word of his. On being picked up in bits and packed into a stretcher he had said in reply to an anxious question: "They have rather got me, I think." It was the last of his remarks.

Jean put her hands in the pockets of her motor coat and wrinkled up her eyes. Piano playing wouldn't do much good to those even

Continued on page 81

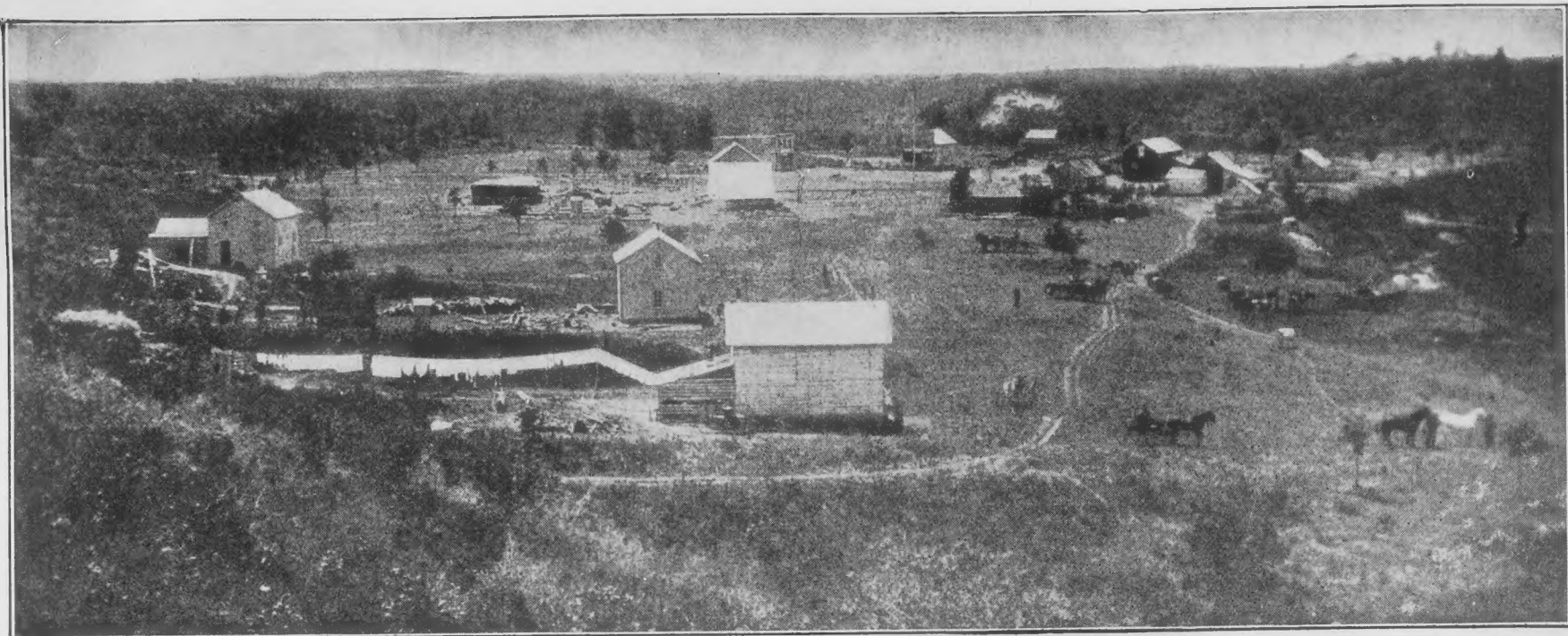
By Cosmo Hamilton

sea's clean air and was obsessed with the persuasion that these two had been born to be married.

A blind, precipitant soul, he had invited Aston, Ivo Witney-Aston, Parliament's youngest member. The man who had fastened his teeth, like a bulldog's, into Churchill's calves. Eddie Scrunchorpe, the oldest and softest of his family of poets, was also on the yacht. He felt the need of a brief holiday after the tumultuous publication of his latest epic. So was Rosie Apwey of the Winter Garden, that brainless but beautiful person who talked her songs. And to this list of sophisticated people Twyshot had added, with colossal tactlessness, Ronald Fyff, Lord Gairloch, who had been chasing Jean for months. This was the successful, precocious person who had started politics at Cambridge, pushed himself out of the obscurity of journalism by the most arrant cheek, shoved himself from the back benches of the House into various Cabinet posts on his self-advertised reputation of brilliance, and gone through the gamut of titles un⁴¹ to the stultification of psychologists, he had been an earl. Either you liked him or you didn't. Either you accepted him as an institution or gave him the widest berth. If he was unable to put his hand on precisely what he wanted at the exact moment of wanting it, especially if it came out of a bottle, he developed lunacy.

Rowant loathed this person, and if he had been living in those simple times when men had gone out with swords, would months ago have flung wine in his face and run him through the lungs. He had seen those mackerel eyes on Jean at dance clubs before the sky-blue letter had put him into chaos.

Through the good-natured blundering of his best



Millford, Manitoba—at its zenith, now non-existent

Experiences of a Pioneer Magistrate

By Frank Burnett

IN THE spring of 1880 I left Winnipeg, bound for Prince Albert, to engage in farming, about which I knew nothing, having previously been a stock broker in Montreal. Through reading Butler's book: "The Great Lone Land," I had become imbued with the idea that a fortune awaited anyone raising wheat on the Western Prairies, more especially at the forks of the Saskatchewan.

The City of Winnipeg at that time had a population not exceeding ten thousand, about a fifth of whom were immigrants like myself, outfitting prior to proceeding west, and it certainly was a dilapidated and woe-begone looking place consisting principally of what is now Main Street, one of the finest city thoroughfares on the continent. Then, it was merely a wide trail over the prairie, flanked by a few frame structures and which, by the stream of traffic of departing settlers, had been converted into a veritable sea of sticky mud of unknown depth, into which a loaded wagon was fortunate if it did not become mired to the hubs.

My outfit consisted of a yoke of oxen and wagon, together with a Red River cart and pony to accommodate my wife, who accompanied me with our two children, the eldest being only twenty-two months old. These carts were of peculiar construction and absolutely springless by reason of the body being directly fastened on to the axle, to which were attached the two shafts. Not a nail or a particle of iron was used in manufacturing them, consequently grease could not be utilized inside of the hubs of the wheels on account of the sand that would be thereby attracted, causing friction with a resultant wearing away of the axle. When, therefore, the cart was in motion on the trail the squeaking was almost deafening and could be heard for miles distant.

Of course, no one but a novice in respect to pioneering on the Western Prairies would ever have attempted such a journey with my outfit at that time of the year. It was a decision born of ignorance, which I fully realized even before I reached Pine Creek, near where Carberry now is. By that time my oxen were about played out, compelling me to change my plans. I eventually decided to proceed to the Souris district, some thirty miles to the south-west, word having just been received from two men who had spent the winter at the mouth of that river taking out house-logs, that there was an extensive expanse of fine rich prairie land in that neighborhood.

Upon reaching the Souris I found their reports to be fully justified, whereupon I "took up" a homestead, together with a pre-emption, the former of which I attempted to farm for a couple of years. I cannot truthfully claim that my operations in the way

of raising grain were an unqualified success. In fact I soon came to the conclusion that the idea that anybody could farm was a mistaken one, also that so far as I was concerned I was a complete failure in that respect.

When, therefore, in the spring of 1882, Major Rogers of Cobourg arrived with a saw and grist mill outfit and started the town of Millford and suggested that I should manage the business, allowing him to spend the winters in Ontario, I gladly accepted the proposition and moved into the village, where I eventually became engaged in the financial, real estate and insurance business.

In that year the population of the district had increased to such an extent that the Government decided to appoint a magistrate and the then Attorney-General—the late Judge Walker—to whom I had brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in the East, honored me with the appointment, which I held continuously for thirteen years, until I left Manitoba for the Coast, and I still have the original Commission.

Upon receiving the appointment I at once invested in a copy of "Clarke's Magistrate's Manual," when upon reading it carefully I found to my surprise that

give general satisfaction in view of the fact that no decision of mine, with one exception, was ever appealed against.

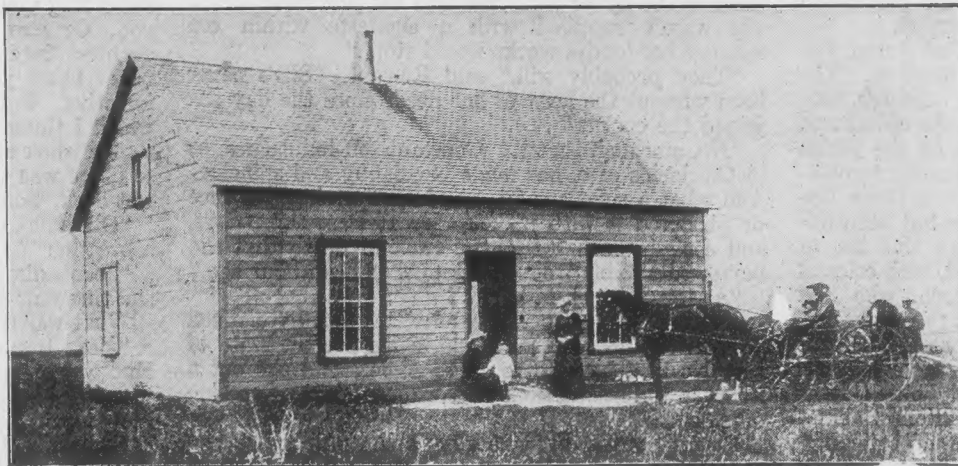
I will now give an account of a few of the most interesting cases that I adjudicated upon, together with my judgments, a few of which latter I am inclined to think came near rivalling that famous one of Solomon's.

Before doing so, however, I must explain that some ten miles east of the village there was a settlement composed entirely of families from the township of Wallace, in Ontario, and that the males were known as "Wallace Lambs." As hard-working, law-abiding and peaceably inclined pioneers they could not be excelled, until they had imbibed a considerable quantity of our potent home-brewed whisky, distilled in the sand-hills north of the Assiniboine, whereupon their whole nature became changed to such an extent that fighting and quarreling amongst themselves and assaulting each other would have appeared to a stranger to be their sole aim in life if he happened to meet them when in that state, and they therefore certainly kept me busy in my capacity of magistrate.

ONE of the early cases I had to adjudicate upon was of a rather serious nature. A prominent settler of the district laid an information against a "Wallace Lamb," a young fellow who was continually up to some kind of mischief, for having abducted his daughter, a girl of fourteen, at the time employed as a maid in the household of a storekeeper of the town. I at once issued a warrant for his arrest which soon became known and he was speedily apprised of it by some of his friends. When, therefore, my constable arrived at his settlement, he found that the bird had flown to Brandon, accompanied by the girl, over a different road than that by which the constable had travelled.

It transpired subsequently that he, very shortly after his arrival at that city, became so drunk that he fell through a store-keeper's window, for which offence he was haled before Mayor T. Mayne Daly, who came from Stratford and knew personally most of the Wallace Lambs. For this little contretemps he was fined ten dollars, when he challenged the Mayor in somewhat lurid language to come out and fight him, whereupon he was mulcted another like sum for contempt of court. This rather cooled his ardor, to such an extent in fact that when my constable appeared on the scene just as the gentleman wanted was leaving the court-room, he submitted quietly to arrest and to being taken back to Millford, with his lady-love.

When the case came up for trial he pleaded not guilty, contending that the [Continued on page 57]



Author's log house built in 1880

practically my jurisdiction was very limited, being confined to such comparatively trivial offences that a justice of the peace could dispose of summarily as enumerated in the "Summary Convictions Act." In all others of a more serious nature, if a prima facie case was made out, the prisoner had to be sent to Winnipeg to appear before a judge and jury at the assizes.

However, upon mature consideration, I decided for various reasons to ignore the Act and be a law unto myself by disposing of every offence, murder excepted, in a summary manner. This procedure appeared to

Heat and Power From the Stars

By Philip Winter Luce

THE breaking up of the mighty atom is almost within reach! The knowledge is coming from the heavens above!

Astronomy, the parent of all other sciences is playing the chief part in the solution of one of Nature's greatest mysteries.

At the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory near Victoria, B.C., Canada, there is being assembled precious knowledge of those mysterious processes which result in the separation of the electrons in atoms. Already it has been proved conclusively that the fundamental constants of atomic constitution and the structure of matter are exactly the same in the hottest stars as on the earth. This is held to be an essential proof of the homogeneity of matter and uniformity of physical law throughout the universe.

Dr. J. S. Plaskett, F.R.S., director of the Observatory, is one of the world's most famous astronomers. For many months he has been making observations of the chemical composition and radial activity of certain stars, with highly encouraging results.

Discussing his research work recently, he said:

Our stores of coal and oil are rapidly being depleted, and will be exhausted in a few hundred years—a mere bagatelle of time to an astronomer. Water power cannot supply all our needs, so we must necessarily seek heat and light from hitherto untapped sources.

"Long before our oil wells run dry and our coal mines are empty, we must be seeking fresh sources of power. As a matter of fact, we are already doing that.

"We know that there is untold energy in the atoms of matter, and that the stars send out tremendous energy in unending streams, sufficient to meet all our needs for uncounted æons. So far, we have been unable to harness that energy, but such a process will come in time.

"The study of the stars, through the medium of astronomy, offers the best chance of solving this important problem. Modern research has made it practically certain that the enormous supply of energy which has been radiated into space for uncounted ages from these stellar bodies can only be maintained undiminished by the transformation of atoms in the interior of the stars.

"Conditions of temperature and pressure prevail in the stars which are at present unattainable in terrestrial laboratories, but once we have ascertained exactly what those conditions are, we will have gone a long way towards solving a tremendously important economic problem. The most hopeful line of attack seems to lie in the systematic astrophysical investigation of conditions in the stars, supplemented by physical and chemical researches on the structure of the atom."

Once scientists have discovered how to break up the atom and release its mighty power, many of our present difficulties will be inverted. It will no longer be a question of how to obtain enough heat to see us through the long winters; the trouble will be to keep our supply within safe limits.

Already the physicists are somewhat embarrassed to explain why the sun's supply of heat is no greater than it is. With a diameter of one hundred times that of the earth, the density of the sun is only a quarter of the density of the earth, being composed of a thick treacherous fluid, denser than water, but with the elastic properties of gas. Between the interior

of the sun and the surface, there is a continual rush of hot currents, bringing to the surface the heat which is radiated in all directions.

Whence comes this heat?

From the breaking-up of atoms in the interior of the sun.

What causes these sun-atoms to break up?

Astronomers, astrophysicists, and other scientists, will answer that question in due course. And when they do, the annual threat of the coal miners to go on strike will lose much of its terrors.

Not all of the sun's heat necessarily comes from the disintegration of atoms. A considerable proportion may be due to the contraction of the luminary—the smaller it gets, the hotter it becomes, in theory.

The shrinking of the sun is nothing for the layman to worry about, however. Assuming, under the influence of its own strong gravitation, the sun contracted in diameter a thousand feet; this contraction would generate all the heat the sun radiates in five years. At this rate the sun's diameter would decrease about 40 miles in a thousand years, and as its present diameter is 800,000 miles, the shrinkage could go on for 100,000 years without any appreciable decrease in size or heat.

As a matter of fact, scientific men do not know if the sun is getting hotter or colder, and a recent somewhat sensational announcement by Dr. C. G. Abbott, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, that the sun's heat is decreasing in intensity, is not taken seriously by those in a position to understand what he is talking about.

Sir Frederick Stupart once said that there has been no appreciable change in the climate of the earth for 200,000,000 years, glacial ages and torrid periods following each other with seasonable regularity. For all we know, we may be approaching another glacial age, but it is not likely to strike us for 20,000 to 40,000 years.

Thousands of years before that time comes, man will have harnessed the atom, and should be in a position to fight terrific cold with tremendous heat.

There is still another source, of which not very much is known, from which the sun derives some heat. This is by the fall of meteors upon its surface, from those regions which we are accustomed to look upon as empty space. The fall of a large number of these meteors, however, would involve a continual increase in the mass of the sun, which, in turn, would lengthen our year—for dynamical reasons quite easy to appreciate.

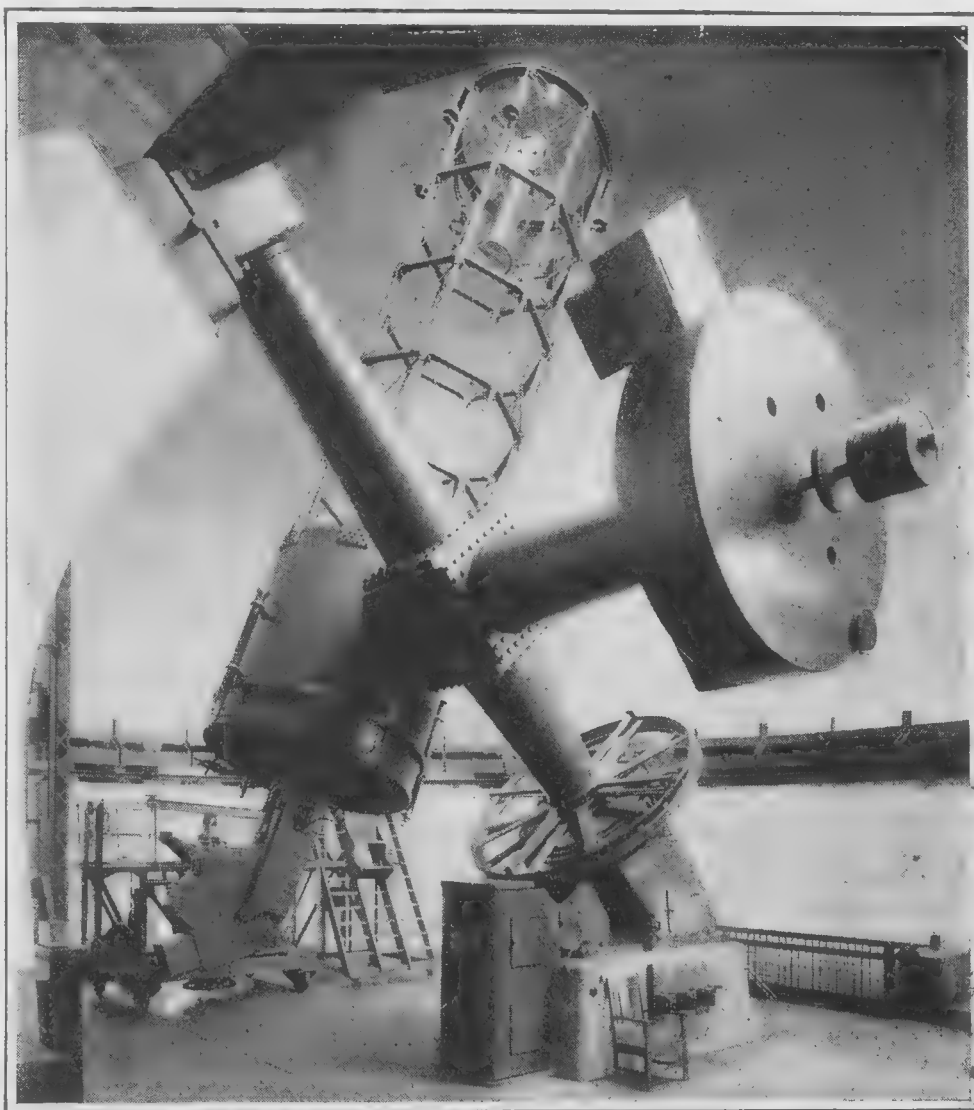
The quantity of falling matter necessary to produce an appreciable degree of heat has been calculated to a nicety by Newall, who has shown that 4,000,000,000 tons of matter could fall on the sun every second, without increasing its size enough to lengthen our year by more than one-thousandth of a second. "It sounds a large quantity," added Newall, "but if we regard our earth as the quarry from which the material had to be supplied, we should have a source that would last 50,000 years!"

The effects of shrinkage and fall of meteors and other extraneous matter are not engaging the attention of astronomers to any great extent at the present time. They prefer to concentrate their minds on what they are convinced is the greatest source of stellar energy: radio-activity, which is a form of atomic diffusion of heat and power.

As a result of observations now being conducted at the Victoria Astrophysical [Cont. on page 55]



The Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, Victoria, B.C. The dome revolves and has a shutter opening, so that any part of the heavens may be brought under observation. The Royal coat of arms are seen above the entrance.



Seventy-two inch reflecting telescope in use at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, Victoria, B.C. This cost \$97,000.



"But quick as a flash, Olaf snatched a battleaxe from his bodyguard."

Lord of the Silver Dragon

A Romance of Leif the Lucky
By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

SECOND INSTALMENT

KING OLAF had builded him a new city on the southern flanks of a mighty fiord—because it was the fairest in all Norway—and with much ceremony and clanking of knightly arms had christened it Nidaros. Some were disposed to suspect the King's reasons, but at all events the fiord ran wide and deep, harboring with ease the King's vast fleet and this, as none could deny, made the site a goodly one for a kingly residence.

Here the King had held court during the past season. Settling the disputes of his kingdom, punishing his enemies, planning new tithes—these kingly exercises had enlivened the winter's dullness; but with spring in the air the fever for conquest reawakened, and with all the reckless zeal characterizing early Christendom, Olaf went out a-roaring for his Lord.

Yet for all that the court was plunged in dullness and spoiling for adventure; it was too early in the year for a lengthy cruise, and the King's presence these months past had reduced the immediate neighborhood to the calm dreariness of a sheepfold. Olaf might experience holy ecstasies over the fall of a dim old idol and the baptism of grimy peasants, but not so his warriors. They awaited impatiently an uprising amongst the nobles or a call to reinforce the power of the Cross with fire and sword.

Small wonder, then, that the sight of the Silver Dragon gliding into Nidaros Fiord caused a pleasant disturbance. Swarms of idlers crowded the shore, their curiosity somewhat dampened when it became apparent that no other ships followed, and that this solitary vessel could intend no mischief. Olaf's soldiers scattered the throng with shouts and huzzas, and in all the importance of their royal regalia hailed the strange ship.

His message understood, Leif was permitted to land. And when it was known that he was an Icelander, seeking the King's service, his welcome was assured. Diplomacy more than goodwill induced this hospitality, for there was a royal agreement to the effect that the sons of Iceland nobles might at any time approach the kingly favor, and, if so be it pleased His Majesty, were to be admitted into the Royal Guards; thereupon to be bound to their sovereign until such time as it pleased His Majesty to grant them Royal release.

Naturally, then, when Leif had proven not only his nationality, but the honorable lineage of his family as well, he was eagerly received by the soldiery and with rough good-will was escorted to their encampment, there to enjoy rest and refreshment before presenting himself before the King.

That night Leif donned his finest robes—blue velvet, gold encrusted, scarlet shoes with golden buckles, and a long cape, lined with seal, which partly hid his great sword, all jewel-decked—and with quiet assurance entered the King's banquet-hall. Looking about him with keen eyes and with calculated humility, he took a seat on an outer bench.

King Olaf was not slow to observe the striking guest. Curious and interested, he dispatched his page to inquire his name. On being informed that the stranger was Leif, Eric the Red's son, he commanded an immediate audience. Olaf measured the young man bowing before him with shrewd, appreciative eyes. Well pleased, he murmured the formal response to a subject's loyalty, and then in his native democratic

fashion seated Leif at his side. Olaf was eager for news and as full of questions as the Hebrideans. What adventures had befallen Leif? Why had he chosen to sail so rash a course, and what was his real errand to Norway? However, before Leif could answer the half of these enquiries, Olaf recalled

his chief mission in life. What were the conditions in Greenland, and had the holy Christian faith been introduced into that far country?

Leif evaded the latter question, but explained in fervent eloquence the dire straits of his people and how it was his sole desire to establish a trading route between Norway and Greenland. For this he had risked his life and now offered his services to the King in hopes of winning the Royal favor.

"An arduous venture for the sake of a handful of heathen," said Olaf shortly.

"But, sire, if they be heathen, 'tis only because thy mighty voice hath not reached them."

Olaf roared his delight at the flattering retort and slapped his royal thigh. "Fair words, Icelander! 'Tis plain the scaldic genius hath not suffered in yon Greenland wastes."

Olaf, fascinated with the dream of adding that distant country to his holy conquests decided at once to win Leif to the Blessed Standard. With this in mind he inquired adroitly whether Leif had any objection to joining his bodyguard for a season. With nothing to lose, and so much to be gained, Leif was prompt in accepting the offer and expressing his gratitude.

"Well, then, 'tis settled," said Olaf complacently. With a silver rod he struck a sharp blow on the shield at his side, and having thus gained a modicum of silence, commanded his courtiers to attend his words.

"Men of Norway, be it known that one Leif Ericson, of Greenland, desireth to pledge allegiance to Norway's crown."

Then the King unsheathed his sword and, turning the scabbard backward, laid the weapon across his lap so that the hilt extended over the right knee. Leif, obeying the royal dictum, knelt at the King's feet, and, placing his hand upon the hilt, pledged faith to his sovereign's hand.

This done he rose and in ringing tones swore an oath of service to the Crown, and again dropped to his knees. Whereupon the King rose to his feet, pledging his Royal faith, favor and protection to his new man, and, with a light tap of his sword on Leif's shoulder, bade him arise.

This ceremony concluded, the royal page preceded Leif from table to table, announcing him to the Guard. As Leif approached, each man in his turn stood up and with right hand uplifted pledged faith to the new comrade.

Late that night when Leif at last sought his welcome couch he was satisfied with the night's events and, certain of success, fell asleep over the dreams of a grateful people and a Thorgunna restored.

THE King developed a great liking for Leif Ericson, and in all his many excursions round about the country kept him ever at his side. And, hearing the fiery-tongued monarch preach the gospel with a zeal most surprising, Leif was soon converted. At first he was carried away by the King's fervor, captivated by his magnetic personality; but in time he became heartily convinced that a theory which so possessed a warrior-king must be essentially a sound one. Moreover, was not Thor a foreshadowing of the mighty Michael; and Balder, the God of Eternal Light, a feeble prototype of the Divine Christ? So at least it appeared to Leif, and so it appeared to the most of Norsemen; nor were they encouraged by the Christian zealots to reflect otherwise, since it made the transference of fealty from the one religion to the other so much more acceptable.

Yet for all his zeal Olaf was not always successful in his missionary enterprises and was often forced to resort to strategy. Such was the case on one of his tours, through an isolated mountain district in the fall of the year, just before his retirement to Nidaros. Leif observed that the people heard their King with scant enthusiasm and with scowling brows, yet Olaf had never talked more forcibly.

The King was indignant at such loutish stupidity, but, hiding his discomfiture, he engaged in amiable conversation with a peasant at the close of the services, thinking to discover the true reason for this perverseness in an otherwise sensible people. He was constrained to merciful judgment when the dour mortal had delivered his halting and gloomy information.

Crops had failed in the two summers past; wolves had raided the mountain pastures; dogs had developed a singular madness, and children had died of a curious fever which had turned their little bodies to livid hues. . . . This and much more had fallen on the people since the pale Nazarene's standard had been drawing near. . . . It was certain that the old gods were displeased at the turning away of the faithful. To appease their anger the people had been offering fine cheeses, fats and other such-like delectable foods to Thor in his holy temple. Their offerings had been accepted; the foods had quickly vanished. And now, just when it seemed certain that they were again to enjoy Thor's saintly patronage, the King had plunged them into a new difficulty by compelling their attendance upon the dreaded Cross!

Olaf stroked his beard and tapped an impatient foot while listening to this revelation. But at its close he thumped the apostle of calamity on a tattered shoulder and, smiling quizzically, exclaimed: "Is it so? Lead me thither that I may observe the miracle."

Vague hope stirred in the breast of the troubled peasant. Mayhap the tales of Olaf's unreasonable-

ness were not all true. Mayhap he would depart after this reproof and leave his people to their faithful gods and the sure hope of renewed favor. Yet again, might not the wilful King be plotting mischief to the sacred shrine?

"But—the—people—Sire," stammered the man.

"Out on thee, fellow! 'Tis for the people to know that Olaf wisheth to honor this temple."

Trembling with fear of the King and fear of the people, the affrighted wretch had no choice but to obey. His teeth chattering and with trembling limbs he pressed through the sullen crowd. Behind him rang the heavy steps of Olaf's armored guards, ready, he knew, to avenge any disrespect or disobedience to their king.

The temple was built on a leafy hillside just back of the plains where Olaf was encamped, and the shrine itself stood without the building. The distance was negligible, yet the King found haste impossible because of the throng, which, growling and muttering, dogged his steps and at intervals had to be forced back to a respectful distance by his guard. But at length he stood before the mighty Thor, who, hammer in hand, frowned down upon this upstart King.

Olaf was aware that his position was delicate; a single false move and his men would be plunged in war, and of war he had had enough for a season. The winter was at hand with its multitudinous problems and quarrels to decide. He was eager to avoid an uprising, yet determined to carry his point. In affected humility and silence he considered the giant statue. He saw that it was of ancient origin and falling to decay. The discovery was enheartening. Ignoring the sullen mob about him, he tapped the image sharply with his sword. Horror-stricken, the peasants hastened to make the sign of the holy hammer on their palpitating bosoms; but the King chuckled in his beard. He had heard a faint scampering within the hollow effigy; his suspicions verified, he addressed

himself to the people: "Good folk, 'tis time your judgment be evoked. On mine honor as King will I now prove the sham of this god ye worship, or, failing this, will forever leave ye to the peace of Thor."

An angry growl, like rolling thunder, was the only answer. But quick as a flash Olaf snatched a battle-axe from his bodyguard, and before the roar had died away levelled such a blow at the rotting image that it fell in fragments at his feet. Then a dreadful sight met the eyes of the horrified people. Out from the fallen effigy poured a stream of rats—brown rats, black rats, little rats, big rats—all well-fed and sleek!

Olaf called for his cross. "Men of Norway," he began, "ye have seen your gods, these revolting vermin, scatter before a blow directed by Olaf's Christ. And now do I foretell a return to favor of your fields in proportion as ye wipe out the heathen evils amongst you."

Following this a hundred people were baptized into the most holy faith. Well satisfied with his work, the King felt that he had earned the right to return to the pleasures of Nidaros and the smiles of his Queen. Whether the belief was justified or not, Leif for one agreed emphatically. He had his own particular reasons for wanting the King restored to a more calm and contemplative frame of mind. And the keepers of the now ruined temple, at any rate, were not loth to see the King's company set out across the hills, their banners floating in the breeze and their lusty litanies disturbing the wonted serenity of the spot.

Once again Olaf had passed over the dales of his Norway, like a brisk thunderstorm, leaving behind him an admixture of ruin and rekindled hopes.

LEIF had served the King faithfully and well throughout the fall and winter. Howsoever much his thoughts weighed upon him, he had not failed to take an active part in the royal entertainment. He had proven his sagacity and wit, his loyalty and courage. He had, alike successfully, defended his King in single combat and led an army in relief of a beleaguered town. And now spring was at hand, yet Olaf had not seen fit to mention the needs of Greenland.

Leif made up his mind to rouse the royal memory. He broached the subject that evening at meat. Olaf scowled at the thought of losing so capable an aide. "Thou art impatient, Iceland!"

"But, Sire, at home they wait upon my coming as the frozen earth waits the summer sun. Grant me leave, I pray, to trade in thy kingdom, for the time draweth near when I must away."

"Thou art a strange man, Leif; courageous, bold—a true Viking; yet with the soul of a seer and the head of a merchant. By my cross, a strange mixture! Well, trade if thou must, and go if thou must—will that suffice thee?"

"Nay, Sire, thou hast forgotten the main issue, the sole reason for my visit to these shores."

"Now, by the Holy Michael, thou showest impertinence! Thy true reason! To sit at meat with Norway's King; to enjoy his patronage and friendship—these be not sufficient reason?"

"Nay, Sire."

"Heart of God! Out with it, then!"

"Sire, thou art informed of Greenland's need of dependable trade. To see it established I have renounced much and am ready to forfeit life if needs be."

The King considered Leif for a long moment, his eyes dark and brooding. "This frozen land, whither thy father fled from broils and feuds, what is it to thee? Here in Norway are fair fields and fairer women. What sayest thou to an estate and the King's niece to wife?"

Leif stiffened and his eyes grew hard.

"To test a subject's nature is a King's privilege, Sire; yet had I thought mine honor proven ere this."

Olaf frowned, yet the answer



"Came at last that unforgettable, soul stirring moment"

pleased him. Then a profound sigh escaped his bearded lips. "Lucifer were less haughty, meseems. Well, the lot of kings consisteth in making friends only to lose them. Since thou hast so little love for Olaf and Olaf's favors, be off about this trading. As for thy country—her prosperity is much to thee, and thou hast served me selflessly. Yet it seemeth ill-befitting a Christian King to risk the lives of Christian subjects for the succoring of heathen."

"Charity is the baptism of faith," replied Leif.

"By my cross, thou art a priest as well!" barked the King derisively. "But 'tis fortunate thou hast so glib a tongue, for on one condition only will thy wish be granted. On thine oath thou shalt swear to introduce and protect the Christian faith in Greenland. What sayest thou?"

"'Tis thine to command, Sire."

"H-m-m, and thine to obey—when it pleaseth thee," laughed the King, now restored to good humor. "Be it so. Thou shalt win me this people's souls, and mine be the duty to furnish them relief. One ship each season, without fail, shall carry to Greenland's shores such commodities as thou deemest most essential and vital to prosperity."

In this wise was the vexed problem at last decided. Leif had finally succeeded. Soon the terrors haunting his people would be forever removed, and he himself free to pursue his heart's desires. Such was his happy belief, and, uplifted by it, he plunged into preparations for the long-delayed homeward journey.

KING OLAF, in his Long Serpent, with a flotilla at his back, sailed down Nidaros Fiord. Like many-colored wings the Royal banners floated in a stiff sea breeze, and, fairer than these, the white Cross of Christ waved above the heads of his soldiers. Beside the Royal ship ran the Silver Dragon, gaily decorated, and as proud a Norse ship as ever rode the waves.

At the mouth of the fiord, with the sea before them in an endless field all amber and jade, Olaf gave command to strike sail. Here from the prows of the Long Serpent, the pompous Bishop of Nidaros pronounced a blessing upon Leif and the priests he was bearing away to heathen Greenland. The blessed Cross would speed him, the Lord of Hosts confound his enemies, and the right powerful Michael withhold the fury of every monster by land and sea. Lastly, the good Bishop assured his brethren in the Lord that for every soul wrested from demon-worship there would, at his blessed intercession, be added a golden feather to their heavenly wings.

Happily for the Bishop's peace of mind, the most of what he said was whirled aloft into the eternal silence of the stellar places, nor was endangered by contact with sacrilegious ears. Thanks to the moaning breeze, the flapping banners and the groaning gurgle of Olaf's priests, the departing crew who, it is certain, prized earthly joys beyond any quantity of celestial feathers—were enabled to preserve a mien compatible with his lordship's dignity. When his powerful challenge to things indifferent and evil had been delivered in the teeth of a rising wind, the portly Bishop made way for the King. Olaf was grown restive under the Bishop's harangue. Cupping his hands for a trumpet he leaned far over his ship's flank and belted: "To the seven hells with speeches! God's favor attend thee, Leif Ericson. Keep to windward till ye pass Norn sherries. The devil take the wind! 'tis blowing up a gale. Hail, then, Iceland! Olaf bids thee a right fond farewell!"

Rough words, but from a great heart and true. Deeply stirred, Leif saluted his King and the glorified Bishop. Then to the accompaniment of rousing cheers and the clashing of shields, the Silver Dragon unfurled her sail and, borne swiftly by the wind, leaped past the purple headlands into the freedom of the open seas.

The homeward voyage was for the most part uneventful, though not without its intermittent storms and squalls. What rendered it monotonous was the lack of that fascination which is the peculiar charm of the unknowable and unknown. The thrill of the last voyage was gone; Leif had now some knowledge of his course, and his sailors, spoiling for adventure after a winter's idleness, would have found the weary weeks

yet more irksome had it not been for the priests. These two unhappy mortals were the endless source of wicked amusement. They were hill-born and hill-bred and suffered in constant terror of the sea; terrors not to be mitigated by the tales told them. These calculated fabrications were peopled with torments and monsters not outshone by the hierarchy of hell, a circumstance which greatly detracted from the priestly ammunition and rendered them the more vulnerable. Yet, notwithstanding such lack of reverence, Leif's sailors were quick to render mercy when mercy was needed, and when in the midst of the voyage the poor clerics sickened of a fever, they did not lack for friendly care.

All in all the hardships of that passage were rigorous enough, and Leif had need of all his tenacity and cheerful wit to inspire his men and console the enfeebled priests. Often, as his ship sped westward, his thoughts fled to Thorgunna and his heart grew sick within him. What misery had befallen her? What trials of suffering. The white hand of Christ might have saved her from death, but not from the fury of Norse pride wounded! Bitter were the thoughts which kept the watches of the night with him.

But once, while at the helm guiding his ship through a night, all silver mist and beautiful, Leif recalled the sweet prayers of her heart. From beneath his armor he drew the little cross she had given him and which had never left his bosom. How much tenderness it recalled; what faith and fervor; what strength of heart and soul. Surely, clothed in such virtues, the shining emblem had become his talisman of luck. And musing thus Leif saw a vision: Far to the West, rising out of the sea, he saw the hills and valleys of a vast country. And the light of God came down upon it like a burst of summer rain. Clearer and clearer grew the vision; broader and broader that sweep of mighty land, until he seemed to be gazing into infinity.

Leif shook himself and humorously attributed the vision to an excess of mead. But as the days filed away the conviction grew upon him that Thorgunna's talisman had in some way been responsible for the dream. Then like a bolt from the blue came the recollection of strange lands sighted years ago by Bjarni, the merchant. Bjarni had been blown out of his course and had thrice seen land to Westward, but recognizing in none of them the topography of Greenland, which was then his objective, had not troubled to touch shore.

THE little, mountain-encircled Norse colony of Brattalid, Greenland, is threatened with annihilation from frost, hunger and pestilence. Eric, the Red, its heroic and honoured chieftain, is buffeted between the cries for assistance from his suffering followers and the pleadings of Thorhild, his wife, to hoard the remaining supplies and save his own house from starvation.

Freydis, Eric's natural daughter, selfish and unscrupulous, determines that she shall not suffer and demands that her father bestow upon her a handsome dowry to aid her in obtaining a rich husband. Granting her one-third of the estate, Eric commissions Leif, his elder son, to set sail and sue for a marriage alliance between his own house and that of Thorvald of Galdar.

Leif, brooding over the misfortunes which have befallen his kinsmen, and filled with shame and contempt for his half-sister, embarks upon the hated mission. He believes that in Norway lies the hope of the colony and he conceives the idea of establishing trade relations between that country and Greenland. With a cunning that delights the heart of his old father he arranges the marriage contract and purchases from Bjarni Herjulfson, a retired Icelandic merchant, the "Silver Dragon," a seaworthy ship, in which he sets sail upon the uncharted seas between Greenland and Norway, resolved that "the honour of Eric's house shall endure as long as seas gird the land." After incredible sufferings, the storm-tossed mariners sight land. This proves to be a Hebridean Island and the fortress of Rafn, a mighty Norse chieftain, who has been converted to Christianity.

While his ship is being repaired Leif lingers on the hospitable isle where he has become enamoured of Thorgunna, Rafn's beautiful daughter. This love is returned and when the time comes for him to continue his journey Thorgunna confesses that "not she alone will suffer in loneliness when he is gone—but another." Leif, tortured at the necessity of leaving her, vows that with the expedition to Norway completed she shall come to Greenland where Eric the Red shall await her as his honoured daughter. And so Thorgunna, with aching heart, waves a last farewell to the "Silver Dragon" as it passes from sight on the far horizon.

"By the Holy Cross!" cried Leif, "'twas no idle vision. Now do I know these lands to exist." Then, with his hand on Thorgunna's little cross, he pledged himself this wise: "For God and righteousness will I seek this land which hath been hid away for some high purpose."

AFTER Leif's departure, life in Greenland resolved itself into a sort of passionless waiting upon the elements. They dared not hope and they dared not fear lest their wilful doubts should anger the gods and bring destruction upon the adventurer. Their immediate concern was the weather. One other such season of fearful inclemency as the summer past would mean death to many and suffering to all. On the other hand, if Fate were kind and the sea gave forth of its abundance, the little colony would be certain to survive. At all events the spectre of famine, with its train of ghostly fears, would be banished for the present.

To the inexplicable relief of the isolated people, the ice-floes shifted—thrust into the uttermost Nifl-Heim by the stout arm of Thor—fishing was abundant, and in the fever of welcome activity men forgot their hardships and suffering. But human hearts are as variable as the seasons. When the brief arctic summer was at its close and the grey days of perpetual dusk and eternal silence loomed ahead with the relentless certainty of inescapable exile, spirits flagged and many began to wonder if it had not been wiser to have followed Leif, whether to death or to victory.

They fell prey at last to intermittent hopes and despair. Leif might not have reached Norwegian shores, or, granted that possibility, he might have won scant favor with the King. And, again, the magnificence and luxury of Olaf's court might have so enamored Leif as to make him forgetful of his unhappy people.

One fact at least was incontestably clear: it was useless to expect him this late in the autumn. But then, had it not been madness to expect that the kingly favor were so easily won? What was a handful of doomed colonists to the great Olaf? Yet, notwithstanding such logical reasoning, the general depression was ample proof of the faith which had been reposed in Leif's mission.

This depression was, naturally, the more pronounced at Brattalid despite the old chieftain's courageous efforts to maintain an atmosphere of cheerful assurance. Fond though he was of ease—save where the noble occupation of war was concerned—Eric had that summer taken a vigorous part in the fishing, and later simulated the greatest interest in the drying and packing of the product. And, strangely enough, considering his former dislike of such menial labors, he it was who hit upon the excellent plan of pulverizing the sun-baked fishbones for winter fodder. If Norsemen were to be reduced to a mermaid's diet, why not the cattle? Such was his laughing disparagement of a happy forethought. Moreover, having all his life been a creature of the sea, was it not fitting that the sea should nourish him? And was the whale less a whale for the little fishes he swallowed?

But howsoever Eric tried to cheer his household, their faces lengthened with the lengthening nights; their buoyancy fled with the fleeing sunlight; for Brattalid had not only lost its beloved Leif, but his bold companions as well.

Then came that unforgettable day when two of Eric's thralls, gathering driftwood, spied a strange ship making in at the fiord. Frantic with excitement, they cast aside their cumbersome bundles and rushed to the hall.

Their breathless incoherence angered Eric. "Idiots!" he roared. "What shades of past crimes have ye seen? Speak! Nay, hold your rascally tongues! Ships? ships? what say ye? One at a time—I am I a thousand-eared Deity to hear all fools in a breath?"

"'Tis a ship, master, making in at the fiord!"

"The ship, ye mean," said Eric, his old eyes flashing, his red head lifted high.

"Nay, dear master, 'tis not the Dragon. 'Tis a black ship with red ensigns."

"Fools! may not a ship be repainted? Quick, bring me my habit and saddle the horses. Erlind! Thorstein! Make ready! We must welcome the voyagers."

True enough, the ship just casting anchor was not the Silver Dragon, but when Eric recognized her commander his

disappointment was transmuted to joy. It was none other than Thorbjorn of Iceland, a nobleman who had given sanctuary to Eric's family during the difficult time when the national Thing was deciding the Red Chieftain's fate. Nor had Thorbjorn been contented with defending Eric's wife and sons. He had foreseen the ultimate doom of his high-handed friend, and whilst the sages debated on the Mount of Laws, he had secretly transferred Eric's valuables, together with food and clothing, to his finest ship, hidden for that purpose in a tunneled inlet opening out upon the sea.

Eric was not the man to forget such favors. His joy was unfeigned and exuberant. Had he been Odin himself Thorbjorn could not have received a warmer welcome. But then, even discounting past favors, Thorbjorn was a man after Eric's own heart. He was a just and generous-hearted old aristocrat, whose chief foible was an amusing tendency to recount his descent from the good Queen [Continued on page 37]

New Canadians Who Canadianize

DURING the past year the famous "Horse-shoe Ranch," located near the town of Innisfree, Alberta, and comprising upwards of five thousand acres of excellent grain-growing soil, has been sold to a farmer of Ukrainian birth for a price in the vicinity of \$100,000. This land is to be farmed by the purchaser and a number of sturdy, grown-up sons.

The sale of this vast tract of land to a single purchaser is notable in itself, but the sale of it to a Ukrainian farmer stands out as an indication of the progress made by the people who have forsaken the Ukraine for new homes and new ideals in Alberta and the other Prairie Provinces. Twenty years ago there were but a handful of Ukrainian people in Alberta; today there are approximately fifty thousand of these newcomers and they may be numbered among the good citizens of this province.

We hear much in this day and age regarding the best type of immigrant for the Canadian Provinces to enlist in the upbuilding of a great nation. It is argued, pro and con, that the Britisher is the only type we should desire. It is stated by men engaged in immigration work that the desired type of Britisher is difficult to obtain. We know it to be a fact that many from countries of other than British control, come to Canada, emulate the ways and manners of its citizens, acclimatize themselves to entirely new conditions and eventually make very desirable friends and neighbors.

Forgetting, for a moment, the controversy regarding the British or the non-British immigrant, it is interesting to consider the progress that has been made by a foreign people in a land that is essentially different from their own.

Having left their European homes through a certain desire for contentment and opportunity, previously denied them by a domineering and unstable government, thousands of Ukrainians have flocked to Canada and many settlements of these people are happily pursuing their way in the Province of Alberta. Chance, perhaps, is responsible to some extent, for our increase in population from the peoples of the Ukraine. The regular, organized channels of immigration have materially assisted in bringing many Ukrainians to the Prairies of the West. There are some, however, who were first attracted to the great Dominion when the name of her soldiers spread throughout the length and breadth of the Universe, during the hectic war days of a decade ago, when they forsook their firesides for a bloody share in the defence of the Motherland, on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

The Ukrainians came seeking independence as to the mode of their living, happiness in possession of land that was really their own and freedom in those essential things which go to make up the life of the nation. It may be said to the glory of Canada and the West that these immigrants did not come in vain; they have been allowed liberty in religious, educational and political life and to their credit they have taken advantage of this liberty in such a way as to reflect harmoniously on our national existence.

The successes made by Ukrainian immigrants as a whole in the Province of Alberta is typical of the progress they have made in Canada. There has been a tendency on the part of these people to pre-empt certain districts for themselves and to encourage their countrymen to settle in and around these districts.

Sixty miles east of the City of Edmonton, the thriving capital of Alberta, where starts a so-called "Russian" district, and this extends to a line running north from the town of Innisfree, fifty miles further east. From this central area the Ukrainian people are

By S. C. Heckbert



Michael Luchkovick, M. P., was born in the little mining town of Shomokin, of parents who came from the Ukraine in the South of Russia.



Freedom in religious matters has led to the establishment of many fine churches by the Ukrainian people.

joining or nearby land. Others, coming with limited means, purchased land and made their own homes with their own hands. Still others obtained their start by hiring as farm hands with the farmer-land-owners who were already established in the country. Of the latter group, many have since secured land of their own by purchase with the carefully saved and hard-earned dollars of their apprenticeship.

Almost all have found the things they sought; a new era has dawned for them; the blight of unhappiness, as it existed in their previous attempts to attain a competency in the Old Land, has been removed, and is replaced with that contentment that comes only through home-ownership and through liberty in word and deed.

The gravitation of people from a certain country to a central community is often questioned by Canadians. This tendency is but natural, however, and none can say that this clustering of the Ukrainian people has worked to the detriment of the Province of Alberta or the Dominion of Canada, to their splendid educational systems or to that staunch loyalty that is recognized by these newcomers as due the land of their choice, the land that has given them their opportunity.

THE Ukrainian who comes to Canada to learn to farm through an apprenticeship is willing to work long hours for a minimum wage. It is true that this type of immigrant will accept a somewhat lower standard of living than many newcomers and is therefore welcome on the Prairies where up-to-the-minute accommodation for farm help has not yet reached a point of excellence. In actual work the Ukrainian immigrant will stand up with his fellow-worker from any other country of the world. Willing to carry out the most menial duties under the most trying conditions, the rugged Ukrainian has an appeal to the hirer of labor that is possessed by few immigrants of other countries.

It is noticeable that in those districts that have been considered Russian districts the hands of the original settlers are being forced by the oncoming generation. The original house, of which mud formed a principal erection material, is rapidly giving way to the more modern bungalow; the old ideas of farming are being replaced with the new and the Ukrainian farmers have formed a fertile market for the goods of the implement manufacturing companies. The lantern is giving place to the glow of the incandescent light and the dirt floor is being replaced by the more sanitary one of wood.

In the areas that are spoken of as being "Russian" districts the English farmer is releasing holdings as opportunity offers. The Ukrainian people are willing to pay more for land that is contiguous to that of their countrymen than they are for land that lies in the heart of English settlements. I know of one case in the Vegreville district where an English farmer has made shift with patched-up buildings for years, steadily refusing fine offers for land and equipment. This man knows his Ukrainian neighbors and knows that eventually he will be paid a splendid premium for land that will provide a home for a Ukrainian family in a Ukrainian district.

There are farmers in the Mundare and Vegreville districts who, a decade ago, had little more than the money necessary as a homestead filing fee. Today they are masters of from a quarter section to a section of land that ranks with the best wheat growing soil in the West; their farm homes denote a prosperity that must far exceed their early hopes and their equipment is such that enables them to sow and harvest their crops with a [Continued on page 67]



The old mud walled, thatched roof homestead that served the owner in the first days of the struggle with the soil.

gradually but surely working to the four directions, in their efforts to colonize to their own and our benefit. Within the borders of the present settled area there are prosperous towns, for the Ukrainians have found success in commerce as well as in agriculture. The business people of this town are more than fifty per cent. of foreign extraction who point with pride to the success they have made since they forsook the old land for the new.

MANY of the Ukrainians who emigrated to Canada a decade or more ago, took up land under regulations governing the granting of homesteads and have since taken advantage of their privilege of securing, by purchase on favorable terms, additional ad-



The present day homestead which was built to replace the old mud home.

ABOUT five months ago British Columbia was agitated by a sad happening in a country school not many miles from Victoria, but in an isolated district. A young woman teacher, harassed beyond endurance by an inefficient and interfering board of school trustees, committed suicide. She left a pitiful letter, stating that she could stand their fault-finding and insinuations no longer. She was only twenty; a gentle, hyper-sensitive creature, anxious to please, eager for sympathy and love. Had she been callous, hard-hearted, it is not likely that the petty interferences of the school trustees would have affected her very much. But she became hopelessly morbid, felt that the whole world was against her, and decided to give up the struggle. A sad aspect of the case was that she was engaged to be married to a fine young man who was so affected by the shock of her death that he threw up his job and left the country, careless for the time being what became of him. At the inquest, when the trustees in question were called upon, the heartlessness of some of them, and their entire unfitness for office was very evident.

Fortunately this case is the only one of its kind in the history of rural school teaching in this province. But there have been a few other tragic affairs, one of which was spoken of on the floor of the House this session. A young woman teacher had been outraged in her school under peculiarly terrible circumstances, and the Minister of Education, much against his will, mentioned this and other incidents to explain the

a usually slim family budget by thirty to forty dollars a month. The fact is, that in these small frontier settlements the taking in of a stranger, especially a refined, educated woman, is apt to upset housekeeping arrangements, which are, to say the least, as informal as possible. Table linen is an unknown luxury. "Bed-rooms" consist very often of curtained-off partitions, and the laundry is only done spasmodically. The boarder in such a home is a constant irritation and restraint, much as she may try to efface herself. There is nowhere for her to sit in the evening except with the family, and in many a settlement there is very little English spoken. With a babel of tongues about her, the teacher feels an outcast. She can take no part in the conversation even if she wished. Then there is the roughness of the country, the great distances; the difficulty and danger of going about alone; the impossibility of making congenial friends among the illiterate and often uncouth young persons of her own age. Unless she is very self-sufficient, her life is very lonely.

The young woman teacher is not only anxious to earn her own living but to assist, probably, the family at home. She has, doubtless, received her education at

the cost of some sacrifice to her parents, and wishes to repay them; perhaps help some brother or sister for a job. She goes forth armed with a lot of courage and confidence and a pride in her ability to succeed. She is prepared, for the Department of Education tries to make the situation plain, for hardship, for trouble with the people among whom she has to work. But she is young, and oh, so anxious to prove to those who are watching her, that she is something

of a soldier when it comes to the battles of life. In the majority of cases, in spite of drawbacks, she sticks cheerily to her job. In a few instances she finds no difficulties at all and enjoys her work immensely. But practically every situation is fraught with more complexities than she has ever dreamed of, and now and then the teacher, courageous though she may be, has to admit the task is beyond her. Many a young girl has stuck to her post, far beyond her strength, and a collapse has been the result. Several teachers have given their experiences for this article.

ONE of them, whose story goes back several years, was sent out at the age of eighteen to teach in an isolated village in the interior of the Province. It was her first school, and she had been warned that it was a hard one. But, nothing daunted, she set forth, her worldly belongings in two suit cases. The journey took a day and a night, the latter part of it done on a small lake steamer which called at the village in question once a week. It was in the autumn. Raining hard, and cold. The boat was late. When they stopped at a small wharf there was no one to meet her. Weighted down by her two suit cases, she went down the gangway, peering through the dusk and the rain for some sign of welcome.

The village was built on a side-hill, the houses very much scattered. The boat put off and left her standing there, bewildered as to where she should go. No one was on the wharf. Bye-and-bye a man came down the short plank road that led to the landing. He asked her if she were the new teacher, and he explained that "he guessed none of the trustees wanted to come and meet her because they hadn't been able to find a place for her to stop." But he thought he knew of a woman who would take her in.

He carried her suit cases and she plodded along behind him. There were no sidewalks. The ground was clayey and slippery. Darkness fell. They walked steadily up the hill a long way.

"The mud came over my shoes," said she. "I was so tired and disappointed that I could have cried. Finally we reached a house, and a dog came out barking. Then the door opened suddenly and in the oblong of light stood a tall boy with a cat in his arms. 'He ain't right in the head,' said my guide. A woman came and pushed him aside.

I don't know how long we stood there in the pouring rain and talked to her. She didn't want me. She said nobody in the place would have me. They didn't like to board 'teacher.' But finally she consented to let me stop for awhile anyway, at thirty-five dollars a month.

I was so thankful for a shelter. All I wanted was to go to my room and lie down and cry. But

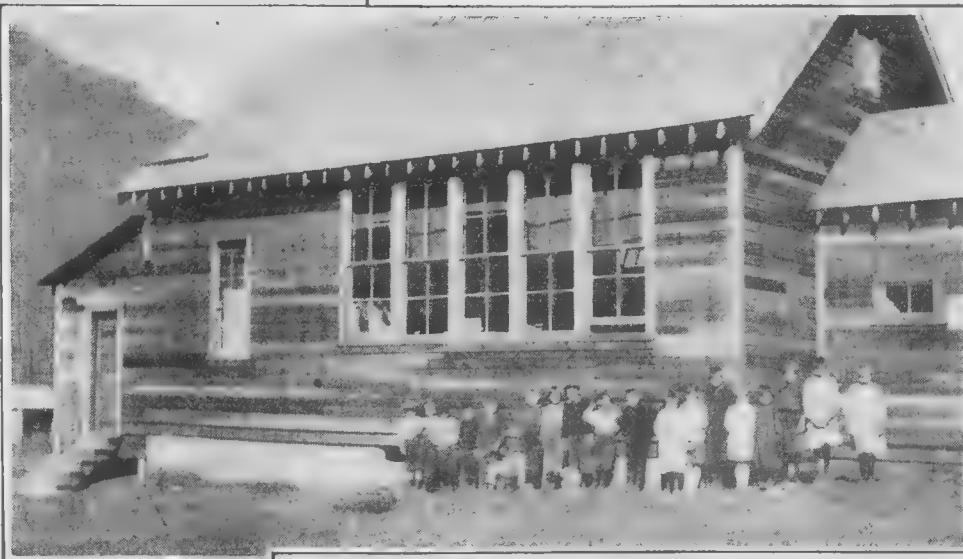


Typical winter weather, Newlands School, 30 miles east of Prince George.

reason for steps the Department is taking to ameliorate conditions. What is true of British Columbia is true of all of the Western Provinces. Young girls, still in their 'teens, most of them, are sent out from the Normal School to teach in the country communities. The girls have probably never been away from home before. Never separated from their families. They find themselves in a rough, frontier district among rough frontier men and women to whom the little school-ma'am with her "book-learning" and her "city ways" is much of a curiosity. Nearly always in these districts there are two factions bitterly opposed to one another. They try to enlist the sympathy of the teacher. If she is friendly with the one, the other will have nothing to do with her. The pupils — who would be amenable enough if it were not for their parents, carry the feud to the school, fight within the school-yard at recess and keep the teacher in a continual state of uneasiness. The school teacher's manner of conducting the school is found fault with by the ones who wish to make trouble, and her life outside the school is criticized.

The trustees furnish a very grave difficulty sometimes. They literally hold the reputation of the teacher in their hands. They decide, as a rule, the all-important question of where she must board, whether she likes it or not; who her janitor must be, whether he is suitable or not; they sit in judgment upon her methods of teaching. If, for some reason, or for no reason at all, they take a prejudice against her, they have the power to send in a complaint to the Department of Education, and if the pressure is strong enough, bring about the dismissal of the young teacher.

BUT perhaps the chief trouble with which the newcomer has to deal is the question of boarding. With a few exceptions, nobody wants to board her, though it means the augmenting of



New Doukhobor School at Pass Creek, no English residents in this district. School replaces the one burned by fanatics four years ago.



One of the better schools, Langford, near Victoria.

the Rural Teacher

By N. de Bertrand Lugrin

I had no room. There were only two rooms in the place. A ladder from the downstairs living-room led to the garret which was divided by cloth partitions. Here the whole family, including the idiot boy, slept. That was the privacy I had.

I had been only a few weeks at this place when I woke up one morning to find that the family had gone away down the lake for a visit and left the poor half-wit boy to keep house. I had always been afraid of him. When he wasn't looking I got out with my two suit cases, but he saw me before I had gone many steps. I suppose he realized in his dim way that his mother would not want me to go. So he started after me. He'd been cutting wood and had the axe, which he waved wildly. It was so early that nobody was about. I ran a long way. I was nearly exhausted when I saw two men coming up from the lake-front. Pete went back then.

Rendered desperate, I camped on the doorstep of a woman I knew who had shown me a little kindness, and I told her, weeping bitterly, that she must let me stop with her, at least till the boat came in a few days. Then I would go home. She demurred. She wasn't well. But at last she consented. It was such a change after the other place that I began to pluck up courage, but she assured me that it would be far better for me to give up and go back. "We don't want a teacher," she explained. "Nobody ever sticks it here."

One day a little boy who did the chores at the school let the axe slip in some way and cut his head open. I found him lying unconscious in the snow. I carried him down to the foot of the hill to the home of an English family. These hopeless people brought me a needle and thread to sew the wound up, and appeared surprised when I almost screamed. "We always thought Canadian teachers could do a bit of surgery," said they.

When the family with whom I had lived at first returned home and found me gone, they were so angry that they turned their bull loose, and drove him up toward the school. The law could not compel them to shut him up for forty-eight hours, and during that time I was a prisoner in the school, and none of the pupils dared come.

Shortly after this, I went home and had a nervous collapse. I was ill for nearly two years, and I've never taught school again."

ANOTHER young woman had a most unpleasant experience. Her school was the other half of a building which was used for the village lock-up. It was not often that there were prisoners, but when there were, it was impossible to hold school. There were knot-holes through which the culprits might peep, and, even if the walls had been intact they were so thin that every sound could be heard through them. This, coupled with impos-

sible boarding conditions, brought about the retirement of this young pedagogue.

A girl of nineteen, pretty, light-hearted, clever, started out to a small place which had an excellent moral reputation, and in which, it was said, there would be no difficulty in obtaining good board. This was in Alberta, near the border of B.C. The Department neglected to say, however, that no one lived in the village or within miles of it, except negroes. The girl was lodged with a negro family. The trustees were negroes. So were all the pupils.

The following incident illustrates the indifference and callousness of some of the district school boards. Adjacent to the community in which this school was situated there was an Indian reservation. And, although the Indians seldom gave any trouble unless they had been drinking, there was not a woman who would consent to be left alone at night, and not a husband who would leave his wife overnight unless she had somebody with her. Nevertheless when the new teacher came, there was no one who would board her, and the only place they had to offer her was a one-roomed log cabin, a few hundred yards from the reserve. Nothing happened for weeks, and then one night one of the Indian chiefs, emboldened by whisky, came to the cabin and demanded admittance. The teacher, not realizing the danger, had opened the door. When she told him to go, he forced his way in, and for a few terrible minutes, endeavored to get hold of the girl. He chased her about the room, but the door was open, and somehow or other she managed to push him so that he tripped and fell over the sill to the ground. She banged the door to and slipped the bolt. The next day

the chief, sober and professing contrition, came to the school and apologized, saying in extenuation that all he really wanted was her little wrist-watch.

FROM time to time questionnaires are sent out from the Department of Education to all of the teachers in the rural schools, from the North Peace down to the border, and from the mountains to the sea. Looking over these filled-in papers, hundreds of them, one is impressed by the gallantry of the brief replies. Few complaints, comparatively speaking. But it is easy to read between the lines and to understand the brave fight which is being waged by the little school-ma'am, maybe a thousand miles from home and friends.

The last questionnaires were sent out in March, 1928, and from them we quote, through the courtesy of the Department of Education: "Big Mountain School. Forty miles from nearest railway or boat landing. Ranches scattered. Thirty below in winter. No social life."

"Up in Cariboo. 60 miles from railway, among ranchers and trappers. All live in log houses. Poor. But bonnie children and dear."

"One small cabin to live in. Very bad condition. I board myself."

"Cache Creek. There is no chimney in the school-house."

"Four hours by gas boat from steamer landing and two miles to walk. Have to wear gum boots always. Terrible wind storms and heavy rains. School house roof leaks. Outhouse terrible. By volunteer effort we



Trapp Lake School, Kamloops. Another picture showing the isolation of the school and the difficulty of travel.



have put in a foot-bridge so that some of the children who live two hours away can get to school."

Prince George District: "Very severe weather. Would close school but one woman persists in sending her children through the deep snow, miles to the school house, and I must keep it open."

Peace River: "Cracks are open in the logs and the snow drifts in. Very cold here."

"No water in this school. I live in a one-room hut."

"Difficult to get board. All foreign population."

Blueberry Creek, Doukhobor district. "No complaints."

No one of the teachers has any fault to find with the Doukhobor schools. The Doukhobors are very kind so long as only women are sent.

This picture gives some idea of the desolate country. Boundary Falls.

They will not have men. There are teacherages attached to all of the school houses. Occasionally there is trouble, though, as fanatics cannot be depended upon. Only about two months ago they marched in a body of five hundred to some of the schools and turned the pupils out. The police were obliged to use tear bombs to quell these men in the end. Now and then, too, they have a habit of burning the schools. But there is never the slightest harm done to the young women teachers.

Vanderhoof: "A good place if it were not for two families who make life miserable for any teacher."

From away up at Williams Lake comes a plaintive note: "Fairly lonely here for a teacher."

Christian Valley: "There is no regular mail service. Sometimes we get mail once a month."

At Clayoquot: "All the children Japanese."

"No co-operation with the teacher."

Copper City, Skeena: "Three and a half miles from boarding house to school, which is in a little shack. Very mountainous and hard to get about."

"Several of my children have to cross the Fraser River where there is no bridge and it is highly

[Continued on page 51]



The new school at Michel, a mining district in the interior, opened by Hon. Mr. Hinchcliff in September, 1928



It's all right—he's so young and light-hearted.

When Jinja Came to Town

By Ignatius Phayre

Illustrated by R. Dorf

"IS THIS safe to sit on?"

Mrs. Macrae knew these cretonne-covered traps that lie in wait for the unwary in tin houses of the East African wilds.

"It's all right," her friend droned absently. "Tha's a bit o' the crate as come round the last American auto in these parts . . . Four days late, the train is?"

"Nearly. I'm just as worried over my Dave."

"Worried"? burst from Mrs. Hogan as she flung up her bony arms. "My life's a nightmare in this jungle dot! Why Joe ever come here, I dunno! They was Canada an' Orstralia. We had Noo Zealan', America, an'—an'—But no! 'I like them hot places,' he says, thinkin' only of himself, as all men do. 'We'll go out to Kenya,' he says, 'an' grow up with the railroads.' He'd have a chance out here, Joe thought, seein' as white men in Kenya is conspicyus as beetles in a pan o' beans."

The poor woman could smile with bitter memories crowding upon her.

"An' Joe was right," the Scotswoman said. "Ain't we goin' ahead? Las' year we was only 'Mile 596.' Now we're 'Malindi,' an' on the way to be a town."

"A town?"

Mrs. Hogan collapsed on a rough-house chair to fold a martyr's hands on her snowy lap.

"I say we're a zoo, without any bars to save us! Lions are all right at feedin'-time, with their keepers pitchin' horse-meat an' our young 'uns shoutin' 'Hooray,' and not mindin' them awful smells. But *nine* lions an' *four* cubs in your own back yard makin' off with your goats an' shakin' the earth with roarin's! D'you call that a town?"

"It's a beginnin'," her neighbor urged heedless of all hysteria and shrilling. "I've seen worse, ma'am; I seen a black pickaninny flashed away in the fore-part of a leopard! We're pioneers, Fanny. That's what my Dave says we're doin'. Pioneers!"

Mrs. Macrae repeated the word as though she loved it.

"Lunatics"! the other snapped at her rudely. Once a year we git out of our grave an' go up the line to Nairobi, with your man on the injin an' mine in the van behind; two fathers o' families with dam little sense. Our crazy train starts any ol' time—this week or next or not at all. We push on a bit—an' stop! They tell us we've a rampin' rhinoceros on the track, mad as hell at the sight o' folks who've done nothin' agen him an' about to hist our injin on his horn. Who'd believe it, Ruth—Now come? Who'd believe them lanky things flyin' past us ain't tellygraf-posts at all, but only a lot o' giraffes, goin nowhere like ourselves? I write home to Ma about these things, an' she says pore Fanny's ill! So I get all the dope there is for malaria an' yellin fever."

Mrs. Hogan's torrent trickled away into sighs. She hopped up to peer behind rose-and-creamy curtains

that hid log walls where the sun glared through crevices and cracks.

"Lookin' f'r something, Fan?"

"Snakes. (With a long shudder). My house ain't haunted—it's infested with all the poisons that crawl an' fly. God, it's awful!"

She was nearly crying now. So the stronger vessel got up to pour drops of cooling on this fury.

"Now see here. You an' Joe ain't done so bad since you got off at Killindini four years back. Your Pete an' Bess are doin' fine in our Mission school. As f'r the town—"

"Our town?"

"—is growin'," Mrs. Macrae insisted, pursing her thin lips and stamping on a floor that was nearly all holes.

"Don't we count sixty-nine white folks—not countin' the nears an' halves an' spots? Ain't more an' more . . . pioneers gettin' off ev'ry train—when a train gits here at all? Ain't our cotton an' corfee shovin' back the bush, an' or'n'ges growin' where umbrella thorns was? Do be reasonable, girl!"

Mrs. Hogan had her apron at her eyes.

"Huntin' parties git acquainted with our lions. An' think o' the Yanks as come down the line. Didn't one of 'em leave a .265 rifle with Dick Moore, our boss, f'r savin' his life when a hippo chawed up their boat an' all but drowned the lot of 'em? Why, we're swellin' every month!"

"An' as mayor o' Malindi ain't Dick ideal? Don't he dream of a city with oil-lamps an' drains? Dick's full of us—full o' notions—"

Her friend was already comforted, if not converted.

"Full," she drawled in bristling echoes. "Why, the man's overflowin'! A Masai brave pelts in here with a few shiny pebbles in his paw an' our mayor sees another Kimberley with all of us leavin' housework to shovel di'mon's out o' the mud an' ship 'em off to Amsterdam to be cut f'r the few crowns we got left. Or Dick spots a Kikuyu squaw with a bag o' gold-dust at her neck. An' right there our jungle is Johannesburg, with as many reefs as we got scorpions! Don't talk to me about Mister Moore. The more I see o' men, the more I marvel how this world is run with 'em—"

"Wha's that"? Fan broke off in a surge of staring fear, which passed to the other woman with a current of shock.

Howls and shrieks broke the burning stillness outside. Eerie calls and warnings arose; frenzied steps, bellowing discords with the souka-wail of black women over all the tumult and confusion.

"What is it now," demanded Mrs. Hogan with the

forced calm of one who has known every stroke and cannot believe that Fate has yet another bolt left in its evil armory.

"Fanny"! bawled somebody at the gate.

"Ruth"!

"Come out! The train's in, an' they got a

prize!"

THE jungle street was a bedlam panic. Black folks and white ran every way like ants, tangled up with cattle and goats, pigs, dogs and children—to say nothing of queer birds and tame baboons grown wild with the terror all around them.

With dry mouths and flying feet the two wives hurled themselves into the melee and made for the raw forest patch that was called Malindi Station.

There stood the battered coaches which had crawled out of the Nile's source on the Victoria Nyanza. But where was Dave Moore and his colored fireman? Where was Hogan, who had charge of this casual train? That lad's adventures had already figured in the "East African News"; choicer morsels had even been cabled to London and New York as freaks of nature which scientific bodies might well discuss.

A dense mass of sweating, shouting humanity paid no heed to the calls and cries of the two bereaved women.

"Dave!—where's my Dave, Martin"? A Scots fist fell on the storekeeper who was doubled up with gurglings heard from the fore part of him.

"In there, Ma'am . . . But they've got him all right. An' don't be afraid! He won't hurt nobody!"

"Joe!—Joe!—JOE"! howled Fanny Hogan over the heedless backs and heads in front of her. Her nerves were at the snapping-point. She could not see her own children, who crept to her side in fear of a swaying riot that threatened to shove that shabby engine into the bush beyond.

The crowd broke with yells and howls in every key. And out of the gap pranced a baby elephant about three feet high with a stubby trunk upraised in frisky blasts. He bolted like mad with all Malindi after him, and the two missing men hot on his hilarious trail.

Like avenging angels their women-folk barred the way.

"Dave"!

"JOE"!

"What is it"? came as a duet of menace.

"It's Jinja"! panted Hogan.

"Look at him"! shrieked Dave. "Bowlin' over them black ladies . . . Bang!—Bom"! . . . Go on, Jinja!"

The two mates were in rags, with wild eyes glowing in pale faces that fairly streamed with sweat and dirt. "We got him"—Joe was gasping—"at Mile Fifteen. His mother—"

"Biggest cow 'n all Africa," Dave butted in. "Six tons or more! Poor iv'ry though. Not sixty poun' in her two yaller teeth. Right across the track she got,

in Uri Cuttin'—"An' the calf cavortin' crazy"! shot in Joe.

"I thought she'd charge us," the elder man went on. "I've had 'em charge me on the Chota Nagpur line in India. But no! As I slowed up she loped off like hell, with the babe at her heels."

"An' he come back"! Joe chuckled. She lugged him off bodily. An' he come back agen to say 'How-ja-do'! Ain't he lovely?"

The women said nothing. But flashes of scorn for the sillier sex played like lightning in their angry eyes.

"It was lovely to see," the sillier one pursued. "I mean the mother's love, like you see in books. So I coaxes him into my van. My, what a lump! An' in there he swills twelve quarts o' milk."

"Whose milk"? rapped Mrs. Hogan.

Her dazed spouse could only gaze at her. She put the query again, as though to wild animals far away . . . whose milk?"

"I dunno," was all she got, dully. "I took it out o' the churns."

"Then you gotta pay for it," was slapped back at him, viciously. And the tail end of the crowd laughed at Joe's discomfiture.

Meanwhile Jinja had run amok in glorious glee. Up and down the vast raw street he frolicked with dogs of every breed joining in the fun, the children of every shade, from coal-black to blush-rose fairness, framed in gold.

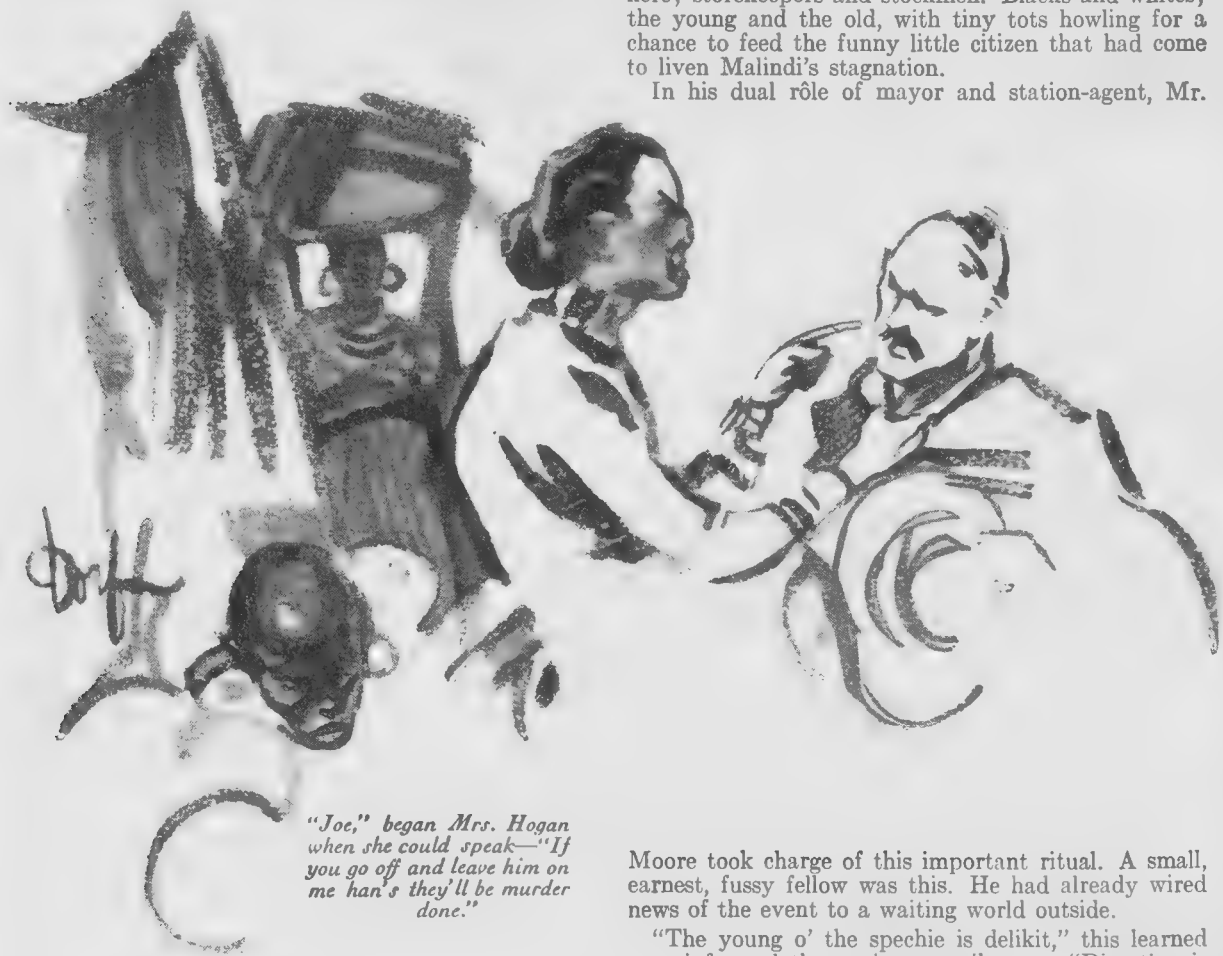
"Ain't he lovely"? Joe enquired. But the fever in the man was fast fading.

Housewives hurried back to complain. Their porches were smashed in a reckless hide-and-seek. Fences were down in all directions. Old people were knocked over, and gardens left as only an earthquake could leave them. Who was goin' to pay for all this?

The Macraes seemed to withdraw from part-ownership in Jinja, leaving the Hogans in undisputed possession.

"It's all right," the Sole Owner said to surly claimants. "He's so young, so light-hearted!"

"Jinja"! his owner bawled. The excited little beast could hear him, but the boys and dogs led him farther afield, as though planning a new town on the ruins of the old one. It was a long, toilsome business to lead Jinja home. All Malindi saw him chained up by one dancing foot to a big thorn-tree in the Hogan's yard.



"Joe," began Mrs. Hogan when she could speak—"If you go off and leave him on me han's they'll be murder done."

"AN' NOW—" began Fanny, when the orgy was over, "what you goin' to do with this el'phant"?

Her husband put down his knife and fork.

"He's worth money," was the hopeful opening. "These beasts can be trained to work. They're all but human. An' then the tricks! . . . Listen to Peter an' Bess out there with him. A circus'll give a pot o' coin f'r Jinja—when he's grown up."

"When'll that be"? she pressed on him inexorably. "Why, they only begin to grow at a hunnerd years! We shall be dead an' buried, lad. An' if as a baby

Jinja takes twelve quarts at a go—of somebody else's milk!—how're we goin' to keep that up f'r years an' years—till maybe our Bess an' Pete is married an' got babes o'their own? I ask you? . . . Twelve quarts, you say?"

Joe moved uneasily in a precarious seat, that was never made for these emotional crises . . .

"I ask you"? his wife goaded again—but softer now, as one might ask a rat caught in a steel trap about his future prospects.

The harrassed man swore to himself. Did she grudge him his food also? How the hell was he to eat with all this naggin' at every knife-load . . . ?

"Jinja'll get over this milky stage," Joe chirped at last, as he lit a pipe and pushed away the fifth plate which black wenches sprung from nowhere had been slipping in front of a weary and hungry man.

"He'll get over this," Joe set against all the storms his Fan loosed at him. "Then he'll go out on his own keep. Grass an' twigs an' leaves an'—they don't eat no meat. Nice, clean livers, these el'phants."

"Then we'll find Jinja a job," his owner went on with a sudden rise of spirits. You'll see him haulin' wagons, shuntin' injines, an' such down at the yard. 'Course he'll get Comp'ny's pay f'r that like me an' Dave does. A fam'ly asset—you'll see, Fan. There's rev'noo in that calf. An' what a pet f'r the kids while he's learnin' a trade! Hark at 'em now! I mus' go out an' see."

So Mrs. Hogan's fears died down like a half-extinguished fire. And when the evening breeze rustled in the thorns tempering the fierce heat, Jinja showed signs of hunger—chiefly by doing serious damage to the place.

The neighbors came around carrying noble pails of new milk; gasoline cans, wash-bowls, jugs—anything and everything that would hold liquid nourishment. The entire town besieged the sprawling shanties that made up Hogan's home. Farmers and planters were here; storekeepers and stockmen. Blacks and whites; the young and the old, with tiny tots howling for a chance to feed the funny little citizen that had come to liven Malindi's stagnation.

In his dual rôle of mayor and station-agent, Mr.

"He's askin' f'r more"! piped Ruth Macrae, drawing out of the line of fire. Now, Jim—"!

Squealing and waltzing, Jinja laid a short, black trunk into any and every receptacle, turning at times to favor the children with a gulp of great dexterity.

He was like a living hose laid between two seas with no end to the performance. As the gallons vanished, Mayor Moore's natural history dried up. He was soon looking very anxious.

"Stop it"! he called abruptly, with Authority's arm in the air.

"We're in f'r a famine if this goes on. . . . No more. Take it away, kid"! But the kids' canfuls were already in Jinja!

Firmly but kindly the black hose was disconnected and the insatiable Babe made a fearful fuss.

"Jus' one more bucket, Mis' Moore. Why, you'd think he was starvin'!"

"No, ma'am," the Chief Executive decreed. "Not another drop—till tomorrow. Some of us need milk, 's well's our bulky friend. He's had a nation's share."

"Ain't it lucky for his mother," a thoughtful lady sighed, "that she didn't have a whole litter o' Jinjas"?

The assembly dissolved in jokes and laughter and the Hogans were left alone. All zeal seemed to ebb as the townsfolk strolled away down the jungle street with pails and clans a-clattering.

The farmers were saying things to their women. And young Pete and Bess had climbed on Jinja's back to show off a few stunts to a juvenile audience beyond the broken fence and rusty wire of a sprawling establishment . . .

"When did Dick say"? Fanny inquired of a pensive Mr. Hogan.

"Tomorrow."

"Where are we to get it"?

Her Joe had no reply on tap.

"Course we got cows," the puzzled realist went on. "But we've got children too. An' it ain't a cow or two as'll mother Jinja. He'll keep a whole herd busy. A reglar ranch, 's far as I can see. Where you goin' to get it, Joe"?

"Nex' week," Mr. Hogan mused with grappling mind at work, "our train goes ont agen. I'll fix it all before I go. You'll see. He's too young as yet f'r a payin' job. An' delikit, as Dick says . . . I wonder if th' Agricultural College would like to buy him? He'd be cheap at twenty poun'. Or the Mombasa Zoo"? The Hogans had a long discussion in the rawer light of dawning realities.

NEXT day Mr. Moore sent off a bunch of wires, but nobody wanted Jinja—even as a gift! Farmers and planters up the line were out with guns after elephant-herds. They were an awful curse to crops of all sorts—far worse than any lions and leopards who took regular toll of the stock. Up at Entebbe a price of £100 had been put on the head of a wandering "rogue"—a bull tusker of fabulous havoc, who walked off with barns, trampled log fences for miles, and left smiling fields like the farther face of the moon.

The very name of "elephant" made white men see red. So Jinja's only hope of a father lay in his present owner who now saw the stark facts in a new and pitiless glare of embarrassment.

Two days later the Babe had ceased to attract, like a stage show that flops in the second act. If a casual caller at Hogans looked at Jinja at all it was only to remark that he was listless and thin. Had they kept up his milk?

Fanny would give a funny snort. You couldn't make out the words of her reply.

"Where are we to get it"? she asked the storekeeper's wife in a way that gave great offence to that lady.

"My dear," Mrs. Martin said darkly—"take a tip from me, an' lose him! Let him find a mother somewhere. There's too many of 'em loose, as it is, God knows"!

"It is a solootion," Joe had to own when this crime was put to him plainly. "Seems crool though, Fan. Pore little Jin out there alone on them dusty plains, squealin' his heart out f'r more milk! Makes a man cry to think of it! Gimme a chance to talk it over with Dave."

And this he did. But the talk of these two was chiefly about getting away into care-free parts, where their goings-on were gay enough—though luckily unknown to Malindi gossip.

"We mus' take Jin out an' lose him," Joe told his Fanny, trying to reconcile his [Continued on page 62]



"Put 'em up!" a harsh voice commanded.

W HOO-hoo-hoo, who-ho! Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh-huh! Jeff Frisby started and gritted his teeth at the muffled voice that echoed through the woods around him. Vainly he stared, trying to locate the originator of the sound. There was nothing to be seen save the bluish moonlight, the shadow-striped snow, the stark, lean poplars and here and there a sombre jack-pine or spruce. There was not a whisper, not a hint of motion save in the white column of smoke from his stove that curled ceaselessly upward toward the pale stars.

Jeff continued up the path from his stable, entered the cabin and shut the door. He hated owls—how he hated 'em! To him, their mysterious hooting had come to express all the vastness and loneliness that seemed to engulf him.

"Cold wedder comin' w'en de beeg howl she seeng lak' dat," Francois Beliveau, a passing trapper, had remarked the night he chanced to spend in Jeff's shanty. "Plenty howl dis winter, too. Come down from de Barren Lan' 'cause de w'ite rabbit die up dere."

"What do the owls know about the weather," Jeff had demanded, crossly. "They hoot most during warm spells an' naturally it turns cold before very long. Then you say the owls foretold it. Shucks!"

Francois had puffed at his pipe. "All sam' she know," he replied complacently. "How"? The swarthy French-Canadian shrugged. "How de mushrat know w'at fall to build extra thick house for hard winter? How de wil' goose know w'en to skip sout'?"

Two days later Jeff had known by the popping of the jack-pines and the weird haze that hung in the valley that was fifty below zero but of the owl's veracity as a weather prophet he remained unconvinced. And yet he could not shake off the notion that a deep and sinister foreboding prompted their uncanny cries. Hadn't it been an owl's hoot, that night two years ago, that had echoed through the blackness of Coyote Canyon just before those three

OMEN

By J. Paul Loomis

Illustrated by John Little

shots rang out and Ron Silver had slumped down in his saddle? They had been trailing High River McKendry, who had just made off with a carload of Walking R steers, but with those fatal shots, Jeff's only thought had been for his buddy and he had carried him in the dark down the rough bed of the canyon for two hours—till Rod died in his arms. Try as he would, Jeff could not keep the thought of that night from coming back to him whenever he heard an owl's cry.

That was two years ago, down in the foothill country. Now, because of an unprecedented drought over all the North-western prairies, he was 'way back here in the "bush," wintering two hundred head of Walking R cattle on the coarse hay he and Rob Ristow with the help of such Crees as could be induced to work, and had cut and stacked in the sloughs and meadows around Firebag Lake. But for the past month, Jeff had been alone. Bob, worthy successor to Ron Silver in Jeff's regard, had gone "outside." A messenger had come in search of him with the tidings that Bob's father, old Ward Ristow, owner of the Walking R was very ill. It was since then, especially, that the hollow foreboding note had come into the voices of the owls.

JEFF started up from his brooding at the crisp squeak of a horse's hoofs in the dry packed snow. He jerked open the shack door.

"Bob"! he cried. "You old son-of-a-gun, where've you been since Heck—" He stopped short, for something jabbed him in the side.

"Put 'em up"! a harsh voice commanded. Against the cabin wall, in the deep shadow stood a man that was by no means Bob, and in his hand was a heavy six-shooter. Jeff obeyed, so startled he could hardly keep back a shout.

"Any hardware"? inquired the stranger, swiftly going over Jeff's person. "No? Then look after my cayuse yonder."

A frost-whitened horse with drooping head and icicles hanging like tusks from his nostrils, stood in the moonlight. He made no response to Jeff's tug upon the bridle-reins. His owner kicked him savagely in the flank. The act seemed to dispel Jeff's bewilderment. His fists clenched. He started toward the man involuntarily. But the threatening gun stopped him. He led the way in silence to the stable, lit the lantern which hung inside the door and put the horse in the one stall which was empty. After feeding him, he stripped off the saddle and began rubbing the frost from his matted coat with handfuls of hay. Suddenly Jeff stopped and lifted his hands to the light. They were bloody. The horse's flanks were scored by a dozen cuts from heartless spurring. Jeff ground his teeth in indignation. But at this point his insistent guest, who had been taking note of everything in the stable without once relaxing his watchfulness, cut in sharply: "That'll do. C'mon an' get me somethin' to eat."

In the shanty, Jeff handed over his rifle and complied to many other demands with such grace as he could summon though the situation galled him beyond measure. The more especially because something about the hard face, bearded though it was, seemed vaguely familiar. Those cold, pale eyes, with lids that sagged peculiarly at the outer corners; that corresponding droop of the thin-lipped mouth! A picture posted in every public building in Alberta flashed to his memory. In spite of himself he exclaimed aloud:

"High River McKendry!"

"Right, kid," the man replied, pausing in his

devouring of Jeff's beans and bacon. "I don't make no bones about it. I'm shiftin' toward a little more elbow-room, and all I ask of you is to help me along a little. Got a map o' this hunk o' desolation?"

For a moment Jeff stood as though dazed. All his senses were in revolt. Help the man who had stolen Walking R cattle for years! Help the man who had shot Ron Silver!

Jeff glared at the outlaw in stupid fury. McKendry tapped the gun that lay beside his plate.

"Don't stand there like a fool at a fair; find me that map," he ordered.

Jeff's wits began to return. He produced a map and marked on it the sleigh trail that ran from the town of Witchegan River to the fishing-camps far to the north-west by Waterhen Lake.

"You're at the end of the trail you came up on," he explained. "But you can hit this other trail by going across the lakes and muskegs."

Jeff made the statement truthfully. He could see nothing to be gained by giving misinformation.

"All right," said McKendry, shortly. "Now, get busy an' pack me a lunch—one that'll last about twenty days."

Jeff obeyed this formidable demand silently, but with growing desperation. He tried to tell himself, as he put practically all his provisions into two bulging grain-sacks, that he could live on moose-meat until spring and that he would be lucky if a grub-stake was all that was to be demanded of him by the notorious cattle-lifter. His suspicions were correct. It was not.

"Put on your mitts an' hitch your best team—they bays, not the blacks—to that sleigh by the stable," was the next order. Then, as Jeff's eyes glared in rebellion: "Snap to it, kid! I got to be shiftin'."

When the team was ready, the sleigh packed with hay, the grub-sacks and most of Jeff's blankets, the outlaw commanded Jeff to lead out the remaining horses. Wondering what was to be the final outrage, he brought from the stable his black team and the stumbling horse McKendry had ridden in. The rustler took a step forward. Suddenly Jeff understood.

That Jeff might not follow, nor carry tidings—there was a flash and a roar from the six-shooter, and High River's horse dropped with a soft thud upon the snow. With lightning quickness, the pistol again covered Jeff. Galvanized with rage, Jeff's cheeks and fingers burned. His muscles steeled. He crouched slightly, balanced on his moose-cased toes. The pistol muzzle jerked toward one of his own horses. In that exact instant, Jeff sprang.

He struck McKendry in a flying tackle, pitching him backwards into the deep snow. The six-shooter belched close to Jeff's ear as they went down, deafening him with its detonation. But his hand closed on the rustler's gun-wrist. Through the writhing, rough-and-tumble that followed, Jeff retained the hold. All else was a daze of straining muscles and red flashes before his eyes; of smothering snow that stung his hot face like needle-points; of jabs and blinding blows. Iron fingers reached his throat. A compelling terror, bred of strangulation, seized him, commanding him to break away. Still, he clung to the pistol and the hand that held it, twisting relentlessly. Was it yielding, or was it merely his own dizziness?

He seemed reeling, pitching through space. Then something jerked in his hands, and there was a hot breath against his face. Suddenly, he was free to breathe—quivering, gaspingly; to stagger to his feet and pick up the pistol from the snow. His own voice came to him faintly, as though from a thick-walled room.

"Get up, you skunk," he was saying. "Get up while I tie you till you can't wiggle your ears."

He tugged at the man's shoulder, moving him slightly. He heard a groan, and saw a dark patch on the snow.

Jeff never remembered taking McKendry to the cabin. He only knew he had him there and had uncovered a bleeding hole in the outlaw's side. To plug it, he got a flour-sack he had boiled for a dish-towel, folded it and placed it over the wound. Then, ripping a shirt lengthwise, he bound it around the man's body to hold the pad in place. It didn't matter much, he was thinking. The outlaw would soon be dead.

Realization came to him slowly, full force of the fact that he had killed a man. Or had he killed him? He, Jeff, had only forced the gun away from himself. Anyway, he had saved old Tom and Jerry from the pistol and Socks and Baldy from being driven to death or left at the trail's end to starve. And, above all, Ron Silver was avenged!

Jeff, still hot with the lust of fight, thrilled to a savage satisfaction at what had taken place.

But the matter did not end there. Morning found High River McKendry still very much alive. Fever was upon him, yet his requests for water came grudgingly, as though he scorned to ask help of one with whom he had fought. His very groans came through gritted teeth. Jeff could not deny a touch of admiration for the outlaw's fierce spirit nor could he hold his anger unabated in the presence of the intense suffering of the wounded man.

TOWARD noon, McKendry sank into a stupor and Jeff left the cabin to care for his stock. The sky was low-vaulted, grey. In a dull mood, Jeff loaded his hay-rack from the one stack left in the meadow, noting that it contained less than a dozen loads of hay. Right here was cause enough for gloom. The winter had been an exceptionally hard one, necessitating a heavy allowance of feed. Consequently, he had been obliged of late to reverse the process and the cattle had been on half rations the past two weeks. It was time for spring. With the melting of the snow, the cattle could make a living on the peavine that cured in the woods like hay.

How often lately Jeff had turned his face westward, hoping to feel upon it the first breath of the chinook, that warm wind from the Pacific that sometimes works such magic in the frost-bound North.

How often lately Jeff had turned his face westward, hoping to feel upon it the first breath of the chinook, that warm wind from the Pacific that sometimes works such magic in the frost-bound North.

the rack. Rangy steers butted away the weaker cattle. Bony, rough-haired cows bawled at him mournfully. Stunted yearlings—dogies, they were called—stood on the outskirts of the herd and humped their backs in lifeless dejection. Jeff looked at them and passed his hand across his eyes. These were the cattle he and Bob had put up hay for in the boggy sloughs and fly-ridden meadows last summer till the frosts of autumn sent them southward for the herd through woods the same frost had transformed to a spicy wonderland of green and gold. These were the cattle they had trailed all the long way from the foothill country through days of mellow fall sunshine and lead-colored days of snow and rain. These were the cattle they had swam across rivers and had stood night-guard over while they grazed in the frosty meadows or slept under the waving northern lights and the chilly stars.

All the long winter he had hauled hay to them daily, and chopped a water-hole for them in the thick ice of the lake. Now, they were starving. Now, if ever, they were dependent upon his judgment and care.

He returned to the cabin moodily, wondering if he would find McKendry still alive. He found him revived and able to drink a little broth. It struck him, all at once, that the man had a chance for life and that he, Jeff, must do something about it.

But here, alone in the bush, what could he do, other than let him die?

Turn from it as he would, there was but one answer. He must take the cattle-thief, the murderer of Ron Silver, to Witchegan River, where there was an outpost of the Red Cross!

But the cattle? It would take four days, at least, to go to Witchegan River and return. Left without feed, many of the already weakened cattle would be dead when he came back and many more too far gone to regain their strength. Yet, if he turned them to the hay-stack, every forkful would be gone when he returned. What, then, would they do till spring?

Jeff burst outside again, his face hot, his heart choking him.

"By heaven," he cried, "he isn't worth it, not worth one of those dogies, let alone half the herd. S'pose he does live—it's only to stretch the rope! And yet, he's a man, and I've no right just to let him die. That's murder, too."

IT WAS nearly dark when they started, plodding out across the untracked dismal stretch of muskeg toward the Witchegan River trail. McKendry was deeply bedded in robes and blankets. Jeff, to ease his team through the soft snow and to keep warm, walked and rode by turns. All night they crept onward through the ominous silent greyness, smothered in the lean, vast, breathless land. Jeff tried to forget everything but the task before him; to shut that haunting vision of the cattle from his mind.

Impossible! They were doomed, through no fault of his—doomed by the strange fate that had guided High River McKendry to his cabin. And from time to time, in some distant spruce swamp, a Great Horned Owl hooted—sardonically!

When, at last, he struck the Witchegan River trail, Jeff fed the team and melted snow for tea, which, strong and black, is the universal camp-fire beverage of the North. The wan light of dawn was slipping through the ghostly poplars, but with it came a moaning wind, then snow.

Before he had finished breakfast, they were in the teeth of a north-east storm. Now, too, he began having trouble with McKendry, who had become delirious and who was tossing fretfully, throwing off the blankets that covered him and trying to sit up. It took all Jeff's

strength at times to keep the man down. By mid-day, as the cold increased, it was necessary to build a huge fire in a spruce thicket and warm him thoroughly and the robe as well. Jeff fed his horses and himself and started on again.

They made fair progress now, for the trail had been travelled much during the early winter. Still there was danger of losing it each time they crossed a wind-swept meadow or lake. Then Jeff was compelled to lead his team. [Continued on page 52]



JOHN LITTLE

Jeff sprang to his feet and shook his fists balefully in the direction of the sound.

But there was yet no sign of winter's breaking. The cattle were growing thinner every day.

"When does spring come up here?"

Jeff had asked Francois Belliveau. The Frenchman had given his expressive shrug and had answered: "She's here w'en de firs' crow come."

Jeff was wishing more than ever for that dusky harbinger as he hauled in his load of hay and spread it across the feed-ground.

Thin-flanked, gaunt-eyed, the cattle crowded round



When I saw him lying there with the pink coverlet across his blue coat, and a pink taffeta cushion behind his head, he looked so beautiful—for a man—that I just knew he was going to die. Then that doctor barked out. "It's nothing but a mild case of 'flu,' but get that fool spread off and put on some blankets."

Two Letters From a Bride

DEAR ERNESTINE:

We have been married exactly three months today and are still happy—happier than ever. It is so easy to make a success of marriage. I feel sorry for all the cranks who write about matrimonial difficulties. They must have nasty dispositions themselves, don't you think?



It has been such fun settling all our lovely things in the apartment. But the last nail is hammered and the last picture hung now, and really the effect is nice. Tom's friends have been so sweet and kind that I have hardly missed the old home and the old crowd a thousand miles away. Even if I were alone on a desert island, though, I think I would be perfectly happy. Tom is such a dear, he makes me feel sorry for every girl who isn't married. He is so strong and protective, so anxious to make me happy in every way. I feel that I have found someone to lean on for life, and it is a glorious sensation. After all, though I did earn my living for a while, the role of clinging vine suits me much better. I hope your Fred will prove as great a tower of strength.

I mustn't write any more now, as I want to get a specially nice dinner. Yes, we still celebrate the 15th every time it comes around.

Affectionately,
MARION.

Toronto, October 11.

DEAR ERNESTINE:

The fourth month of marriage is almost over now, and I must admit my ideas have changed a great deal. Put a cushion behind your back and I'll tell you all about it.

I wrote you last on a Thursday and just bumbled, didn't I? Friday night, when I was fussing around with a T-bone steak, asparagus salad, and pineapple whip, Tom staggered into the living-room. No beaming smile, no outstretched arms, no questions about what his little girl had been doing all day. Just a look of blank despair.

My heart sank. "Whatever is it, dear"? I cried. "You haven't lost your job or anything"?

Showing How She Learned
Something About Men

By Isabel Turnbull Dingman

Illustrated by E. L. Pratt

He turned a weary gaze in my direction and groaned. "No, but I'm sick," he said. Then a spasm of pain convulsed his features, and he groaned again.

"What does it feel like"? I inquired, fluttering around him.

"Sore throat—pains in the back and legs—difficulty in breathing—headache—pains in the stomach—stabbing sensation in the chest—weakness of the knees," he said, between moans.

"For heaven's sake! I'll put you to bed, then call a doctor," I shrieked, and getting him to take my arm, I piloted him to the bedroom. He sank painfully into a sitting position, and covered his face with his hands.

"Hurry up—call a doctor—any doctor, I don't know one from another—I'll manage to get my clothes off," he ordered in dull, lifeless tones.

I wanted to call somebody up and make inquiries about doctors—you hear such dreadful things about some of them—but felt that the least delay might prove fatal.

And I remembered that just around the corner was a Dr. Smith's sign. He might have been a maternity specialist or a chiropractor or even a veterinary for all I knew, but I took a chance and called him. I was so excited I had a hard time making him understand who we were and where we were, but he said he'd be right over.

I rushed back to Tom, but before I got near the bedroom I could hear his groans.

What a picture he made—with sound effects! The poor dear had thrown his clothes in a heap, struggled into his pyjamas, and fallen into bed without folding the spread or anything. When I saw him lying there with the pink coverlet across his blue coat, and a pink taffeta cushion behind his head, he looked so beautiful, for a man, that I felt a chill at my heart. There was something ethereal, other-worldly about his appearance. I just knew he was going to die!

All I could do was grab his hand and sit there with tears running down my cheeks, while he bounced around the bed and kept saying: "Why can't you do something"?

They were the first cross words I had ever heard him say, and I felt terrible!

It was a great relief when the doctor rang the bell. I opened the door, and a little man with glasses came briskly into the room, and barked "Where is the patient"?

I pointed to the



"I'll show you whether I am going to pass out now—I'll show you whether I know how to protect my wife" he roared.

[Cont. on page 53]

MR. ARTIST, PLEASE DRAW THIS KIND OF PICTURE
TO ILLUSTRATE THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Draw the kind of woman who takes great pride in her home, from cellar to attic — for this is a Fels-Naptha advertisement. She may have a little house. She may have a big house. But whichever it is, she runs it sensibly and capably. Her work goes along like clock-work — she plans things to save herself as much as possible. That's why she uses Fels-Naptha.

(Since you are an artist, you may not know much about household things, so we'll explain. Fels-Naptha is the soap that gives extra help. It's more than soap alone. It's good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha. Naptha is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener dry cleaners use. Naturally, the soap and naptha, working together, result in extra help. This extra help makes Fels-Naptha get clothes clean clear through without hard rubbing. So — picture the sort of woman who appreciates a real bargain in washing value.)

Of course we can't tell you just how she'll look, the color of her hair and eyes, — but she will be bright, trim and attractive. You know — the sort of woman who reasons things out for herself. They're quickest to take advantage of the extra help that Fels-Naptha can give.

As to what you have the woman doing, that's up to you. Of course Fels-Naptha's main job is helping with the weekly wash, so you might show her doing that. If you do, you can have her at either tub or washing machine, for Fels-Naptha works well in both of them. She might be hanging out the clothes, and if she is, put a lot of breeze and sunshine into the picture — something to show the airy freshness of clothes that are home-washed with Fels-Naptha.

Another idea might be to have her smelling a bar of Fels-Naptha, for that's the test thousands of women have made to prove to themselves that this soap holds plenty of naptha. (You can smell the clean naptha odor in every bar.) Or then again, you can show her doing household cleaning, for Fels-Naptha is welcome extra help for that, too.

FELS & COMPANY
Philadelphia.



How's this?
I like your last suggestion best
because I've seen my wife do it.
J. W.

The Radiant Face

By Leonard J. Humphrey

Illustrated by E. P. Gibson

WHEN the bell announced that Judge Fotheringham wished to see him, Sergeant Adams took a final survey of himself, glowed anticipatorily, then, with the easy kindness that was his usual stride, answered the call. Apart from the fact that he had a special reason to feel satisfied this afternoon, he realized, as he had on many occasions, that it was always pleasant to be called to the judge's office, for, no matter what the nature of the duty to be discussed, Fotheringham had an individual manner of consideration and sympathy that made even the worst assignment something to be welcomed as a privilege.

"Adams, you know my reason for calling you," said the judge, as mildly as ever. "Congratulations, my good man. Congratulations! Your promotion has not come a moment too soon!"

Adams inclined his head.

"You've always interested me, Sergeant—mustn't forget that now, must I?" went on the other, "and now that you are here I want you to tell me something about yourself."

He held out his hand. The sergeant felt refreshed, stimulated, buoyed immensely by its earnestness. It was not what the world terms a hearty handshake, but it vibrated with the quiet realness that was the key to the judge's personality and his power.

"But first of all, read this," went on the latter, handing him a report. "That's what the Women's Auxiliary think of you."

"I'm afraid the W.A. and yourself, sir, are too kind," objected Adams, having read. "I am sure I do not deserve it."

"On the contrary, you do," affirmed Fotheringham, motioning him to a chair and a cigar. "I repeat, you have interested me. There has been something about your work, a quality of idealism and faith, if I may so express it, that has manifested itself many a time. Why, Adams, it's been a pleasure to have you under my wing, as it were."

"No more than it has been to be under it," answered the sergeant.

The judge leaned back. His kind eyes narrowed slightly. "Now, just why have you been what you have been, Adams? Cause and effect is the great principle of conduct. The effect in your case has demonstrated itself in such a variety of acts of thoughtfulness, especially in your dealings with the younger delinquents, and in such steady effort on their behalf, that its cause must be something more than ordinarily deep-rooted and sincere. Adams, I want you to be good enough to tell me just what it is."

The other's face clouded.

"Judge Fotheringham," he said, "I assure you that I value your interest, and for that reason I will tell you.... When I was a young fellow I did something—something that hurt my mother. She died unhappily because in my foolishness I had been too obstinate to confess or ask her forgiveness. And with her passing came the most agonizing time of my life. I suffered, oh how I suffered. Remorse—sir, it is terrible! I reproached myself every minute of the day, every hour of the night. I understood then what a real mother's love was, that it was something holy and above all else, that it was something to be cherished, nursed, looked after. I did sir, I did! I—you'll pardon my emotion—I can't recall the time without it.... But with the passing of a year or two a light seemed to come to me. I am sure it was her light, her light telling me that the only way to make amends was by action. That is the reason I joined the Force. I wanted to get somewhere where I could help boys and girls, where I could put in a word for them. And that, thank God, it has been my good fortune to be able to do. There—that is the reason, sir."

Fotheringham's head nodded in that sympathetic contemplation characteristic of the man, but his eyes

were now wider and more astute. "Well done, Adams," he said gently. "I am sorry that my enquiry caused you pain—believe me, it was not directed by mere curiosity."

"I know that, sir. No man could hold the esteem that is yours were he anything but noble."

The judge acknowledged this tribute with a courteous and somewhat old-world gesture. "And now I see why it is that you were so urgent in the matter of young Gowan," he went on.



There was the sergeant—waiting at the bend of the road.

"Ah, sir, I've been happy all day thinking of it," exclaimed Adams. "Of course, the circumstances and your own generosity are making it possible."

"Your recommendations have always called for my earnest consideration," answered the judge, "and you will find me even more receptive after this. As for the circumstances, well, they are so unusually favorable as to appear with the force of a heaven-sent command."

The two men went into a review of the case, until presently the judge said: "By the way, you go for him this evening, do you not?"

"At six, sir."

"And you are sure that he will meet you? You know, Adams, we may have taken a considerable chance in letting him out of our sight all day."

"I'm positive he'll be there. I know the boy is sorry."

"Splendid! And, dear me, it's five-thirty now," declared Fotheringham, glancing at his watch. "How the time does go to be sure—when two good friends get talking!"

Adams smiled the appreciative reserve which clothed his strong feeling for this man, and, realizing that he would have to hurry to meet his appointment and get back in time for the Vancouver boat, withdrew.

He stepped zestfully into his car and in a moment was purring down the highway, with the waters of the Strait stretching blue and pleasant on his left; beyond them the distant Coast Range jagged but somehow softening into the sky. And as he went along an appreciation of these wonderfulnesses formed a complement to his thoughts. He was going on an errand of mercy. He was going to help a boy—and, ah, a dear old mother, too. Everything was so propitious.... the judge had been so kind.... Of course, the young fellow had his Gethsemane to face.... but after that....

IN A little house three miles up a side road....

"Don't let on so, Ma," urged Ronald, taking the doubt that was his mother's hand. "There must be some deeper meaning to it all that we don't see."

Her head went side to side and her voice came grey and beaten. "Oh—to think that this should happen!"

There followed a bitter silence—a sound that cut his heart and stifled the little room.

"Ma! We mustn't let it alter what we've always thought and known to be true."

He felt his hand caught in her shuddering fervor. "No, no, Ronny boy, we mustn't—but it's awful—and it makes me—makes me wonder if the—"

"Now stop that Ma! You must stop that. Can't you think of all the years of love and trust you have put in Him and of all the joys and help He has given you? Weren't you one of the leading lights of the old settlement? Didn't everybody look up to you and come to you for spiritual comfort? Isn't that right, Ma?"

She struggled to raise herself. "And now—now they don't," she said in a lifeless tone. "Mrs. Hanson hasn't been here since it happened, nor has Mrs. Wilcox. They think you're dishonest, Ronny." Her hands clenched suddenly and she trembled her arms above her. "They think that my boy, the son of Anna Gowan, is a thief!"

She clutched at his shoulder and tried to sit upright in the bed. "I wish I could shout it from the rooftops that no one can stain the name

of Gowan like that!"

Her puny hold was terrific.

"It's no use, Ronny boy," she went on, "I've got to tell you that I am—shaken. I can't see why it should be—after all these years that I've trusted and prayed and tried to do the best I could."

"It doesn't matter, Ma," he answered, struggling to keep his eyes on the tear of his face, "you know that what they think isn't right and that I did not steal it."

At the sound of the word "steal" she hissed in a breath as if she had received a wound. She snatched her hand from his shoulder.

"Tell me, Ronny boy, tell me again how it happened. What did you do in the Post Office after you'd got the stamps for it?"

"Oh Ma, I've told you so many times," he exclaimed, dreading terribly this doubt into which she was sinking.

"It doesn't matter, Ronny boy, I want to hear it again—to see if I can't figure out some way of proving that you didn't steal it. I've got to keep the name of Gowan clean, [Continued on page 65]

MISS HELEN CHOATE



Miss Helen Choate, brilliant young favorite in New York society, inherits the distinction and charm of her famous grandfather, so long the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

THE CHARMING GRANDDAUGHTER
OF AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED
AMBASSADOR, THE LATE
JOSEPH H. CHOATE

IS POET • MUSICIAN
SPORTSWOMAN
SOCIETY FAVORITE



She is very striking, slim and tall, with shining red-gold curls, big brown eyes and finely-modeled features. Her skin is exquisite—fresh, clear, so beautifully kept that it is always satin-smooth and fine of texture.



Pond's four preparations—Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener—for exquisite care of the skin.



Since she was seventeen her poems have been appearing in the leading magazines. They reveal true talent. This gifted and spirited young favorite is also an accomplished pianist.

YOUNG as she is, Miss Helen Choate is already one of the most brilliant personalities in New York society. She belongs to a family so distinguished that her name admits her to the most exclusive circles of America and Europe. And she herself is so gifted, so delightful that she is a favorite everywhere.

This vivacious girl can sparkle through a dinner party and dance till dawn, yet turn out fresh and crisp for her morning ride in Central Park, or for golf at her country home at Mt. Kisco.

She is an accomplished pianist, speaks French and German admirably; and is already, in her earliest twenties, widely known as a poet whose published work reveals authentic talent.

Miss Choate is slim and tall, with a cool non-chalant grace. Her shining red-gold curls, bright brown eyes and clear fresh coloring make her a vivid figure. She has that precious gift, a beautiful skin, and takes great care to keep it satin-smooth and fine of texture.

She believes whole-heartedly in Pond's Creams, saying, "I've used them ever since I can remember. They are tried and true—I like them best of all. Sometimes I experiment with others, but I always come back to Pond's. And—" here speaks the popular girl whose week-ends are in demand—"they're so convenient for traveling.

"Pond's Cold Cream cleanses divinely! And the silky Tissues for removing cold cream make old methods seem as extinct as the Dodo."

Pond's new Skin Freshener has equally won Miss Choate's approval. "It does away with that oily,

shiny look" is her comment, "and makes your skin feel fresh as a morning breeze. And use Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream before you powder. You'll look cool and nonchalant no matter how long you dance or golf."

For unfailing results use Pond's as follows:

DURING THE DAY—first, for complete cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward and outward strokes. The fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—so soft, absorbent.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, and preserve the youthful contour.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes of all four preparations. Try them!

Send 10¢ for Pond's four delightful products

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. X
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The Young Man and His Problem

The "I Am" Family

SOME ten or fifteen years ago, Robert H. Davis, a member of the editorial staff of Munsey's Magazine, was credited with an achievement in his preparation of an advertisement for the Hoe Company, makers of great printing presses. The advertising copy was produced on the spur of the moment to fill in a page for the advertiser. Within a week of its appearance, some two thousand editorial comments discussed the merits of the advertisement, and a well-known writer declared it to be one of the finest prose-poems he had ever read. The printing press advertisement is thought to be the original "I Am" style of advertising copy, but since its appearance many other "I Am" compositions have been printed in advertising columns and sometimes they attract attention as original compositions.

I have made a casual collection of these advertisements, and have come to the conclusion that not one of them is as good as the original, which is reproduced hereunder, together with samples of some of the apparent imitations, which are interesting in themselves and which also illustrate the saying that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

I Am the Printing Press

I AM the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Anglo-Saxon, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu, all comprehend me.

I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge and power. I epitomize the conquest of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I am the printing-press.

Who Am I?

YOU know me, but sometimes you forget me. You had better take care of me.

Perhaps you don't think much of me at times, but if you were to wake up some morning and realize that you did not have me, you would start the day with an uneasy feeling.

From me you get food, clothing, shelter and such luxuries as you enjoy.

If you want me to—badly enough—I'll get you a twelve-cylinder motor car and a home on the avenue.

But I am exacting. I am a jealous mistress. Sometimes you appear hardly to appreciate me at all. In fact, you make slighting remarks about me at times and neglect me.

Considering that you need me not only for the material things of life, but spiritually as well, I wonder, sometimes, that you do not take greater pains to hold me.

What if I should get away from you? Your happiness would flee, for a time at least, and your friends would worry and your bank account would dwindle.

So, after all, I'm pretty important. Cherish me. Take good care of me and I'll take care of you.

I'm your job.

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

A Salvation I Am

I AM the friend of the friendless.

I am mother to the motherless.

I am champion of the weak and humble.

The poor and unfortunate of many countries know me well.

I serve on the fields of battle in time of war.

I build my trenches in the streets of poverty in time of peace.

I believe that a man may be down, but never out.

I am the Salvation Army.

A Tractor I Am

I AM the great brother of the Sun and the Rain, the Wind and the Dew.

I plow and till the soil.

I plant the seeds and I harvest the crops.

I carry to men the things that they have not in exchange for those they have, over highways which I have built.

And, when the day's work is done, I take man out into the open to forget his problems so that his sleep is sound and his strength is renewed to begin tomorrow where he quit today.

I gather the bright threads of peace and plenty, as they unwind from the shuttle of time.

I weave into the warp and woof of life the great pattern of happiness and prosperity.

I make easy the task of winning daily bread, and set the seal of contentment on the lives of those for whom I work.

I am the tractor.

A Confessional I Am

I KILL thousands every year.

I injure millions every year.

I take all, but give nothing to anyone.

I always tear down; I never build up.

I rejoice in bringing you trouble, sorrow, and suffering.

I am defeated each day by many, yet I never give up the attack.

Who am I?

I am carelessness.

An Industrious I Am

I AM the foundation of all business.

I am the fount of all prosperity. I am the parent of genius.

I am the salt that gives life its savor.

I have laid the foundation of every fortune in America, from Rockefeller's down.

I must be loved before I can bestow my greatest blessings and achieve my greatest ends.

Loved, I make life sweet and purposeful and fruitful.

I can do more to advance a youth than his own parents, be they ever so rich.

Fools hate me; wise men love me.

I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven; in every train that crosses the continent; in every newspaper that comes from the press.

I am the mother of democracy. All progress springs from me.

Who am I? What am I?

I am Work.

An Insurance I Am

I HAVE found my niche in life, and do congenial work at good pay.

My income is limited only by the extent of my knowledge and efforts.

In addition, I enjoy the satisfaction that comes from preserving the family and business life of the community.

I save homes and lives.

I protect widows and orphans.

I help build businesses; I assist in creating estates.

I bring the means of education to children.

I enable people to become independent and successful.

I drive away want, fear and worry, and make the future bright.

In this I am honored and respected, and I work for a most successful company which is established from coast to coast.

I am the representative of the insurance company.

A Civic I Am

MAKE of me what you will—I shall reflect you as clearly as a mirror throws back a candle-beam.

If I am pleasing to the eye of the stranger within my gates; if I am such a sight as, having seen me, he will remember me all his days as a thing of beauty, credit is yours.

Ambition and opportunity call some of my sons and daughters to high casts and mighty privileges, to my greater honor and to my good repute in far places, but it is not chiefly to these who are my strength.

My strength is in those who remain, who are content with what I can offer them, and with what they can offer me.

It was the greatest of all Romans who said: "Better to be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome."

I am more than wood and brick and stone—more even that flesh and blood—I am the composite soul of all who call me Home.

I am your town.

A Thrifty I Am

WITHOUT me no man has ever achieved success, nor has any nation ever become great.

I have been the bed-rock of every successful career, and the cornerstone of every fortune.

All the world knows me, and most of the world heeds my warning.

The poor may have me as well as the rich.

He who possesses me has contentment in the present and surety for the future.

I am of greater value than pearls, rubies and diamonds.

Once you have me, no man can take me away.

I lift my possessor to higher planes of living, increase his earning power, and bring to realization the hopes of his life.

I make a man well dressed and well fed.

I insure absolutely against the rainy day. I drive want and doubt and care away.

I guarantee those who possess me prosperity and success.

I have exalted those of low degree, and those of high degree have found me a helpful friend.

To obtain me you need put out no capital, but personal effort, and on all you invest in me I guarantee dividends that last through life and after.

I am yours if you will take me.

I am Thrift.

A Transportation I Am

I AM the messenger of peace, of progress, and of plenty.

Where I go I am the symbol of high resolve.

I am the bearer of knowledge to the world. I am the herald of friendship.

My touch transforms a blossom of hope to the full bloom of accomplishment.

Of mere neighbors I make the human family.

I weave separate cities into a single community.

I weld nations into a universe.

I am the equalizer of human effort.

I give everything—I take nothing.

I resolve the discord of many minds and the scattered work of many hands into a symphony of industrial achievement.

I so direct the various tongues of men that they sound a harmony of action.

I bind with solid substance and substantial sentiment an everlasting league of nations.

I abolish time.

I obliterate distance.

Space is my workroom.

I am Transportation!

"CONCORD"

NOW ON DISPLAY
IN THOUSANDS
OF STORES!

Don't fail to see this lovely design at your earliest opportunity. It is being featured now by floor-covering dealers throughout the country. Look for the special window displays!



"CONCORD," Congoleum Rug 605

"DU BARRY"
Congoleum
Rug 326

**WARNING!**

Be sure you see this Gold Seal on the surface of the rug or floor-covering you purchase, for then . . . and then only . . . can you be positive you are getting **GENUINE** Congoleum, fully covered by the Gold Seal guarantee of satisfaction . . . and you are thereby assured of the utmost value in floor coverings . . . avoid all risk of disappointment through inferior substitutes.

A rare note of old-world beauty in these modern, inexpensive rugs. . . .

ALL the quaint colouring that made the hooked rugs of by-gone days so tremendously popular are splendidly portrayed in this easy-to-clean Congoleum Gold Seal Rug . . . so fittingly called the "Concord" pattern . . . No. 605.

¶ Congoleum Gold Seal Rug patterns offer many delightful suggestions for inexpensive, cheerful colour schemes . . . ("Concord" is but one of them) . . . a wealth of beauty can be yours for just a fraction of what similar charm would cost you in any other type of floor-covering.

¶ Think of it! . . . genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs . . . fully guaranteed . . . are priced as low as \$4.50 (slightly higher in Fort William and points west) for the 9 x 4½ feet size.

¶ At these prices can you afford to deny yourself and your home all the fresh charm these long-wearing rugs will bring?

¶ The easy-to-clean, longer-wearing "Multicote" surface will save countless hours of tiresome housework. This "Multicote" surface is an exclusive method of manufacture that assures long years of satisfactory service, and is to be found only on genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs.

¶ Go to any good house furnishings store today and see the full range of delightful patterns.

CONGOLEUM RUGS

"PERSAN"
Congoleum
Rug 612



Slightly higher in
Fort William
and points west.

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED, 1270 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your latest pattern booklet entitled "Brighten Your Home at Little Expense."

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

W.H.M.



Davenport Bed No. 1770—Upholstered in a lustrous green mohair. Reverse sides of soft, spring-filled cushions in gold, green and red linen frieze. This long, comfortable sofa conceals a full-size bed.

In Chair No 1770, Kroehler provides a luxurious lounge piece covered with the finest tapestry. Reverse side of cushion in same material.

This modern davenport bed meets modern needs

The original davenport bed, created by Kroehler many years ago, was made and used as a *utility*.

The Kroehler Davenport Bed of today is decidedly different. It is designed for the modern living rooms of smart homes and apartments, where *only* fine furniture is desired.

That is why the modern Kroehler Davenport Bed is so widely used. It is a double duty piece. Every evening, or when a guest remains overnight, one simple operation transforms it into a full-size bed, with mattress and bedding all in place.

During the day it is a beautiful, deeply comfortable davenport of latest design. So artistically has the bed feature been included that none would guess its presence. This is modern furniture. Many fashionable homes find it desirable.

In common with all Kroehler Assured Quality Living Room Furniture, quality goes *all the way through* the Davenport Bed. Behind the graceful designs and rich coverings each hidden part is conscientiously finished.

Kroehler Hidden Qualities

The frames are of choice hardwood, kiln dried. Corners are doweled, glued, corner-blocked and sturdily cross-braced, like expensive custom-built furniture. Contrast this with *soft* wood, *merely nailed together*.

Replacing old-fashioned webbing is a new, improved All-steel Spring Underconstruction. It gives "box-spring" comfort, never breaks through, never needs replacing. Seat springs are tied with tiny helical springs instead of common twine.

The folding frame of the davenport bed is fitted with sagless cable fabric or coil springs.

Cushions are filled with small, resilient coil springs interlocked to form a single unit. New, white, felted cotton is used for padding. Filling is highest grade moss.

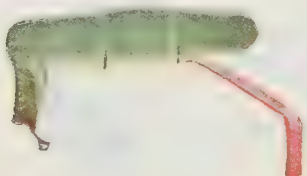
Every Kroehler Assured Quality piece is built this way. Yet, because it is made by modern methods in the great Kroehler factories the prices are unusually moderate.

You may choose from covering fabrics of exquisite quality—silk damasks, tapestries, mohairs, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette and soft leathers.

Visit your local Kroehler dealer. If you do not know him, write us. We will send his name and an interesting booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms—by Kroehler."

KROEHLER MFG CO., Limited Stratford, Canada
Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.;
Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.;
Cleveland, Ohio.

KROEHLER



This Kroehler label



identifies the genuine

Impressions of the New Furniture

The Old Masters and the New Designers Share the Honors

TWICE during the year, we feel that we are seeing in more or less mass formation, the newest ideas in the world of furniture and furnishings.

One of these seasons is in the very early spring, when the Canadian manufacturers of fine furniture hold an exhibit of their own right in the heart of the principal manufacturing district, a group of towns lying close together in Ontario. Manufacturers who are not actually located in that district, join the concentrated group for the interesting week devoted to furniture showing.

The second opportunity comes to us at the time of the Canadian National Exhibition. Everyone interested in furniture shares in making this part of the show truly wonderful—manufacturers, importers,

By Katherine M. Caldwell

This dining-room suite shows to good advantage a number of features that we observe in much of the furniture designed in the new spirit. One can only describe the woods that are appearing in the new furniture, as *gorgeous*; the finish matches the woods—one cannot conceive of its being finer. Sometimes there is practically a complete absence of decoration—plain lines, plain surfaces, serve only to emphasize the extreme beauty of the grain and finish of the woods. Again, elaboration may appear in the form of intricate and beautiful veneering, inlay used with artistic restraint, or fine carving and fluting used as

straight and soft to the sill, makes a lovely thing of the natural lighting. And of course, the single overcurtain of a deeper peach tone and still in the transparent material) exemplifies a favorite window treatment.

ALL of this indicates a favorite method using color in the modern manner. One color, with only silver as a relief note, will dominate an entire room. But the number of tones and shades in which this color appears, are practically unrestricted. In this instance, it ranges from the palest peach to deep, rich terra cotta—a truly lovely scale. Lighting fixtures are almost invariably silver, with the new glass shades and always an affect of indirect lighting.

There is, most certainly, great distinction to a room furnished in all these notes of a single color; the effect is oddly compounded of a stimulating new interest and an accented restfulness. I saw the same thing done very delightfully in a blue bedroom recently. The walls were covered with one of the new wallpapers, quite like one I described for you in detail last month; the effect was softly clouded blue in the palest of shades, a delicate, receding color. The furniture was a dark walnut, simple and

The designs of the old masters have been found wonderfully adaptable to the needs of the present day.



fine shops and decorators, show us the newest and most interesting of their products, often set up in rooms complete to the smallest accessory.

I have headed this article "Impressions;" one comes away from days spent studying the furnishing and decorating exhibits, with as many and varied impressions as one would gather at a spectacular fashion show. There are exaggerated and exotic importations which interest us only as spectacle—we cannot see them fitting into our homes. There are other adaptations of the very new in furniture design, which seem *particularly* appropriate to the homes of a new and growing country such as ours; there are the fine things that are traditional and which have proved themselves as well suited to our needs as they were to the needs of the country and the time in which the earlier masters of design planned them.

IN SHORT—what are your tastes? What is the type of your home? If both incline you toward modern reproductions of Chippendale, Queen Anne, William and Mary and other well proven periods, you will find them thoroughly accessible. If you are interested in the new mode, it, too, has become practical, charming, comfortable.

The two dining-rooms illustrated on this page illustrate these points quite clearly. Each bespeaks fine taste; each displays fine examples and a fine type of furniture. Broadly speaking, much the same type of people, regarded from the standpoint of discriminating taste and ability to purchase, would possess these rooms. The actual choice would be an individual matter.

LET us examine first, the modern room—that is to say, the room furnished in what is being termed the modern mode. This would be a room planned as a unit "from the ground up," so to speak; there is a very definite relation between all its furnishings; there is no blending of periods, no adapting or compromising; every detail is decidedly contemporary.

Elaboration of this modern suite may take the form of intricate veneering, artistic inlay of fine carving and fluting.



it appears here on the edge and legs of the table and other pieces.

Nothing could be simpler than the lines of the suite pictured; but simplicity ends pretty much with the *form*; the effect is rather one of extreme sophistication.

The chair covering, for instance, is a lovely soft brick red. I cannot describe the way this tone seems to be just an intensified version of the color of the wood. And in the rug, so typical of the carpeting of the moment, exactly this same tone appears—along with a whole series of still further softened and paled-out shades that blend and melt into one another in the most attractive way; the contrasts are not nearly so sharp as they would appear to be in the illustration, where the difference in shades is considerably intensified by the camera. Actually, they are blended in an extremely soft manner.

The plastered wall, so very much the thing in much of the modern room treatment, carries out this same color scheme in a most interesting way. Perhaps I can best describe the color of its painted surface to you, as a warm peach-biege; it is a flattering color to use as a background in a room and one which is having a big success this season.

At the windows, a very pale peach marquisette, gathered very full on its upper rod and hanging

satisfying in design; the bedspreads held, for me, the keynote of the room—they were of one of the new wool-and-silk fabrics, showing broad stripes, about six inches wide, running *across* the bed; simply tailored, smoothly drawn, they were a veritable sea-scape; blues that are never seen except in ocean water, were used in those broad stripes—the gray-blue of a stormy day, a deeper green-blue, the purple-blue that comes when the sun catches the top of a deep wave. This, I felt, was a room that spoke of rest from the moment one reached its doorway.

LEAVING entirely all thought of the modern movement, let us look at the other dining-room illustrated. Made, actually, in this present year, the furniture, paper and accessories in this room faithfully reproduce the atmosphere of a day which is at once old and ageless. For no matter how enthusiastically we may welcome the new ideas that are fitting our furnishings to the rest of modern life, we cannot feel that appreciation will ever grow less, of the legacy left us by Chippendale and the other masters of his century. Their designs have been found wonderfully adaptable to the needs of the present day, and reproduction of them, in all degrees of faithfulness, are still perhaps [Continued on page 90]

Why You Can't Escape Colds

IF YOU want to escape a cold this winter, you will have to go to Baffin Bay, Greenland, or—better still—the North Pole. This may sound like strange advice from a physician, but it's true.

Every year, whether you live in Maine or Southern California, the chances are you will have three or four colds. You cannot escape them. If you don't catch the cold, it will catch you.

But why follow the trail of Admiral Peary to avoid a cold? If one gets cold in Canada's comparatively mild climate, wouldn't he almost die of them in the frigid snowdrifts of the frozen North?

No! Colds are almost unknown to the Eskimos, so long as they remain in their native igloos. Once the Eskimo travels far south to see the lights of Broadway, however, he begins to cough and sneeze "even as you and I."

Arctic explorers, too, enjoy the same freedom from colds when they pass north of Spitsbergen. Stefansson lived for eleven and a half years within the Arctic Circle and never felt better in his life. When he returned to civilization, he again became subject to colds. Amundsen and other explorers have had the same experience.

"But if zero weather doesn't cause a cold," a sceptic asked me, "what does?"

"People, mostly," I answered. "But exposure plays a part, too. My point is that you must not blame it all on the sleet and snow."

I had an experience just the other day which serves as an example of the way in which colds are spread. An irate gentleman, a number of years my senior, rushed brusquely up to the open window in my office and slammed it down.

"Isn't it enough that I have a cold already?" he shouted. "Do you want me to catch more cold?"

Then he sneezed three times pointblank into my face. He gave me his cold as unerringly as if a scientist from the Rockefeller Institute had inoculated me with the coryza virus.

Colds are a gift from one person to another. When the weather is warm and balmy people stay outdoors and keep the windows open. With the first cold snap, they huddle into crowded cars and rooms, close the windows, and shiver in terrified anticipation whenever a draught reaches them.

The real criminal is not the draught but the careless cougher or sneezer with a cold who is too lazy or indifferent to use his handkerchief; the common cold is really a "contagious" disease, spread much like measles or scarlet fever. More dangerous than the "lean and hungry" Cassius is the well-meaning fellow who does not realize that by coughing or sneezing he may scatter twenty feet or more about him the little droplets containing the germs of common cold.

Like a Chicago gangster with sawed-off shotgun and machine gun, this public nuisance and menace shoots you direct in the face with his explosive sneeze and then turns right and left in order that everybody present may share his cold.

As to covering his face with his handkerchief while sneezing, perish the thought!

I recall being present at a social gathering attended by about twenty persons. One young lady, who was sniffing and had a suspicious redness about the nostrils, tried to engage me in conversation. I pleaded ignorance of everything, even the weather and Herbert Hoover's election, and carefully selected my seat next to the doorway.

Alert as a cat lying for a mouse, I waited for the first signs of the sneeze I knew was sure to come. It came with a vengeance. When I saw her face screw up in preparation, I jumped up and darted out of the room as suddenly as if a policeman had spied a hip-flask in my pocket.

There were three unrestrained ketchews in rapid succession. The next day, as I learned later, half of the guests, including a number in the connecting room, had a cold. They all blamed the hostess' open window.

But I escaped.

The moral is clear: Most of our colds come from being shot in the face with droplets coming from

By Frederic Damrau, M. D.

somebody who has a cold himself and does not care how much he spreads it.

We know that most colds are due to infection, but the exact germ has not yet been positively identified. The reason is that the microbe is probably so small that it cannot be seen with the ordinary microscope.

IN 1923 two scientists at the Rockefeller Institute, Drs. Olitsky and McCartney, swabbed the noses of some healthy volunteers with filtered phlegm from persons with a cold. In this way they succeeded in causing colds by inoculation, but only when the phlegm was taken during the first twenty-four hours of a cold.

A Garden By The Sea

By Pamela Snowden

*I know that once I wandered, in a garden by the sea,
Waves on marble palisades, murmured lovingly to me,
I remember shadowed tree-tops, twilight still and silver dew,
Round a pearly fairy fountain, tinkling drops on me and you.
I remember a moss-grown pathway, and a stairway white and wide,
Winding upward through a tower, where nimble pixies spied,
I leaned far out the casement, breathed the fragrant evening air,
For flowers bloomed forever, 'midst the eastern spices rare.
Maidens with white garments trailing, moved sedately to and fro,
Lost among the trees and shadows, where lovers always go
Plucking fruit among the branches, where the snowy dovescots nest;
I lived once in this garden, my seaside home of rest.
But I have lost my garden, my garden by the sea,
I have searched in many climes, only visions come to me.
In ages past I must have wandered, on that distant shore,
And my garden be a memory of a life I lived before.*

In other words, colds are "contagious" only during the first day. It is the fellow who says he is just beginning to have a cold who should be allowed to have the whole room to himself.

When the phlegm from coryza patients was passed through a filter fine enough to keep out all germs of ordinary size, it nevertheless produced colds in the volunteers. Yet careful examination with the microscope failed to reveal any microbes.

These experiments lead one to believe that the common cold is due to an active germ, but one so small that it passes through the finest bacterial filter and cannot be seen with the ordinary microscope.

But we must not assume that germs are the only reason for a cold, although they are certainly more important than all other causes combined. Most of us have observed that, when we sit in a draught or take a shampoo, the membrane of the nose becomes clogged and stuffy. Generally, however, these symptoms disappear as soon as the cause is removed.

Recently four of my acquaintances motored out of town to see a football game. It was a good game but it rained from beginning to end. They all got drenched to the skin.

When it came time to go home, there was a division of opinion.

"I don't like to be a bad sport," said one of them, "but I'm not going to drive home in an open car and get my death of cold."

"You're right," said another. "Let's take the train."

The third fellow remained loyal to the driver and drove through the rain with him. They took a hot bath and were none the worse for their experience.

Their two comrades who feared the open car were not so fortunate. The train was overcrowded and every window closed tightly. There was a constant bombardment of coughing and sneezing.

Next morning both of them woke up with a severe cold.

"I don't care if 'Red' Grange himself invites me," said one of them. "I'll never again sit through a football game in the rain."

"But how do you account for the fact that Eric and Ken sat through the game in the rain, too, and didn't catch cold," I asked.

"Luck, just plain luck."

But it wasn't luck. In the train coming home somebody had sneezed their air-tight car full of coryza germs. And in this unventilated box they stood no more chance of escaping infection than a guinea pig in a cage which a scientist has selected for inoculation.

Human polar bears who boast that they "enjoy" a plunge in January do not suffer from more than the usual number of colds. If mere lowering of the temperature were a sufficient cause, they would certainly sneeze and sniffle all winter.

But experience shows—and experience is a good teacher in medicine as in every other science—that sudden changes of temperature for which we are improperly clad are dangerous. By improperly clad I mean either underdressed or overdressed.

There is a general tendency nowadays to dress according to the time of the year rather than the weather. Fur coats are worn in January, even if there should be a warm spell. When March comes, the ladies begin to put their furs in storage, even though winter lasts well into May.

Some mothers have a habit of bundling their children up excessively "to keep them from catching cold." I recall seeing a young woman, on a mild day, dressing a small boy with enough woollens for a large family. The poor little fellow could hardly move. He looked as if he were being prepared for a flight over the North Pole.

"Don't take those sweaters off," she warned. "You have a bad cold already and I don't want you to get more."

At this juncture, another child stepped into the room.

"Let Brother have your whistle," continued the mother to the boy with the bad cold. The little fellow took the whistle out of his mouth and handed it to his brother, microbes and all.

The next day there were two bad colds in the family.

To my mind, it would be much wiser to dress according to the thermometer than the calendar. Excessive bundling as well as insufficient clothing may contribute to a cold.

Persons with chronic colds usually have some disturbed condition within the nose, such as adenoids, a bent partition between the chambers, or a catarrhal inflammation. When this trouble is corrected, the tendency to excessive colds generally disappears.

Do you realize that being engaged may cause persistent colds? No, I am not referring to the spread of infection by kissing, because kissing one person is safer than kissing many.

Prolonged affection may cause the membrane of the nose to become stuffy and produce the symptoms of a cold. This is the unusual type of cold that is due to affection rather than infection. I recall treating a young man who always seemed to have colds. In the course of his conversation he dropped the remark that he had been engaged for seven years.

I realized at once what caused his colds.

"Why don't you marry the girl?" I admonished.

"Will it cure my colds, Doctor?"

"There is no surer treatment," I replied.

He took my advice and became free from frequent colds. But now he has other troubles to occupy his mind.

WHEN physicians talk about the causes of colds, they are on firm ground. But, once they start to tell someone what to do for a cold, they are more or less at sea. The truth of the matter is that the profession has been so engaged in the study of the more serious diseases with the unpronounceable names that the common cold has been treated as one of the step-children of medicine.

[Continued on page 64]



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What Have You Been Reading?

By Sheila Rand

DEAR John and Janey Canuck: I fear that the beginning of this month's review is not going to be very interesting. But perhaps it will improve later! The fact of the matter is that I have just read three books, none of which stirred to enthusiasm. “The Amazing Sanders” by Eric Simons, pleased me at first and then rather tired me. It is too long drawn out. There are too many soliloquies, but the plot is healthy and vigorous. The author (I believe this is his first book) is decidedly clever at coining new and arresting phrases. Mr. Simons, unlike so many novelists, has a story to tell and he does it conscientiously. If this is his first book then he must be forgiven for letting himself go a little too much. He will doubtless practice the art of restraint in future work.

At least there was nothing nasty in “The Amazing Sanders.” When I had finished this novel I turned to “We Are The Dead” by Ann Reid. It is dedicated to “Meum Stuart and to her beauty.” It is a pity that so much ugliness, nastiness, sordidness and brutality should have been offered to anybody's beauty. Those who have been kind enough to read my work in the Western Home Monthly for years will not, I am sure, accuse me of prudishness or squeamishness. Therefore, you can imagine the fury of disgust this book aroused in me, when I longed to be in a position to burn the entire edition. There have been three books ordered to be destroyed lately in England. I have read only one of them. And the one that I read dealt with an unsavoury fact, but in such a manner that the most fastidious could find nothing in it of a revolting or obscene nature. I wish I knew the workings of censorship. How has “We Are The Dead” been permitted to be distributed through the libraries to as many young girls who care to borrow it? It is ugly from the first word to the last.

IT Was like dropping into a bath of crystal clear water after emerging from slime to turn from Ann Reid's book to the “Farmer's Bride.” Do not confuse it with “The Farmer's Wife” by Eden Philpotts. “The Farmer's Bride” is a slender volume of poems by Charlotte Mew whose death a short while ago has left a blank in the lives of those who love poetry. These eleven poems are depressing in their subject matter but they are beautifully written and in all of them there are sweet cadences. Since her death Charlotte Mew has received extravagant praise in some of the leading London papers. She would have been the first to have recoiled from fulsome flattery. Her whole life's work is too small in quantity to rank her with the greatest of great poets. She was an artist and what she has left behind is precious but it is not “epoch-making” as one critic called it.

I said that this was not to be an interesting letter and since typing this statement I have read another novel “The Prison House” by D. F. Gardiner—a ghastly book. It describes the fortunes of an ex-war hero, Major Clive D.S.O., M.C., who has been reduced to selling carpet slippers for a living. He has a querulous nagging wife, an epileptic baby, two beautiful daughters and two grown-up sons—one decent enough, the other a flippant selfish bounder. Quite early in the book the D.S.O. murders the epileptic son and shoots himself—his wife deserts the family—the eldest daughter runs off with a married man—the younger daughter is seduced and dies—the only decent son has his patent stolen—the other leaves for Ceylon, and the book ends by the surviving son saying he is off to Greece for good! Just the book for a happy summer's day!

OH! WHAT a swinging back of the pendulum there is going to be. We are weary, weary unto death, of the concentration on sex in books, in plays, in pictures. Two exhibitions in London

this week, aroused a storm of protest on account of the lewdness of some of the pictures. As for books, it is difficult to find a novel that does not emphasise the ugly phases of sex. I have told you what I thought of Ann Reid's “We Are The Dead” and now I am going to refer to a book by Louis Arthur Cunningham “This Thing Called Love” (published by Louis Carrier & Co., of Montreal). Unlike Ann Reid, Louis Arthur Cunningham attempts to achieve some beauty of phraseology, he does not as Ann Reid did, gloat over the ugly pictures he portrays. And yet what can be more sordid than this story in which a gifted man turns from the friendship of a fine woman to seek intimacy with a prostitute. What a theme to have chosen! I think the author's title is the best comment one can find on his own book—“This Thing Called Love.” Love is not a thing but a spirit. A thing can be dragged into the gutter and destroyed, the spirit cannot. Had the author called his book “This Thing Called Lust,” he would have been nearer the mark.

LETTERS at last! There are two letters, one from Glenboro and the other from Winnipeg. My Glenboro correspondent asks me if I think that Beverly Nichols is sincere. This is a very difficult question to answer. How does anybody know that anybody else is ever sincere or ever insincere. I know a man who describes as “gush” any polite remark made by a woman to another in a social way, this is of course ridiculous because people can be quite sincere in their desire to be pleasing. And then again, what is sincerity? It must be, I think, a rather shifting quality like our moods, and dependent upon our daily reactions. Beverly Nichols began to write when he was very young. He found he had a facile pen and an amusing attitude to life. Supposing he did write to shock a little bit, this does not mean that he is insincere, but that he is a clever journalist, who knows his market and his wares. I do not believe that any successful journalist can be really insincere. I often think I hear Beverly Nichols say with a chuckle, “this will shock them.” But then he is just like a little boy who climbed up a fence and hangs on with one foot and hopes that his mother is terrified at the sight. Perhaps Beverley Nichols is an exhibitionist, to use a favorite expression of the modern psychologists, but I should not consider him insincere.

My Winnipeg correspondent wrote a most interesting letter. She did not agree with my review of Galsworthy's book “Swan Song” but she too is a great lover of Fanny Hurst, Hugh Walpole and Eden Philpotts. She has given me a book for my own library list by referring to “Pilgrims of the Impossible” by Coningsby Dawson. She asked me if I had read this book, I have not, but I will do so as quickly as possible. I thank her very much for drawing my attention to it. Once again let me say how delighted I shall be to have letters from readers of the Western Home Monthly telling me of books they liked or disliked, or asking questions they think I might be able to answer. Once again let me remind you of my address:—Sheila Rand, Inverness Mansions, Moscow Road, London, W.2 England.

THOSE that argue that as long as human nature is human nature there must be war, who even find in war something grand and glorious despite its horrors, should read “Thus and Thus” by Henri Barbusse. A series of pictures of war, war as fought in this 20th century, the age of gold, of steel, of jazz, and the age of such bloodshed as has never before been known. Not even in those times that we like to call barbaric.

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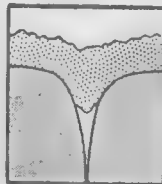
Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpastes.

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More economical, too . . . The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

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Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



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Along many a busy boulevard are strung these outdoor exhibitions

"Street Walking" Painters' Shows

Are no Longer the Success of Olden Days

By Francis Dickie

MANY people attempt suicide in Paris, and many succeed without causing even the passing attention of the multitude, but when Maurice Halle not so long ago attempted to take his life unsuccessfully in Paris, this caused a little ripple in the artistic world of Montparnasse and Montmartre, for Maurice Halle was the founder of the Free Commune of Montmartre, and, more important still, the man who started the first of the "art sidewalk shows," called by the French "Foire aux Croutes," a happy play on the double meaning of the word Croutes which means both crust and daub.

Halle and a number of fellow painters spent their leisure hours in the cafe of the "Angry Cow" which was to that part of Paris what the "Pepper Pot" once was to Greenwich Villagers the "Dill Pickle" to Chicagoans, and the "Old Cock" to Londoners in bygone days. These painters were all tragically poor, too poor to hire a gallery and give an exhibition of their paintings, too little known to command the interest of the big dealers. Then Halle inaugurated the "Foire aux Croutes," or the displaying of the pictures of himself and his companions upon the sidewalks.

The first one, now a historic recollection in Parisian art circles, was held in the Place Constantin-Pecqueur. The novelty caught the fancy of Paris. So enormous were the crowds an extra battalion of police had to be called out to keep order. And with the coming of so many onlookers sales were so brisk that the artists sold out practically their entire output. This occurred in the year 1921.

Maurice Halle, the diminutive Beauceron, gay in his red beret and green smock, had established a precedent. All over Paris were thousands of other painters rich in canvases and short of money. Street fairs were organized in other parts of Paris in the following years. In them many artists saw relief from a condition of affairs that until Halle's rebellion had given the unknown artist small chance to exhibit his wares.

Until that time in Paris the painters had been dependant upon picture dealers for the disposal of their work. Too often only the dealers had reaped the reward from great paintings. The cases of Monet, Degas, Gauguin, Utrillo are only a few that need be mentioned here. The list is very much longer. But the

artist was poor. In most cases his studio was too small to permit holding an exhibition. He lived out of the beaten path of buyers. Purchasers, also, had become accustomed to going to dealers. From this condition of affairs Halle's idea of outdoor exhibitions freed the unknown artist. But painters are so impracticable a race that not till several years after the first show did they form into organized bodies. Today there are several, the most important being "The Groupement Amical des Artistes," who hold a monthly show, each exposition taking place in a different part of the city, locations most likely to be frequented by buyers. Another, and perhaps the most interesting group because of the vows and rigid rules applying to its members is "La Horde." Every member must be a craftsman of merit whose work has passed the approval of the majority of a committee of twenty-five members. Every member is supposed to live by his art alone. He must not even design wallpaper or kindred subjects. Herein the group is unique. To live by painting in Paris, to swear fealty to that in a city where there are estimated to be 40,000 painters, is a tremendous gesture. It means privation, oppressing poverty which few artists in North America, at least, ever know.

Today with so many artists emulating Halle's idea the outdoor exhibitions no longer draw crowds so great as to require extra battalions of police to keep the eager onlookers in order. Yet people do come to look, and some to buy.

Along many a busy boulevard in the chill of January, the growing warmth of June and in the thin sunshine of October, are strung these outdoor exhibitions. The description of one, except for the change of season, is a description of them all, and so here will be related that of the spring exhibition of "La Horde."

The warming sunshine of May pours down through the late-maturing leaves of the plane trees along two hundred yards of the Boulevard Raspail near to where stand the Cafes Dome, Rotonde, Coupole, Select and Grande-Chaumiere, long the gathering places of artists of

Paris and from all the world. Here "hangs" the spring show of "La Horde."

Paintings, paintings, paintings, a thousand of them hung upon canvas covered frameworks of wood. Pictures in oil, watercolors, pen and ink sketches, engravings, carvings in wood, sculpture in plaster and bronze. There is nothing quite like it in any other part of the world. Here upon this pavement these painters, without name and tragically poor, offer the produce of long days of labor, the produce often based upon years of specialized training, not to speak of much inherent talent. Here upon these canvas-covered frames are all their artistic fortunes. And beside each exhibit is the artist, some seated on little stools, some standing. All day from ten in the morning until nearly midnight for two days (if nature kindly withholds the rain) these men and women remain beside their creations, but no longer as artists, but in the role of salesmen of their own works, meeting the public directly on this great public thoroughfare, talking prices, even consenting to bargaining when a sale hangs doubtful. All day long they must face the curious eyes of passing people, listen to the careless comment and often harsh criticism from the rude and the uncaring of their "children" produced with such loving care and high hopes.

Because of this, it is the human side of this and other outdoor painting exhibitions in Paris, more than the pictures, that makes it so vividly appealing.

Two rows of canvas screens, a thousand pictures perhaps, this exhibit stretches along the centre of the Boulevard Raspail to the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. At night a line of gleaming lights announces "La Horde Artistique," and a series of strings of lights from the trees, makes the scene as bright as day. Yet, though it is the last night of the exhibition, the number of unsold pictures seems to me unchanged since the day of the beginning. I even recall that many I have seen tonight were hung here in the previous autumn.

AS I walk away from this "Salon," the thought of all these unsold pictures haunts me. It recalls vividly to memory another exhibition of the other and larger group that I had witnessed not so long ago, [Continued on page 49]



The "NARCISSUS" ^ ^
 —The Newest Knechtel Production
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KNECHTEL designers have excelled themselves in masterly design, in this newest production. They have secured pleasing appearance without straining after mere effect—they have secured a harmony of design without sacrificing the modernity of style and graceful contour.

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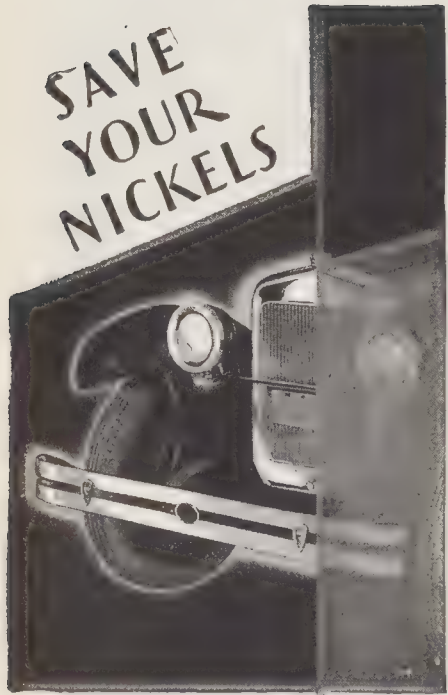
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Setting for "Quinnys" as played by the Theatre Guild of Vancouver

An Interesting Little Theatre Movement

By W. Garland Foster

IF CANADA may be said to be without a literature, how much more so without a stage! Suffering with other countries that eclipse of legitimate drama which the cinema has brought about, Canada has the additional handicap of having her plays produced and her stage dominated by other countries. Today the "Equity" of the United States is quite as active in Canada as in its own country.

The situation being such as it is, the only way in which drama can progress untrammelled in Canada is through the Little Theatre Movement. Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, New Westminster, all have their dramatic groups, of which the oldest is Toronto. The libraries of all these cities will prove for the looking that considerable interest is taken in the drama in Canada, for plays of all sorts are much in demand and are well read, if only an occasional one gets acted.

An interesting experiment in dramatic work has recently been made in Vancouver during the last year. When in April, 1928, the announcement was made that Vancouver would have a Theatre Guild in addition to its Little Theatre, pessimists were busy; but negative criticism being a form of popular sport in Canada does not deter movements of the sort. And the work of the Guild has progressed far enough to show the effect of an experiment of this sort, if it never went farther.

But the Theatre Guild of Vancouver was not only assailed at home. One of its first communications was from the Theatre Guild of New York, denying it the use of the name, because: "The Theatre Guild of New York might one day be playing in Vancouver and there would be confusion." Amid much merriment from its members the secretary of the Vancouver Guild was instructed to reply that: "This is Canada, and no change of name will be made in the Theatre Guild of Vancouver, which has been incorporated under the Societies Act of the province."

The members who were responsible for the inception of the Theatre Guild had played in other theatrical ventures and were of the opinion that professional direction would make possible the bridging of the space between amateur and professional productions. It is here that this society showed a new trend in little theatre movements, in its effort to bridge the gulf between the two branches of spoken drama. A professional director was accordingly engaged in the person of Richard Bellairs, an

Australian actor, who had had much experience in repertory work and theatrical work generally in his own country. He had been connected with two all Canadian productions, the first successes of Canadian plays with professional companies in their own country. "So This is Canada" had run three weeks to crowded houses in Vancouver and "The Man From Saskatchewan" had been tried out. Both these plays written by W. A. Atkinson, a British Columbian living in the Okanagan, had enthused Mr. Bellairs with the possibilities of Canadian products. Being an Australian with strong British principles, he could not see why Canada should not make a try for her own theatres. Possessed of infinite patience and tolerance for amateur limitations, he has been a great asset to the Theatre Guild.

IN A city like Vancouver, where there is a rapidly accumulating population, with people pouring in from all parts of the world, a good deal of latent talent is submerged. The Guild sought to bring this talent into their movement, and at the same time establish a higher grade of entertainment. The idea was not to steer too high in the type of play, but to choose always clean comedy with the popular appeal. Starting late in the Little Theatre movement, it was necessary for the Guild to assume much the position of modern young people who must begin in life where their parents have left off. Instead of depending on a ticket sale among members and a chance notice in the newspapers it was necessary for the Guild to bring its work quickly before the public. To do this at the beginning of summer was not easy, but the foundation work had to be done before the fall results could be obtained. After some consideration, the decision was to prepare a play and advertise the play and the Guild at the same time. The advertisement was to be undertaken much as a professional company would manage it. An expensive order in a city where there are four leading newspapers. But this is where the experience of a director was valuable. The expenses were budgeted with the idea of keeping them down to least possible.

Accordingly, for the first production, which took place last summer, the newspaper advertising was kept down to just above a hundred dollars. During the summer, an opportunity was given of putting on a sketch for two women's

societies, where the advertising was done by the societies. So that when the second production came on in October, the advertising came to much less and the results were much better.

In checking up, the best results from advertising not the usual types, the Guild found that multigraphed cards gave best results for the first production, and posters distributed by a professional bill poster were the most successful in the second production. Intensive ticket selling campaigns are always essential and provide surety for expenses. The Guild omitted this in the first production, owing to the fact that its membership was small and the summer season advanced, making any concerted effort difficult among societies, and depended upon a box office sale. General advertising brought about fifty per cent of its patrons, showing that a new venture must be extravagant in its advertising if it expects to compete with the well established. With later productions, there has been a gradual rise in receipts until the performances now show a profit. The first four performances were given in a city theatre, but attempts to cut down the overhead have persuaded the Guild that as long as it is possible to keep the cast down to eight, the productions are more profitably given in small auditoriums. This increases the difficulties of staging, but with wall drapes and a knowledge of the limitations beforehand, the results have been worked out well.

So far two plays have been produced of which nine performances have been given. The first play, Vachell's "Quinnys" was most attractive as to setting, being laid in an antique shop. Some fine old furniture was procured from local shops, while a wonderful Chinese lacquer screen was loaned by the recently organized B.C. branch of the Canadian handicrafts. Under the direction of Mr. Bellairs, a background of drapes was stippled in silver with a dado frieze in soft brown, making a suitable background for the antiques.

In selecting the cast for this first play, the director seems to have, so far as possible, selected members who suited the part, so that any defects in playing would not be so glaring. In the case of Joe Quinn, he selected a Lancashire man, who was Quinn to the life. The other members were not so absolutely fitted to the parts, but were selected for some trick of voice of manner which would enhance the part. The result passed expectation, although Quinn found his lines hard to memorize, the lady playing [Continued on page 84]

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Fontaine
25 RUE STE. GUDULE, BRUSSELS

VISITORS to the beautiful city of Brussels often stop before a certain shop window, opposite the stately Cathedral, to note with interest several distinguished crests—one the seal of Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. In this shop Fontaine has acted as beauty adviser to lovely women of the European aristocracy. Here he has received, with pride, warrants from the Queen and from such dignitaries as Madame la Princesse Napoleon . . . proclaiming him official "Fournisseur," as was his father, since the year 1866.

This season Monsieur Fontaine is attracting much attention from Continental women of fashion because of a brilliantly unusual metallic coiffure of his own design.

"The first step in beauty care"

One of Fontaine's specialties is a facial massage for which he employs "le savon Palmolive qui rend la peau la veloute" (Palmolive Soap, which makes the skin as smooth and soft as velvet).

"The first care of a beauty specialist," says M. Fontaine, "is to see that the skin is in a condition to respond to treatment in the Salon. Many complexions begin to lose their freshness and youthful suppleness long before their time because the skin is never allowed to breathe. For skins do breathe—through the pores. If the pores are allowed to remain clogged up indefinitely with powder, rouge, fine dust, etc., the delicate tissues must suffer and lose all their vitality."

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores, is the regular use twice daily of a good soap . . . Palmolive."



Monsieur Fontaine giving a facial treatment in his salon. Fontaine believes in the twice-a-day use of "le savon Palmolive," which, he says, is used with great success for facial massage in his establishment.

The value of palm and olive oils is well known—and it is a mistake to suppose that the same thorough cleansing can be got by other means.

Therefore—Palmolive!

"That is why I always insist that before my own preparations are applied, the skin must first be cleansed with Palmolive."

What Fontaine advocates, in Brussels, is recommended in London, by such authorities as Madame Bertha Jacobson; in Paris, by Cavalieri, Payot, Massé, Vincent, Delord et Bion; in Vienna, by Pessl; in Nice, by Leblanc. In fact, every authority of consequence, all over the world, gives this same advice on the care of the skin: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap. Massage the skin for 2 minutes with Palmolive lather; rinse with warm water, then cold. That's all. Its simplicity is one reason why this is the world's most popular facial treatment.



Retail Price
10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

The Sun-Maid girl identifies
high quality food products
the world over.



TRY THESE SUN-MAID RAISIN MUFFINS

(From The New Sun-Maid Recipe Book)

1 tablespoon sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup white flour
1 egg	2 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup Graham flour	1 cup Sun-Maid Nectars Seedless Raisins

Plunge Sun-Maid Nectars in hot water and drain. Cream sugar with shortening, add beaten egg, buttermilk and mix well. Combine with Graham flour, then with white flour sifted with baking powder, soda and salt. Beat thoroughly, add raisins and beat again. Drop into greased muffin pans and bake 15 to 25 minutes in hot oven (400 degrees F). Sufficient for 12 medium sized muffins.



Muffins, to be as good as these need Raisins *as good as these*

MODERN COOKS and modern mothers know that the raisins which add so much to muffins, cookies, desserts, etc. cannot be "just raisins".

For their use is two-fold: *both as a tempting ingredient and an energy-giving food.* That is why the finer quality and flavor of Sun-Maid raisins are doubly important in good cookery.

There are two favorite kinds of Sun-Maid raisins. Both have their uses in a long list of delightful recipes.

And both are prepared by exclusive, secret processes that set them apart from ordinary raisins.

Sun-Maid Nectars are tender, juicy, seedless raisins. You will note at once their superior plumpness and flavor. They are ideal for cookies, muffins, puddings, desserts,—and especially for healthful between-meal treats for children.

Sun-Maid Puffed are large, full meated, seeded Muscats. And not sticky! For the secret Sun-Maid seeding process keeps the juice inside, retaining all the rich flavor of the Muscat grape. Packed loosely in the carton, they are ready for immediate use as soon as the package is opened. Ideal for cakes, nut bread, raisin bread, plum, pudding and other delicacies.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded severely for quality. They are processed and packed in the finest dried fruit packing plants in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

In ordering from your grocer, bear in mind that Nectars and Puffed are made only by Sun-Maid, Nectars in the familiar red cartons, Puffed in the blue.

Send for a new book of delightful recipes, entitled "New Interest in Simple Menus". It is free, and you will find it full of fascinating suggestions. Mail a note or card to: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.



The Sun-Maid label also assures you
of highest quality in these products.



SUN-MAID RAISINS

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Oud and Olaf the White of Dublin. Overly conscious of his royal blood, he must at all times dispense with a royal hand—an excess of generosity which had become his ruin.

To his friend he now confessed that fortune had gone much against him of late, and rather than live in diminished glory in Iceland, he had decided to join the little colony founded by Eric.

"Too many have drunk my ale and munched my fatted beef to make a quiet retirement possible—and a Thorbjorn pitied were an insult to the memory of a queen. Nay, such were unthinkable! Thou mayest believe I banqueted the greedy and the curious to the limit of their bellies ere I took my leave of Iceland. 'Tis not likely many will exceed in bounty that final feast of Thorbjorn's!"

Deeply touched, Eric flung an arm around his friend's shoulders. "Alas, my noble Thorbjorn, 'tis a sinking hulk thou has sought in thy distress. Eric is no longer a dispenser of cheer. Gloom hath taken her abode in his household and lieth down with him in his bedplace. Divorced of affluence, poverty hath claimed him for her own."

Followed then an explanation of prevailing difficulties and how the one hope of maintaining the colony lay in the possibility of establishing foreign trade—a slender enough hope since Greenland had nothing sufficiently valuable to offer in export to justify a cruise to her shores. Thorbjorn appreciated what this confession meant to Eric. He made a sweeping gesture with his long arm, as though to whip aside the whole worrisome business.

"Friend Eric," he boomed, "'tis easily seen the destinies of true comrades are bound together. Now do I perceive 'twas not mine own will which drove me forth, but thy honorable need. Command, therefore, thy thralls to carry the ship's stores into thy booths."

WHILST the old friends swore allegiance anew, and Eric's thralls scattered hither and thither like so many noisy ravens to do his bidding, Thorstein had become engrossed elsewhere. He had discovered the rarest of Thorbjorn's treasures: In the midst of a small group of women, hovering modestly in the background, stood a slender wisp of a maid, all white and gold and softly alluring. Thorstein decided that her sweet simplicity was far more impressive than the grandiloquence of her blue-blooded parent.

When the gamut of pledges had been run, and the old chieftains were satisfied that their fellowship was sufficiently fettered. Thorbjorn bethought himself of his gentle daughter. With obvious pride he commanded her to come forward that he might present his one jewel to the lord of Brattalid.

Finding herself thus suddenly the focus of attention, Gudrid flushed with confusion, hesitated timidly and then, all rosy-red, fled to the arms of her laughing father.

"Friend Eric," Thorbjorn began in oracular fashion, "this is my ewe-lamb, my one treasure, not a maid so desirable in all Iceland." He thrust a huge finger under her soft little chin and tipped the sweet face upward. "Thinkest thou the Queen Oud was comelier, my Eric? Dost wonder the scalds crowned her Gudrid The Fair? Oh, well, to each man his recompense; Thorbjorn bereft of moneys is yet rich in his daughter. 'Tis a wealth to be honored, not lightly banded. Yet, would'st believe it, Eric, a common merchant and the son of a freed thrall to boot, dared to offer his suit to my Gudrid. Thinkest it was time Thorbjorn quitted a country where such indignity is suffered to be done an ancient house?"

Eric knotted his terrifying brows and a rumbling growl rolled up from his deep chest.

"The old order passes—reverence, respect, these have no place in the new. Indolence and pleasures incite our young men; and riches are more to a maid than honor."

Gloomily Eric regarded the blushing girl before him. Was she really so innocent and modest? Were those roses in

Continued from page 12

her cheeks the bloom of virtue or of vanity? He sighed. Beauty was at best a costly gift; its maintenance was high. How well his own daughter had known it!

"Doubtless yon merchant had gold to offer—and gold, forsooth, goes well with women's fairness."

"Now by God's Holy Rood thou sayest wrong, my friend!" shouted Thorbjorn. "Rather a son of Eric, had he naught but the shirt to his back, than the son of a common thrall and the Kingdom of Norway!"

Thorstein, meanwhile, was well-nigh as embarrassed by these blustering utterances as the sensitive Gudrid. Seeing how she shrank like a tender reed in a rude gale, he hastened to her aid.

"My lord father, the ladies are weary; mayhap a more practical hospitality were not amiss."

"Shades of Helia! 'Tis a just rebuke. Quick, bring the horses. Make haste! Erlind! Thorstein! Why stand ye like wooden men?—call me that idiot Ulf! Gudrid The Fair shall ride my greyling."

Ulf, a weakened hunchback, whose huge head, jutting out from a narrow chest, seemingly threatened to overbalance his stunted body, hobbled up with Eric's horse. Ulf was not burdened with intellect, but he knew good horses; nor did it seem that grace escaped him. He peered at Gudrid with his nervous narrow eyes; shaking back his dark locks quite like the creatures he loved and tended. Then he grinned and wagged his head from side to side—a grotesque enough approval. Yet Gudrid smiled at the simple wretch and her smile was sweetness incarnate.

This pretty graciousness was pleasing to Eric. He approved charity in women no less than valor in men; to his thinking every man should be a potential Thor, every woman a compassionate Signi. With rough gallantry he lifted Gudrid into the saddle.

"Mistress," he chuckled, "'tis true thou art less hefty than mine ancient shield, but never a brighter burden might man hold in rest upon his bosom."

Gudrid was shy, but she was not lacking in quiet humor. "My lord," she twinkled, "'tis not gallant to suggest a shield might be a burden to a Norseman, nor a maid so chill as metal against a noble heart."

"Didst hear her?" shouted Eric, now entirely captivated. "Didst hear the wisdom of the innocent? By my faith, 'twas a swordsman's thrust!"

Thorbjorn was ever serious where his Gudrid was concerned. "Aye, friend Eric, 'my Gudrid hath a touch of steel in her, and steel, thou knowest, runneth true."

"To Brattalid, then, my friends!" cried Eric. "To Brattalid and the alehorn! We must pledge our faith to Gudrid the Fair, truest maid ever bred in Iceland!"

THORBJORN'S timely appearance saved Brattalid from further privations, and, what was more vital, his stores furnished the sorely-trying colony with sufficient grain for the winter. All the gold of the earth would not have been more welcome. Old women hailed him as an emissary of the gods—a tribute he dared not accept, he being a new Christian—and young women named their babies in his honor. Cooks frankly worshipped him. Had he not saved them from the indignity of stewing sickly weeds and mosses? This once at least Thorbjorn tasted the delights of sovereignty. Not even the sainted Queen Oud could have received a more whole-hearted acclamation.

These exuberant demonstrations, so flattering to Thorbjorn, irritated Eric. His solid nature craved to bestow some tangible proof of gratitude. For the first time he regretted the loss of Gardar, which might have been a gift more fitting than honeyed words and sniffing tears.

Thorhild agreed with him, eagerly taking advantage of a wife's privilege to rebuke a stubborn husband. In consequence Eric rose to the occasion by de-

ciding to give Thorbjorn an eastern estate long coveted by Thorhild for her younger son upon his marriage—a circumstance which did not minimize the good dame's poor opinion of husbands in general and hers in particular.

But, seemingly, nothing so enheartened old Eric as his wife's occasional tirades. Having entirely disregarded her conservative suggestions, he felt his spirits soar. Thorbjorn was to receive not only that valuable estate, but the water rights to a neighboring fiord as well. And there the Icelandic chieftain meant to establish a residence in the spring of the year. In the meantime he and his company were to remain at Brattalid.

Thereafter Eric's house-karls, cooks and serving-wench had enough to do; for the old hall resounded with merry-making, the clanging of arms and the chanting of scalds. Judging from the gay activities, the groaning tables and the glittering raiments of its inmates Brattalid might never have known a day's reverses. For, with true Norse prodigality, the irrepressible chieftains proceeded to enjoy the bounty at hand and each other's greatness, leaving the fickle Fates to look after the future.

In this pleasant, irresponsible fashion the weeks sped by, and if gravity can be said to have returned to anyone it was to Thorstein. He was by now convinced that never had there lived a maid to equal Gudrid, and the conviction tormented him. It seemed impossible that so obvious a fact should escape the rest of male creation. Never a company of guests rode up to Brattalid but that he trembled lest they were suitors for the peerless Gudrid. At last he could bear these nagging doubts no longer, and to the huge enjoyment of old Eric confessed his secret infatuation for the pretty maid.

"Secret?" bellowed his father. "Didst say secret? Trolls take me for a dullard! Never a notion had I 'twas a secret!"

Notwithstanding his bantering, Eric was highly pleased. Nothing could have been more acceptable than this proposed union of two families equal in integrity, honor and station. Nevertheless, he did not favor an immediate or definite settlement. That must wait upon Leif's return; then should the nuptials be celebrated, for with Leif would come a return of fortune for Brattalid. This once Eric was not to be shaken by impetuous emotion.

"Mine honor demands no less," he declared, "for not to a ruined house would I condemn so fair a lady."

Thorbjorn was inclined to favor the young lovers, especially after receiving Gudrid's dewy confidences. She loved her Thorstein, and who could say whether this Leif would ever return? But, as usual, when Eric decreed none dared to disobey. So, regardless of sweet sighs and soulful glances, life at Brattalid resumed its former routine.

When the fever of entertainment wore away, Eric and Thorbjorn lost themselves in memories of the past—a kindly past, all golden haze and glory, making a royal stairway to the gates of Valhalla! Many a horn was drained in memory of companions once loved, gone now the way of all flesh. And such is the alchemy of great affections that neither the Shades of Odin's Hall nor the Angels of Paradise were offended by the indiscriminate mingling of saint and sinner in the minds of these two loyal old friends. Christian and heathen hobnobbed there with cheerful equanimity, and, no whit affected, each slipped back into the shadow of his blessed elysium.

The women sighed their happy relief at this return to calmer pleasures. The late hilarity had fagged even their robust natures. They welcomed with deep appreciation the quiet evenings when a homely peace pervaded the great hall and lingered like a faint perfume upon the senses.

Whilst the crackling fires were faithfully replenished by the house-karls, the ladies knitted and spun, or wove their colorful tapestries on crude little hand-looms. The soft whirring of flying wheels made a [Continued on page 38]



To Keep the Skin Soft and Clear

Like that of a Child is the problem many are trying to solve.

SOME progress is being made by demanding purer and less harmful cosmetics and by giving greater attention to having them thoroughly removed each night by washing with warm water.

In spite of this the effect on the skin is to make it harsh and dry and consequently to encourage the formation of wrinkles.

If after carefully washing all the "make-up" from the pores of the skin you apply Dr. Chase's Ointment before retiring you will keep the skin clear of all irritations and at the same time develop a softness and fineness of texture which is most desirable.

AS A BASE FOR POWDER

This ointment also makes an ideal base for powder. A very thin coating on the skin imparts a smoother finish than the usual vanishing cream, retains the powder better, keeps the pores of the skin clean, healthy, soft and clear of irritations.

In box or tube

Same price and quantity



Dr. Chase's Ointment

Possesses highly medicinal qualities, and works almost like magic in clearing and beautifying the skin.

Guaranteed to POP



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Order from your grocer

If your grocer can't supply you, send his name and 15 cents and receive full-size tin and new recipe folder postpaid.

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World's Largest Exclusive Pop Corn Dealers



Even
when
teeth
are
white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as your gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it also cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's immune. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New... Forhan's Antiseptic

It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.



Forhan's

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 37

pleasant accompaniment for the droning voice of the Saga man, whose duty it was to enliven the hour with tales of heroism and adventure. Young maids grew dreamy-eyed, young men loquacious. Old age frankly slept—oft-times noisily. Whilst all up and down the huge hall shaggy dogs drowsed in unmolested peace; vigilant ears a-twitter, an eye open, now and again, to dwell in fond affection upon a loved face.

At such times Brattalid might have been a model of true felicity and cheerful comfort. Thus it seemed to the hunters returning from the hills and the weary fellows just home from the sealing. To them the old hall with its glowing fires, its smiling faces and dreamy humming undertone of constant activity, seemed a true haven of earthly bliss.

THUS the long winter wore away. Darkness fled; the sunlight beamed upon the lofty ridges, and waters laughed down the greening glades. Everywhere the joys of spring were gaily manifest.

Then, as if in premeditated climax, came that rosy dawn when the Silver Dragon flashed into view. A gleaming creature, she came, drawing up from the curve of the underworld, looming cameo-clear for one fleeting moment against the red orb of the rising sun. Swift and beautiful she came, borne on by a stiff breeze, her sails straining, her proud head and swelling bows gleaming like polished metal in the yellow sunlight. What a vision she was to the rapturous hearts awaiting her! What joyful hope she symbolized! What faith, what daring!

Regardless of age or station, every mortal at Brattalid scurried shoreward in frantic haste to welcome her. Cheers and laughter rent the morning quiet as the summer lightning rends a dreaming cloud. Children danced and capered round the great watch-fires, whose flames shot up in magical swiftness to greet their coming hero. Old men shook hands gravely, as though this were a personal success, now for the first time formally acknowledged. Sentimental maidens wept. Others flew about like noisy gulls, their head-dresses floating behind them in filmy ephemeral wings.

Quite overcome for the moment, Thorhild clung to the gentle Gudrid, whose affection became a tower of strength. Thorhild needed strength just then. Curiously, now that the strain was broken, all she had suffered in the months of waiting, her doubts and fears and anxious hopes, rushed over her in a crushing wave of agony. A spiritual travail not to be escaped, it seemed, ere she might again claim her son. And he, this son coming to her out of the dawn, had anticipated joy upon his return, but not such passionate, pulsing madness as now awaited and quite overwhelmed him. It met him like a deluge. His feet had no sooner touched land than he was caught shoulder-high by a dozen burly fellows and amidst shouts and cheers and pious acclamation was borne onward to the promontory of grey crags where Eric waited.

Dignified and stately despite his years, the proud chieftain stood silent and inscrutable, betraying no sign of the fierce tumult in his heart. Only the closest scrutiny would have revealed to the observer the strange brightness of his eyes, deep-hidden under their shaggy brows, and the laborious effort of his tortuous breathing as he watched the triumphant progress of his beloved son. Suffer what he might, Eric retained his proud aloofness, making no move, essaying no word of welcome. Not till Leif bowed before him did his reserve crumble and his arms open wide in ineffable affection. Then, with that play of dignity so prized of his race, Eric stepped aside, deferring graciously to a mother's right.

"Woman," he addressed his wife, "behold the honor of thy declining years, our son, who waiteth thy blessing."

"Madam, my mother!" cried Leif, gaily ignoring the suspicious moisture in her fond eyes and all but sweeping the little woman off her feet by the impetuosity of his greeting. "Say that

thou hast forgiven thy foolish son for flying across the seas! Tell him thou dost still hold dear his vagabond heart."

Norse restraint gave way at this. Thorhild flung dignity to the winds; let whoso would despise her weakness, she must hold her dear son close in her hungry arms, fondle his dear face, admire his robust condition, and indulge in all a mother's privileges.

Thorstein also embraced his brother and with bashful pride introduced his blushing Gudrid and her illustrious father; whereupon Thorbjorn, not to be outdone in friendliness, thumped the voyager with such whole-hearted vigor that Leif's war accoutrements rattled fearsomely. Yet, despite so much happy confusion all about him, Eric had not failed to note the peculiarly attired clerics, who, gloomy-browed and contemptuous, watched the wild excitement of the heathen.

"Who be these sober fellows in old-wives' garments?" he demanded some what shortly of his son as they headed the gay procession to Brattalid.

Leif laughingly admitted to having forgotten them. But in truth he had preferred to ignore their demands in the first joys of home-coming. However, he conscientiously added "They be servants of the One God, my lord, and shortly will explain their true mission hither."

"Humph!" snorted the irrepressible old chieftain, "now by Thor's Holy Hammer I am inclined to think thy fortune mixed! These fellows have a small-minded expression."

Leif wisely changed the subject. He had no intention of rousing his father's hasty temper, thereby endangering the whole cause. But the following day, when the jubilant household was assembled in the banquet hall, he bade the priests to speak and to divulge the beauty of the true religion.

Because of her close association with the Christian Gudrid, Thorhild was a ready convert and together with the most of her retainers was duly baptized into the Holy Faith. Not so Eric. He would have nothing to do with this fantastic religion of self-abnegation; this submission which forced itself upon one with the violence of fanaticism. It astonished him to see people weeping and wailing over sins dug up like dry bones from a long-forgotten pit. It convinced him of the decadence of a younger generation reared in sluggish peace. Well, let who would adopt this peculiar humiliation, following where hysterical emotion prompted; as for himself, he refused to forsake the faith of his fathers.

Ere long this resulted in an estrangement between Eric and his wife. Aflame with her new convictions, Thorhild demanded that he accept salvation. If not she would leave him. She would leave him and Brattalid forever. Eric suffered deeply through this altercation, but remained resolute. At last she quite lost patience with him.

"Much have I borne with thee, my lord; suffered thee to spirit me hither and yon; left home and kindred for thee. 'Tis but within my rights to beseech you that we come to die in godliness together. 'Tis not too great a penance for past sins..."

"Speak for thyself, woman! As for me, the gods of my fathers have kept me above dishonor all the days of my life, and they it is shall keep me till the end."

"Then must I leave thee!"

"Even so. Of what I still possess take what pleaseth thee. And may the gods attend thee."

"A fie on thy gods!" Thorhild snapped angrily. Then, touched by his apparent age and sore dejection, her manner softened. Dropping to her knees by his side, she fell to stroking the hairy hand which once had held her heart and destiny.

"My Eric, be less mindful of loyalty to false idols. In truth thou wert ever stubborn, yet I hold it not against thee. My daily life shall be a prayer for thee. I shall build me a church to the glory of God, that He may suffer thy sins to pass for love's sake." [Cont. on page 40]



Like an autumn day Keen and Mellow



MELLOW as the sunlight which falls through the leaves along the bridge path . . . keen as the cool air with its suggestion of coming winter . . . refreshing as a brisk canter through the park . . . this is much of the thrill you get when you drink "Canada Dry" Ginger Ale.

Like the aristocrat it is, its quality is high

Over the dinner table connoisseurs nod with approval as they drink. It's the favorite beverage in many a great hotel . . . in New York . . . in London . . . in Parisian restaurants and cafes . . . at famous continental watering places. And in countless homes

throughout this country and the United States, this fine old ginger ale is frequently served. For its distinction has won it universal approval.

"Canada Dry" is blended and balanced in exact proportions



Absolutely pure ingredients give it basic excellence. High-quality Jamaica ginger, grown especially for us, makes it a real ginger ale. An exact process of blending and balancing contributes to the inimitable result—"Canada Dry." A secret process of carbonation enables it to retain its sparkle long after the bottle is opened. It is so pure that leading hospitals serve it. Order it today.

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The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal
Formerly J. J. McLaughlin Limited, and Caledonia Springs Corporation Limited

BETTY BELDON

Accomplished Hostess, suggests

The family turn to a fish meal with pleasure, for somehow too much meat leaves an aftermath of heavy eating . . . menus may be varied . . . expense reduced . . . health improved by the right fish dishes. For example:

HALIBUT OR WHITE FISH CROQUETTES

3 cups minced, boiled halibut
or white fish
3 tablespoons butter
1/3 cup flour
1 cup scalded milk
Few drops onion juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon white pepper
1 1/2 teaspoons minced parsley
2 tablespoons green pepper, minced
1 egg

Melt butter, add the flour and gradually the milk. Season, stir in the fish, egg yolk and green pepper and chill. Make into balls containing one tablespoon each. Roll in sifted, fine, dry bread crumbs, then in the egg white slightly beaten and diluted with one-fourth cup milk. Roll in crumbs again and fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute. Serve with creamed peas, savory egg sauce or Danish sauce and garnish with cress and sliced lemon.

And beside each plate place a glass of cool, sparkling "Canada Dry"!

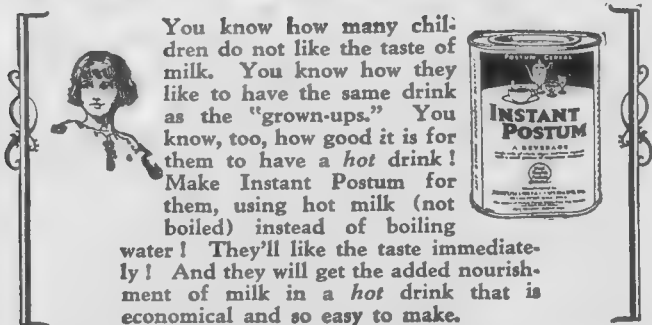


"I have solved this diet problem mothers have to face"

THE best element in the diet of children is milk. Whatever makes Nature's own food more palatable and gives it a greater part in the diet is furthering Nature's own efforts. Experts agree that giving children mealtime beverages containing tannin and caffeine is not merely unwise, but positively dangerous because these drug stimulants are harmful to growing bodies.

Give your children Postum made with hot milk. Here you have in a few seconds' time a hot, nourishing, delicious drink *free from all drug stimulants*. A drink that children love—even children who do not like milk alone! Instantly made in the cup with boiling water at a cost of about half-a-cent. 90 cups to a 50 cent tin. There's Postum Cereal, too, made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. At all grocers, restaurants, your club or on the train. Try Postum for 30 days. We'll start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply free. Write for it. State whether you want Instant Postum or Postum Cereal. Canadian Postum Co., Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum



You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." You know, too, how good it is for them to have a *hot* drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the added nourishment of milk in a *hot* drink that is economical and so easy to make.

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 38

Eric thrust her away, afraid to betray the grief in his heart.

"Go, go," he muttered heavily, "build what thou wilt, and in thy dotage play at what thou wilt. Eric Red dies like a man without plea and without malice!"

OWING to this rupture in the household, it was exceedingly difficult for Leif to present to the stricken Eric his new plan of seeking strange lands. Each passing day added to his relentless desire, and he was wont to sigh at evening's close "Another day robbed of opportunity"! All his youthful enthusiasm and eager ambition prompted instant action, whilst his fondness for an ageing parent, wounded to the heart, deferred a confession which would so surely enhance that parent's loneliness. But at last he forced himself to broach the subject, to relate his vision and his vow to seek this land to the west.

Eric heard him in patient silence. "Prayers and visions," said he incredulously. "Strange faith for a Norseman's son. Yet it may be that land lieth where thou did'st look—Greenland was once but a dream."

"Aye, my lord; 'tis become plain to me that dreams are forerunners of reality. Indeed, which be more true I know not, since, once manifested, each dream goeth swiftly to decay."

Eric grunted and absently stroked the head of a shaggy hound at his knee. He bethought himself of the injunction of Odin—

"Moderately wise
Should each one be,
But never over-wise;
The wise man's heart
Is seldom glad—
Be he all-wise who owns it"

he murmured more to himself than Leif. His son understood the rebuke and laughed softly. "Let us away with dreams, then, my lord, there is much else of deeper moment."

Then he explained his obligation to the King; how he was in honor bound to protect the priests and to foster the new faith in Greenland. "For such is the royal verdict, that Norwegian trade extend but to Christian shores," he concluded.

"A traffic in religion"! mumbled Eric, his great brows lowering, his old eyes contemptuous. "Not so did thy fathers, Leif. Thinkest thou a man's belly is subject to his faith? 'Food and raiment the sons of man require'; thus spake the wise Odin, nor mentioned what manner of man he be, much less his worship! But honor is honor in Eric's house. Fear not on that account to follow thy vision—these old-wife canters shall be a charge on me, and none shall molest them nor bridle their loose tongues except to anger Eric."

Thus enheartened and assured, Leif began to make ready for his mad exploration, for such it was considered by most of his countrymen. Thorstein then insisted upon the consummation of his nuptials before his valiant brother be lost to him again. And by dint of much persuasion, Leif was able to reconcile his offended mother to the extent of assuming her duties at Brattalid during the wedding celebrations.

"If my lord Eric presideth at a Christian wedding, surely my Christian mother may well do so with better grace," was his winning shot.

Thorvald and Freydis, with their infant son, rode in splendid fashion to the wedding. A glittering guard preceded them and a retinue of kinsmen and their thralls followed in stately procession. Freydis was in the merriest mood, fairly glowing with self-satisfaction. She was exceedingly gracious to Leif, avowing the greatest concern in his proposed adventure, and displayed an intelligent interest in Norwegian affairs and the court of King Olaf. Leif was agreeably surprised to find her so affable and complimented her heartily upon such sprightly spirits.

"Ah, what greater cause for rejoicing might a woman have? Thou forgettest that in my little Eric I mother the com-

ing lord of a mighty clan. Aye, none mightier in Greenland till thou beget a son."

It was merrily said, but Leif glanced at her sharply, his old distrust awakened. "Thou would'st not take it amiss, sister," he rejoined, "if such were never to my credit."

Believing him fancy-free and sworn to the service of the new God, Freydis answered without reserve: "I will not gainsay thee. From Thorstein, who weddeth so soft a bride, my little Eric need expect small favor. Yet would I have him a true namesake of our father, and none in Greenland greater than he."

All during the succeeding celebration Leif brooded upon the haunting problem Freydis' playful maliciousness had aroused in his mind. He was fretted with longing for his lovely Thorgunna; torn with fears for her safety and hounded with the desire to acquaint someone with his weight of guilt. But in whom dared he confide? Not in the old chieftain, bowed down by his wife's desertion. Not in Thorstein, steeped head and heels in the love of his Gudrid. And certainly not in Freydis, who, instinct had warned him, would welcome such a confession with chilly grace.

At length, just before embarking, he drew his mother aside, and with all the confusion of a small boy caught thieving, stammered out his story.

Thorhild was speechless with amazement. Had he confessed the murder of Olaf himself it had appalled her less. Sudden hatreds, swift violence, to these a man might succumb without loss of honor, but this. . . . "My son! Thou didst infamously dishonor a well-born lady? Thou didst bring disgrace upon an household where thou wert a guest? Thou didst forget the obligations of an honorable name. Leif Ericson, wert thou lost to decency or mad indeed?"

"True, true; thou sayest rightly, madam. Such madness had I thought none heir to! Not for self do I plead, but for that sweet lady whose sorrows are my making. By the most Holy Cross, none other shall I love, none else so cherish. My honored mother, for the sake of such little good as I have done pray do thou welcome this dear lady should she reach these shores ere my return. Receive her in charity and guard her secret."

Thorhild found it far more difficult to overcome her ancient prejudices and conventions than she had found the renouncing of her ancient faith. Yet, amazing though it was, she could not doubt the sincerity of Leif's unwarranted passion. His distress was evident; his confession torn from the heart at the cost of bitter humiliation. She was constrained to be merciful.

"My dear son, 'tis plain a well-born man may err grievously and yet not be wanting in justice. It shall not be said thy mother lacks more in charity. I promise thee, Leif, to welcome this much wronged and unhappy lady as befits her station."

"Madam, thou wilt never rue thy promise. My lady Thorgunna walks in beauty; her thoughts are stainless, her spirit free. . . ."

Thorhild interrupted him, silencing him with an imperial gesture.

"Enough, enough! 'Tis not necessary I should know the fatal fluency of thy tongue. Ah, me, thou art as rash in word as thy sire was in deed—yet, I fear me, 'tis the lot of women to love such piracy! But come, kneel thou at my feet, my wayward son, that I may bless thee and thy noble quest."

Leif kissed his mother's hands in humble gratitude. "God's word! Madam, thou hast eased my heart and mind. Thy charity will fill my sail in lieu of happy winds and bear me swift to the land appointed me of God."

INDEED, it did seem as though fortune favored Leif and that the winds of heaven sped his Silver Dragon. With uninterrupted good weather he sailed a south-westerly course until he beheld a great headland rising out of the sea. Then, and then only, were his sailors convinced that his vision had been other than the fruits [Continued on page 42]

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 40

of Olaf's mood. They quickly forgot their criticism and bent to the oars with wild enthusiasm. On closer inspection, however, the country appeared both barren and unattractive. The wind-blown stretches of drab, slate-colored crags were as incapable of arousing interest as a flat-bosomed, toothless crone. It seemed a country old and mourning for its youth. Not a weed waved in the wind. Disappointed though they all were Leif insisted upon landing that he might note the characteristics of the land and give it a name. And, because of the preponderance of great flat rocks on every side, he called the place Helluland—the land of flat rock—and having so christened it, embarked and put back to sea.

In common with other Norsemen of his day, Leif had much faith in the wisdom of the raven and carried on this journey a cage of trained birds. A full day's sailing from Helluland he let loose a brace of birds. They flew high, circled about with questioning, raucous cries, and then darted due south. Whereupon Leif was satisfied that very shortly he would again sight land.

The supposition was correct. This time a low-lying country met their eyes; well wooded and with stretches of white sand gently sloping to the sea. Leif gave to it the name of Markland, but, having known the rugged beauty of the Hebrides and the infinite charm of variable Norway, there was little here to fascinate or charm him. His sailors thought it foolish to fare farther. Why not explore the woods, which might abound in deer and wolves? Why leave a likely prospect for a vast uncertainty?

Leif's reply was to order the sails hoisted. "Ye knew not of Markland when the crags of Helluland dashed your spirits—why doubt ye that a better yet exists?"

Not without grumbling and sullen glances did they return to the toils of the oar. Leif ignored their black looks and as he steered into the open sea he sang the rousing lay of Ragnar Lodbrok and his adventurous sons. As he knew, Norse hearts could not for long withstand that gallant appeal. What mattered the end—the spirit of man's labor was the thing! Ere they were aware every last sailor was singing; those not at the oars beat out the rhythm on the shields which lined the Dragon's bows. Thus with the eternal challenge of stout heart to strange fortune they sailed on one more in quest of the mystic land.

Borne on by a steady north-east wind, they sailed for countless hours. Day or night, their berserk fury never abated. They must overcome this eternity of silent waters. They must feel the earth beneath their feet and themselves the victors over time and space! They must conquer as never men yet conquered the great unknown!

Came at last that unforgettable, soul-stirring moment when, in the luminous rays of the setting sun they saw a great and goodly land before them. "And having come to an island lying to the north of the mainland, they landed there. Having got their bearings they put back to ship and sailed into the sound which lay between the island and the cape north from the mainland. They steered a westerly course past the cape; it was very shallow there at low tide, so that their ship ran aground and soon it was a long way from the ship to the sea. But such was their eagerness to get to land that they could not wait for the tide to rise under their ship, but hurried ashore where a river came out of a lake."*

Grateful and awed in spirit, Leif looked about him. In the mellow light he saw the ocean lying like a royal highway before him, jewel-tinted and spreading to the skies. At his back were mighty woods, and the sighing of the wind, mingling with the purling of the river, made of the place a murmuring, sweet-scented paradise. As Leif inhaled the verdant fragrance, hungrily absorbing the loveliness of earth and air and sky, a flash of wings, flaming and glor-

ious, shot past him, and a cry, such as he had never heard before, sounded like a fluted rapture in his ears. Like all Norsemen, Leif believed in signs and symbols. This scarlet-coated bird became a harbinger miraculous, a God-appointed messenger, this little flashing tanager!

Laughing softly, Leif turned to his men. "Comrades," cried he, "bring me the holy ensign, for now am I assured that we have set foot on goodly soil. The seas are dyed to a royal sheen; the birds are ruby-red—red as mellow wine—and the very air hath about it a tang to cheer the heart like olden vintage."

When they brought the banner, flying its milk-white cross, which Olaf had bestowed on him at Nidaros, he raised it high, and in a ringing voice made his dedication:

"Most Holy Christ, Who hath revealed that perfect freedom of which our fathers dreamed but dimly, to Thee we dedicate this gracious land that it may come to be a land of refuge for the wind-blown mariner, and whence peace and plenty may flow to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Hear me, O Christ, Thine humble servant, and set Thy seal upon the land, that, come what may, it must arise a witness to Thine everlasting justice. And, having set my feet upon this fruitful soil, suffer, O Gracious One, that in Thine appointed hour the heart of Leif Ericson may be gathered to this sacred dust."

When the rich voice ceased not a sound was heard save of the murmuring wind and the lapping of the waters. The witchery of the land was upon them; great trunks of men, they stood with bared heads, faces turned to the setting sun, their child-like hearts a-throb, their rich blood turned to rapture, like the sap of giant cedars leaping to the call of everlasting life.

That potent silence was their hymn of praise, their myrrh and frankincense, their honest thanks to the God of daring hearts and vast infinities.

LEIF took counsel of his companions as to a possible camping site. "When the sea had risen under their ship they rode back to her in their small boat and took the Silver Dragon up the river, and afterwards into the lake, where they cast anchor."* And carrying their leather kitbags, kegs of oil and mead, and their various axes and weapons, they set about making a rude shelter.

To their delight the lake and river was found to abound in salmon; the country was carpeted in rich velvety grass whereon the dew lay honey-sweet; and the luxuriant woods abounded in berries of different varieties. Over their first campfire they marveled that so fair a place was hidden at the world's edge; and, all untutored though they were, the poetry of their surroundings was not lost upon them; nor was the solemnity of sitting thus, a solitary band of men, in the midst of a silence which breathed of infinite spaces.

Leif soon decided that the wisest course was to hew logs and build permanent houses. And, being an admirable commander who knew to the least foible the natures of his men, he daily appointed the tasks to each, taking care that all should fare alike, nor too long be assigned to a tedious task, since monotony was ever the straw to break a Norseman's patience.

The men responded heartily. Soon the primeval woods were ringing to the sound of swinging axes, and in a twinkling the green logs lay stripped in the sun. While waiting for the logs to dry, Leif set his jolly berserks to catching and curing fish, an occupation they scorned as utterly beneath honest, fighting sailors. But their master had a will of iron and—this they whispered among themselves—the logic of an old woman; hence he simply shrugged his shoulders at their chagrin and patiently explained that since none knew the habits of the land it were better to have a store of food set aside against possible future want.

* Quoted from Flatey Book.

*Flatey Book [Continued on page 44]

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Can you imagine Johanna Silver, that intrepid pirate girl of olden days, stepping forth today in a Paris-designed pirate frock? With a chic new bandana chapeau by a famous *modiste* and boots by a famous *bottier*? With her whole costume straight from the Rue de la Paix? That's just what's happened. **PIECES OF 8** in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate now comes to you accoutred in the Paris manner. For **PIECES OF 8**, a smart, modern idea to begin with, now appears in chests and trays as smart and modern as the "8 idea" itself . . . designed by Monsieur Reynaldo Luza, Paris artist, fashion authority *élégant*. Regal background for the sparkling glory of 1847 ROGERS BROS., the finest of all silverplate. **PIECES OF 8** in all patterns with eight of each flatware essential (knives, forks, spoons) \$51.35. And tea and dinnerware in matching patterns at equally moderate prices . . . See these new 1929 **PIECES OF 8** sets at any silverware counter, or write for booklet C-10 to International Silver Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.



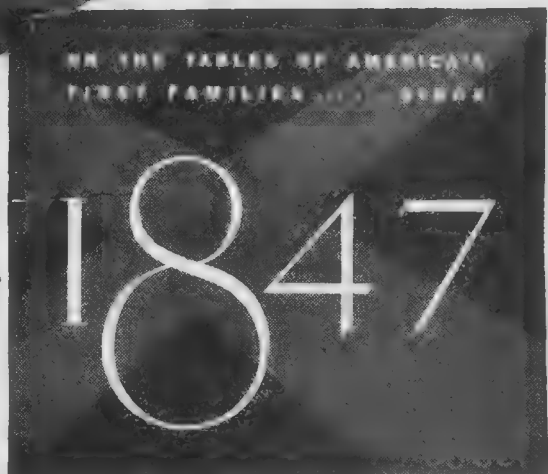
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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 42

Leif wisely alternated the agreeable with the disagreeable. Each day he sent out an exploration party, on which occasions the lucky ones were left free to choose their course, and, indeed, might claim as their own any trophy the forest yielded to bow or battleaxe. But it was unanimously agreed that these explorations should be limited to such an extent that the hunters might reach camp at nightfall. It was imperative because of their small numbers that they should avoid undue and unnecessary dangers. And so the busy days sped by and in an amazingly short while a cluster of stout log dwellings, provision booths, and walled-in keep, looking out to sea, spoke eloquently of their active interest in their faithful toil.

In the first flush of their enthusiasm the carefree adventurers decided to build a real Norse hall for their commander—a great hall worthy a great discovery. "No hut for Leif!" said they. Consequently, the huge dimensions of the ugly pile which eventually reared its massive walls toward a peaceful sky drew many a jest from Leif. It made him feel every inch the King—so he said—albeit his kingdom was an idle and an empty one. Nonetheless, he appreciated the unselfish motive, the forethought, and the spontaneous effort expended upon that extravagant building. And it pleased him that his men should have patience to carve the flying falcon, emblematic of his race, upon the rude lintels of his temporary dwelling.

At the conclusion of these activities, when his berserks were as curious and clamorous as children to be off on extended tours, Leif dashed their spirits by commanding their return to the monotonous drudgery of hewing timber. He laughed at their gloom and taunted them good-naturedly: "By my rood, I wot not that ye were as pleasure-loving as a flock of women. Away with angry looks! 'Tis wisdom to lay up a store of timber, for, as ye know, of that commodity there is dire lack in Greenland. If ye would be rich and loll upon an honor seat and bask in some maid's fancy, 'twere well to invest a little toil in these fine-grained timbers, for, whither men have gone once they may ever return, and these be timbers of surpassing excellence."

There was no refuting such an argument, so with characteristic lightheartedness his rebel-spirited Vikings relinquished all dreams of fascinating adventure and bent their backs to toilsome labor. Each noble tree felled to earth represented so much prospective wealth to Leif, and of this wealth they were to receive their just portion. Thus preoccupied with cheerful plans the weeks rolled away, for the most part in calm tranquillity.

Few were their mishaps, and fewer still their storms of dissension. One glance at Leif's cold eyes would suffice to pierce the bubble of their rising angers and, as a rule, a quiet word restored their ruffled spirits. For these simple, fearless men loved their leader and trusted in his judgment and justice. In most part, therefore, their days were cheerful and their associations amicable. But one night, when the exploration party stumbled into camp, Tyrker, an old German, held in much affection by Leif, was not amongst them. A silence fell upon the entire camp. Not a man dared look at his neighbor. Leif's anger was the more feared because his justice was unquestioned and his temper not easily roused, though once aroused it was an uncompromising factor. Now his face went white beneath its tan and the withering scorn he turned upon the wretched men whipped them like an evil lash. Sullen and miserable, they growlingly admitted to having lost sight of the old man since the sun stood in mid-heaven.

"By my soul, you are a pretty lot of fellows to desert an aged comrade! To leave a defenceless old man mayhap to be devoured of beasts! Not to such ignominy will Lief give sanction. Come, ye shall lead me along the way ye have traveled."

"We have not eaten since dawn," grumbled one dark-browed fellow.

"So much the better shall ye enjoy to sit at meat with Tyrker," Leif answered shortly. Then, calling to his cook, he commanded that each man should have a horn of ale to refresh him for the search.

All that night they scoured the woods, carrying burning torches and calling hopefully upon the lost Tyrker, but to no avail. In the early morning, when, weary and discouraged, they were wending their homeward way, they came upon the old man ambling along in unconcerned bliss and singing to himself. Despite his fondness for Tyrker, who had been his childhood's guardian and instructor, Leif could have shaken the old fellow.

"Thou art joyous, foster father—a very bird of the dawn; yet, though we see thou hast played us the fool, we rejoice to find thee so humored."

"Ah, my dear lord, happy is this land and I do but sing with good cause," returned Tyrker, in unperturbed affability. "Some days ago, while beating my trail, I came upon the wild grape and thought: 'Now will I surprise my lord Leif,' and when none observed, I stole back to camp for kegs. Having oft seen the vintage made in mine own land, I set about crushing the fruit, and now thou seest the joy inherent in this crude vintage of my brewing. Thinkest thou the gloomy brows of thy berserks will lift at sight of my kegs of wine?"

They were indeed rejoiced to find their search so happily rewarded, and with gleeful shouts tossed the old man to their shoulders and bore him into the thickets where he had been pursuing in happy secret so agreeable an occupation. And that night they made merry over Tyrker's wine. But first Leif took a horn of the raw vintage and, spilling it on the ground, acclaimed in his firm, full voice: "Now do I name this hospitable land Vinland. May she ever be as friendly to her guests as is that Norseman who offers wine to another."

So the time passed on, and occupied with their various problems and arduous duties, the little band of adventurers was scarcely aware of how swiftly the seasons followed one upon the other. Summer gave way to autumn and autumn to winter with such gentle grace that they were never done marveling at the wondrous climate. And they agreed that in a country of such matchless charm and fruitfulness life would be rid of the greater part of its enslaving and terrifying ills.

Nevertheless, when the mellow sunshine of returning spring had coaxed the sleeping buds to leaf, and sent the rivers singing to the sea, they were all on fever to be gone, and with true Norse fervor made ready for the cruise.

The Silver Dragon was returning with a precious cargo, her capacious hold crammed with dried timber, rich skins from the motley collection of animals trapped during the winter, quantities of sun-dried grapes, cured fish, and kegs of Vinland wine. They had, moreover, a good supply of self-grown grain which old Tyrker had discovered growing abundantly in a distant vale and which, upon grinding, had yielded a coarse but not unpalatable meal. This grain was perhaps as great a find as any, for no other single cause had contributed more toward the plague in Greenland than the absence of grain from an already restricted diet. Knowing this, Leif had insisted upon the harvesting and grinding of this meal, howsoever much his berserks grumbled at such womanish work. But now, at last, their commander was ready to leave and they were free to breathe again the briny airs of the unconquerable sea.

This time Leif followed the shore-line, coasting from bay to bay, the better to acquaint himself with the land. And, in the main, the journey was uneventful and to his adventure-loving crew quite without interest. Once or twice, it is true, they ran into trade winds and heavy squalls which added somewhat to the zest of an otherwise dull journey.

[Continued on page 46]



Downtown—Winnipeg in 1889

Fronting the Future With the Faith of the Past



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Forty years of progress from an outpost community to the third metropolis of the Dominion is the outcome of a faith in the future of Winnipeg held by its business pioneers, undistorted in the mirage of boom days, unclouded by the shadow of days of depression.

No abstract thing was the faith of those early days, but concretely expressed in the launching of infant industries, to sink or swim by the courage and enterprise of the founders.

Forty years ago on Portage Avenue, in a room of the Spencer Block pictured above, the three brothers Stovel began a partnership in the printing business, forerunner of the "Stovels" of today. From an establishment employing a staff of three in 1889 has sprung the great modern plant, housing one of the leading printing and allied industries of this continent.

In a little over five years the cramped quarters of the Spencer Block were exchanged for the long-familiar Stovel premises on McDermot Avenue. Through the years a progressive policy extended the firm's activities into every realm of the graphic arts, forcing continual expansion of plant and premises.

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 44

Leif had an eagle's eye and an eagle's perception; not a sign which might guide a mariner escaped him. The position of the stars, the color of the sea and its many currents, all served him equally well. Off Markland these currents were treacherous and strong, and for days the rolling mists converted the weary hours into an eternity of slow-moving vapors and grim, black shadows. But once through the fog-banks, Leif knew himself back in the cold Arctic seas, and with a light heart he cheered on his sailors.

When at last the white peaks of their barren country rose up before them, their joy was unbounded. Behind them lay the wide sea and luxuriant Vinland, but ahead burned the cheerful fires of home, and this knowledge made the repellent land a welcome vision.

VINLAND the Good! Vinland the Bountiful! Men spoke of nothing else! Now that the impossible had been made possible, the dream reduced to reality, young and old alike longed to view that distant land of eternal sunshine and exhaustless resources. They must hear again and again each little detail, marveling, praising both the land and its noble discoverer. Their faith was won, their hearts also. Not a man but was ready to follow Leif wheresoever he listed.

But much as this enthusiasm pleased Leif, who already had vast ambitions for his Vinland, there was much to detract from the joyousness of his reception. He found his father greatly altered. The weight of years, his loneliness, and Thorhild's desertion had worked a deadly mischief in his veins. He had grown old and was seemingly resigned to the nagging infirmities of age. Still, for a time he revived and recaptured enough of his former vigor to ride about the country with his son, rejoicing in the honors bestowed upon him.

But, even more than this, the thought of Thorgunna preyed upon Leif's mind. No ship had touched at Greenland during his absence; neither the fair Hebridene nor any views of her had reached the country. What was her fate? Where might she not be wandering, a lonely exile, with her helpless babe, patiently waiting a chance passage to Greenland? That she would come he never doubted—this faith alone checked the mad impulse to plunge off in search of her. Aye, she would come, and, having come, he would bear her away to Vinland, where she would shine a royal jewel in a royal setting—a peerless queen in a peerless land.

There remained his oath to King Olaf to Christianize his country. The priests had made little headway with the colonists, who seemed for the most part deaf and impervious to the charms of Heaven and the threats of Hell. True, a hell of burning brimstone, as contrasted with the milder misery of frozen Neff-Heim, was a bit startling; but, so far, their healthy Norse nerves had suffered little. It must be admitted that Leif considered the state of their souls less than he did that of their stomachs. If Olaf's ship reached Greenland and his emissaries found a heathen populace, the King's anger would most certainly exceed his charity. It would be certain death to the hopes of the colony. The one thing to be done Leif decided to do—he would himself preach the gospel; or, to be exact, he would exert his boundless influence to inveigle the people into renouncing their ancient gods.

When Thorstein learned of Leif's decision his first reaction was one of keen disappointment. He had been anticipating a second and immediate cruise to Vinland. But with this religious project in view, Leif could scarcely be contemplating such action. Thorstein was not alone in his disappointment; most of the young bloods of Greenland were as eager as he to have some part in the future of Vinland. At length, being urged on by his friends, he approached Leif with an offer to buy the Silver Dragon, declaring himself fully determined to conduct a second cruise to the land of golden opportunities.

Leif was amused at his brother's unwarranted fervor, and laughingly accused him of having experienced a spiritual rebirth in his happy marriage. Or was he still so lovesick he must needs seek a softer paradise wherein to cheer his love?

"Whatever the cause," said Leif, "tis a commendable ambition, albeit I must deny thee the Silver Dragon. Be I fool or no, the ship is not for sale—my Dragon and I, we sail the seas together or sit at home."

"A ship at home makes little revenue," Thorstein retorted shortly.

Leif laughed, then, flinging an arm about his brother's shoulder, he led him to the doorway facing out upon a long green glade rolling to the sea. To the left, an arm of the sea wound up like a silver shepherd's crook into the grey hills, and there, like a restive captive, lay the Silver Dragon. "My Thorstein," he said, "thou hast thy love to cheer thee. This ship hath my heart in keeping; 'tis the temple of my dreams. Despair not, however. Though thy brother's folly lose thee one ship, 'tis certain Thorbjorn will lease thee his vessel. In all else will I aid thee, and my Vinland booths are thine to use at thy pleasure."

Indeed, Leif heartily approved Thorstein's ambition until he discovered that not only did Gudrid intend to accompany him, but old Eric also. This seemed to him the sheerest folly. Eric was too infirm, and Gudrid, just then, in too delicate health to bear the rigors of such a journey. But argue as he would, they persisted in their plans. Gudrid refused to be separated from her husband at a time when so many strange fears worried her young heart. And as for Eric, in his old Norse heart burned a fierce desire to meet the end somewhere on the seas he loved—somewhere "with boot and sword and battle-axe"—a man standing to meet his fate.

After their departure Leif flung himself into prosecuting his mission. A second Olaf, he marched across his country, sometimes accompanied by his priests, sometimes alone, and, having an inner fire to match his physical vigor, he carried all before him as a mighty wind whirls away the dry leaves of a dead year. Few indeed were the souls who, ere the winter twilight fell had not cast aside their heathen images. Well satisfied with himself and the fruits of his labors, Leif retired to Brattalid and prepared to spend the winter in quiet rest and recuperation. He had need of leisure, for he had many plans to reconstruct and formulate.

Now that his pledge to the King had been honorably executed, Leif saw no reason why Olaf's influence might not be sought in behalf of Vinland. Vinland, Thorgunna—these two seldom left his thoughts—a dream within a dream merged into his heart! But even the joy of dreams was limited for Leif. He was barely settled at the old hall when, to his great dismay, Thorstein's ship was discovered battling its way into Eric's-fjord.

What a sorry lot of voyagers crawled out of her! And what a sorry tale they had to tell! For months they had been tossed hither and yon upon an angry sea. Lost in the blackest fog, battered by wind and rain, and driven before terrific gales, they had resigned themselves to death a hundred times. Two of the party had succumbed to the ague, and all had suffered the horrors of ship's fever; yet to old Eric had not been granted the desired release.

In the midst of such ghastly terrors the gentle Gudrid had brought forth her first-born; had patiently endured the bitter pangs of travail only to experience the deeper sorrows of bereavement. A pale shadow of her former self, she clung to her Thorstein as to her God. And he, gaunt and haggard—for the fever was still in his blood—endeavored as best he could to cheer her. Everything would right itself now they were home again. He would take her away to the healing solitude of Lysifjord, where they might dream and forget—so he consoled her.

[Continued on page 48]

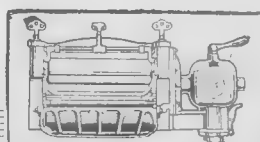
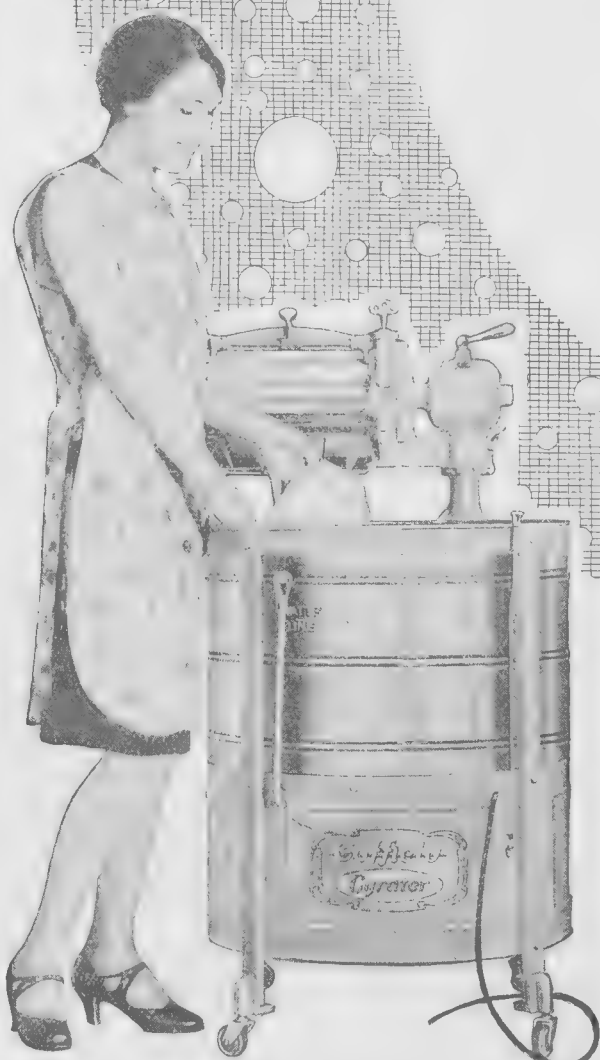
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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 46

Leif was grieved to the heart at their plight, but with a cheerfulness he in no wise felt, he strove to make light of Fortune's vagaries.

"Take heart," he encouraged his brother whimsically, "it hath been said of old that only a fool escapeth danger, and the wise alone come to comprehend the teachings of Misery."

Thorstein sighed. "Such wisdom were better dispensed with. Fortune's fool was I to attempt thy feat—thou of all men the most lucky!"

"None knoweth what the day may disclose till the setting of the sun—'tis much the same with men," was Leif's serious reply.

"Aye, 'tis the truth," old Eric chimed in, sadly, "but, lucky or unlucky, nor Thorstein, nor any other man, shall play the part of Leif and find the gods his advocates."

ERIC never recovered from this grievous illness. Hours on end he would sit in his great hall, a gaunt shadow of his former self, brooding upon the strangeness of life and its burdensome cares and momentary pleasures. But what conclusions he reached as to the whole perplexing business none knew, nor what he suffered in mind and body. His son was his only comfort. With Leif beside him the futility of existence seemed less bitter. He loved to watch, from under drooping lids, this vigorous son of his, especially when the ruddy gleam of the long-fires glanced from the polished shields about the walls and, with a captured gleam from these honored emblems of his ancient house, fell upon Leif's leonine head and kindled an answering fire in his steel-blue eyes.

One night Eric spoke of his death. "My son, on thine oath as a Norseman, suffer none to make mummery over my dried old bones. Thou art become the champion of an ancient truth newly vested. 'Charity, love!' cry thy trumpeters, and ride it through the dullard with a sword! Ah, my son, such pointed charity had we formerly. Aye, and a softer as well. I ask thee, Leif, wherein lies greater virtue than that ye suffer a man to love his own opinions, nor violate his sense of loyalty, howsoever it may clash with thine, and, albeit he hate thee, feed him if he be enhungered? Thus have Norsemen done of old. Yea, I entreat thee, Leif, guard well mine ancient dignity. Suffer me to meet mine end in the way of all transient things, undismayed and resigned—a silence passing into silence, an illusion returning to illusion."

"My lord, thy commands shall not escape me," Leif responded quickly, distressed beyond measure by his father's suffering. "In all things command me, my dear lord, and rest assured thou shalt be gladly served. Yet, 'twere wiser, mayhap, to dwell on brighter thoughts. Spring is drawing near. I doubt not but its invigorating airs will benefit my lord. Thou wilt yet speed me once again to Vinland the Good, and with thy blessing imbue my heart with fortitude and wisdom."

"Last night I dreamed of the falling falcon, my son, and ever has it been a sign of death in mine ancient house. Yet, though Eric himself be fallen, his spirit will speed thee, for there is that in men which knows not death."

Though deeply concerned, Leif refused to believe his father's illness fatal, adjudging his melancholy but the natural consequence of physical exhaustion. Still, driven by vague forebodings and filial affection, he rode to Gardar, hoping to win his mother's sympathy and commiseration. But Thorhild was by now a fervent convert, entirely devoted to the church she had endowed. With pious fervor, she admitted that her concern was not for Eric's suffering body, but for his sinful soul. Yet, if Eric sent for her from an humble and contrite heart, she would go to him gladly.

At this Leif lost his temper. "Madam," said he, and his voice was cold as steel, "well hast thou shown me that the lips may confess Christ whilst the heart denies him. And now must I say—who

should never so address thee—that my lord Eric showeth broader grace than thou, and greater trust in righteousness than all thy prayers profess."

But Leif was to find more bitterness in store for him. Shortly after his return from this unsuccessful visit to Thorhild, just when the winter twilight was lifting from the land and hope stirred in his heart, there came a sad caravan down from the bleak hills, bearing the body of Thorstein, who had perished of the fever contracted on his ill-fated voyage.

This bitter blow finally brought the aged chieftain to his deathbed. "Leif, my son," came his last entreaty, "to such a bitter fate and ungracious country have I beguiled my unhappy people. Yet, by my faith, 'twas ever my thought to guide them well. Thou art now the pillar of mine house, and upon thee I lay this burden. Thou art a sagacious man; rashness will not undo thee; but thou art the son of Red Eric, whose oath was ever sacred. Vow me, therefore, never to leave Eric's hall and Eric's people to the avaricious Freydis and her grinning brat, who mocks mine honest name. Leif, thou must swear me this by the most holy honor-pillars of our house."

To Leif this impassioned appeal came as a death-knell to his tenderest hopes. Having kept faith with the King and laid the foundations for his country's well-being, he had begun to look upon himself as free to seek his own happiness. If Thorgunna did not soon arrive he meant to seek her, and, with her to inspire him, to found a colony in Vinland worthy of the noblest dynasty. But now, on beholding his father's concern and hearing his sorrowful confessions, Leif saw these hopes defeated. For duty to family and race was ever a Norseman's first commandment. He thought of the Silver Dragon, sleeping like some shining creature of the Fates in the quiet shallows of Ericsford—a shining ship of destiny, patiently waiting his will and his practiced hand upon her helm. In that troubled moment it seemed to Leif that death had been more welcome than this guardianship of souls which would so surely make of him a veritable prisoner.

"Thou seest thy duty," muttered the dying Eric.

"Aye, my lord," Leif replied, and, unconsciously squaring his shoulders as for a heavy burden, he made his oath in clear, unflinching tones: "Now do I, Leif Ericson, swear by the sacred honor of my fathers, never to falter in duty to this my Greenland charge, so long as there be might in me to serve."

When Leif had closed his dead sire's eyes he stood a long while beside the couch, and it seemed to him that it was not an old man who lay there, but himself, all that greater self which had dreamed of the land of promise and Thorgunna the Beautiful.

[To be continued next month]

In the Autumn Wood

By H. H. Fariss

*Like a burning bush in the Autumn wood
In radiant beauty the sumach stood,
For by white magic of frost it became
More crimson than blood, more vivid than flame.*

*Its long pennant leaves waved in the cool breeze
A royal greeting to the neighboring trees,
For in kingly robes the sumach held sway,
Anointed by Autumn but yesterday.*

*And I thought of the bush that burned long ago
On Holy Ground while the Prophet bowed low
And The Voice spoke from it in Ancient Days,
Unfolding His purpose in wondrous ways.*

*Still the sumach burns on hillside and plain,
In the golden sunlight or mist of rain,
'Till its flames are trodden by sands of Night
And its embers grow black in the fading light.*

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"Street Walking" Painters' Shows

Continued from page 32

this other group who have no vows to confine themselves to painting in order to make a living, but who I doubt not are none the less sincere.

At this exhibition of the Groupement Amical des Artistes about thirty per cent of the artists were women; mostly they were middle-aged. The majority of the men were middle-aged, some well past sixty. I counted only three men and six women who were young. The sale was on the Boulevard Saint Germain, and this gathering of 150 artists had hung about 5,000 pictures.

Marking the swift change that time has made in the world of art, in this gathering only two men wore the old-time black felt hat with the low crown and wide brim, once almost the universal headgear of painters in France. Not a single cape was in view, nor a pair of corduroy trousers. As I walked along this display of the graphic arts I had felt the same deep element of tragedy, as I did when I passed under the plane trees in the warmth of the May evening and looked at the work of "La Horde," only on the previous occasion I felt it doubly, because of the far greater number of the artists.

In all these pictures I looked upon I was struck by a sense of monotony from gazing upon an endless repetition of similar objects: stand after stand of still lives much the same; stand after stand of boats on beaches, bridges, old churches, street scenes sadly the same. A good many of them were passably good pictures—passably good pictures! Oh, the damnation of that word! It is amazing how many women and men there are who can produce this type of art. But in all that display I found no new vision, no glimpse of fiery power, no sign of vivid originality. One can, in an hour of idleness, put up with a badly written book; but no one can spend a lifetime with a mediocre picture. It is but one of the tragic notes of these street sales. Another is the enormous competition. Hundreds and thousands of men and women offering pictures in an already over-crowded market. And the prices asked here in some cases were pitiful, in some cases as low as five francs. Hundreds of the pictures offered at fifty francs must have occupied at least a day in their completion. Wages demanded less than a laborer's. What life stories of privation, of hard work, of hopes deferred, of ambitions frustrated must lie within the breasts of some of these shabbily clothed men and women who have given the best of their life-span to art. On one stand was a card stating the artist's offer to come to your house and

do a personal portrait for fifty francs. Another, that of "a specialist" in animals offered to do your favorite animal's portrait for fifteen francs.

Yes artists, at least in Paris, are content with little. In spite of the fact that these "Foire aux Croutes" no longer draw the enormous crowds as in the days of their novelty, they have proved beneficial.

"You see," one artist explained to me, "there are a great many people who never go into a picture dealers. But by showing our work on the street we catch them unawares, we draw their attention to pictures. They may not be interested in art; yet they see something they like, and they buy it. But had we not put our pictures before them, placed them where they could not escape them, the idea would never have come to them to buy. And we, the artists, save the commission we would have to pay to a dealer."

"Look," cried one of my friends of "La Horde" at the last exhibition: "I have sold two pictures, four hundred francs they netted me."

Four hundred francs... sixteen dollars! Truly, oh art, thine is a hard path, and the earnings of the great mass of your followers are most paltry. Even Manet and Monet in their day sold masterpieces for a song.

Life's Otherwhere

By Fred Scott Shepard

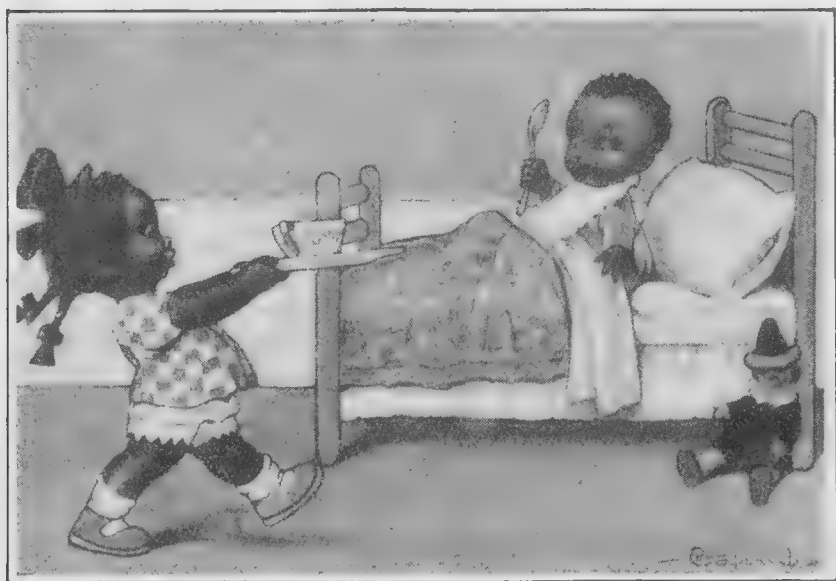
"And a highway shall be there."—Isa. 35:8

*The Highway, where the travelers pass
Along life's way in countless throng,
Where go the feet of every class,
The young, the old, the weak, the strong—
A way which leads to Otherwhere,
With promised joys for all to share.*

*The Highway, where with eager zeal,
Youth presses on at life's behest,
Nor fears the brunt of strife to feel,
Nor seeks the way of ease and rest,
Since faith is strong and skies are bright,
And luring vistas greet the sight.*

*The Highway, where the feet of man
Must journey onward for the while,
For some will be a little span,
For some stretch onward mile on mile;
What matters how the way doth wend,
So it but have the rightful end!*

*And though with eager-moving feet,
Or weary steps the way be trod,
The journey soon will be complete,
Full-measured by the hand of God,
And souls who seek His guiding care,
In Heaven will find Life's Otherwhere.*



Sleepy Head

By William Thompson

Illustration by E. Colombo

*Sleepy head lies abed,
When the sun is high.
If sister don't serve porridge hot,*

*He begins to cry—
He is only two years old,
That's the reason why.*

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Women Builders of the West

Continued from page 5

to interview Mrs. Harris, I was ushered into her drawing-room, where I found samples of the most wonderful hand-woven Canadian homespun cloth—where I found the (antique) chairs draped with yarns of divers colors—where I handled the wools—dyed, carded, spun, woven, by this extraordinary woman, who, in her leisure moments, interprets Liszt, Handel, McDowell, but grows enthusiastic when she tells you about her weaving-of-woollen stuffs, from the backs of the sheep bred and raised on Vancouver Island! Out of this "fad" (as it was first called) has come wonderful results. There are many old spinning-wheels singing tunelessly in rural Victoria, as a result of Mrs. Harris' faith in what will yet be a great industry of the Island. Already the tourists are buying the exquisite hand-woven weaves in delicate blues, pinks, wisteria and other shades. The American woman tourists buy the entire output each season. No idea of the growth of the woollen industry on Vancouver Island is possible unless you saw the towering walls, and heard the roar of wheels of the big woollen mill edging the straits of the Pacific. It is the outcome of action by one quiet-voiced little lady who, one day, saw a huge pack of hides, stooped down to feel the wool, and asked: "What are you going to do with them?"

"Nothing! We're shipping them to the U.S.A." Then: "We'll get 'em back, after payin' dooty—in cloth, y'see!"

Mrs. Harris saw — went home and started the old-time nursery rhyme: "Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool"? Today, Victoria is buzzing with the turning of spinning wheels! Mrs. Dennis Harris—artist, musician, social leader, says: "Everyone should work—for Canada"! To which we all say "Hear, hear!"

Only Woman Train "Newsy" in the World!

I WASN'T looking for a woman news-agent, but on the return trip from Courtenay Bay, which is one of the beauty-spots on Vancouver Island, I heard the welcome call, "Winnipeg Magazines!"

A very good-looking girl-woman was handing me The Western Home Monthly, and as she made change she answered my question: "Are you a lady newsy"? Later I got the story: One morning the newsy missed his train leaving Victoria, and Hueme Hanna (who checked the papers and magazines) stepped from her desk to hand the day's supply to the train, sending out a last roar, "All Aboard!"

The train carried Hueme off! The newsboy wasn't there. The passengers wanted their papers. Hueme handed them out promptly, and when she got back to explain her telegram to her boss: "Train carried me off," why the boss, seeing the returns in hand, said: "Hueme, you stay with the job!"

She stayed with the job. She is the only woman "Newsy" in all the wide world, and she takes the run up Island on the E. & N. Railway.

Can you beat it?

The First White Woman Settler in Saskatchewan

IT WASN'T even Saskatchewan"; it was "Th' Nor'-West" when, a very small girl, peering through the cotton-topped wagonette, taking the uncharted trail in the summer months of 1870, saw her future home. I talked with her yesterday. She belongs to the settlement known as Prince Albert, and with her family was turned back at Pembina Crossing by Riel's guard, and refused entry into Manitoba in 1870. She remembers the four swarthy men who turned them back to Pembina, where they had to wait until the soldiers arrived to quell the first rebellion. She tells a vivid story of the long trek into North Saskatchewan, where "Millar's Hill" set up the first home in all the waste of land. Today five generations of "the Millars" are counted amongst the leading settlers; the child of eight has become the mother of eight living children, and the grandmother of twelve descendants.

I heard her tell the story of early-day life on a platform the other day, and was struck by the dignity, the poise, and the pride-of-homeland, that sounded in her address, as she mentioned the "humors" of what we of today call trials of pioneering. True daughter of the Westland, Mrs. John McKenzie stands out, a type of the kind of immigrant Canada so badly needs. She is a very beautiful young-old lady; calm, reflective, purposeful, and holding to the belief that Canada West is "just beginning to grow!"

Two Lady Farmers Out West

OF THE two lady farmers in active field operations I am only permitted to say "they own farm lands." Neither of them would submit to questioning. Miss Nora Fyffe, of Qu'Appelle, while entertaining me at afternoon tea in a drawing-room—serving the beverage in Royal Crown Derby cups—threw up her capable hands in consternation: "Me a farmer"? she exclaimed. "Goodness! I inherited the farm; and I do work the land, but the honor done me by sending me to the Old Country, where I was given special mention while entertained at the London Guildhall, by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and again in Norway; why, I felt embarrassed. You talk to the real, honest-to-God farm women, for they do deserve mention!" Miss Nora said. As for a photograph? Not if you paid me a thousand dollars!"

Miss Binnie Clarke has already spoken for herself by writing books on "Farm Life Out West," from various angles. Her land lies in the Qu'Appelle Valley, and, I did not actually witness what I am told is quite a common sight, Miss Binnie Clarke actually in plow-action, still I know she is "the only woman farmer" thereabouts.

A Wholesale Lumber Lady

WINNIPEG possesses the only woman lumber merchant in all Canada. She is a grand-daughter of the late Hon. John Simpson, of Bowmanville, Ont., and while she is well known in song circles—being a member of the administrative board of the Woman's Musical Club, in her home town, Winnipeg, she has (through circumstances) taken up the wholesale lumber business of her deceased husband, D. Boyce Sprague, of Winnipeg.

Finding Mrs. Sprague giving quotations of fir and cedar over the telephone, I asked the lady: "Aren't you singing for us any more, Mrs. Sprague?"

"Oh, yes; I'm singing (S)lumber songs now, though," was her quick answer.

How did it come about she was selling lumber? "I always went with my husband on his country trips," she said. "I heard everything said, and I suppose what I heard registered in my subconscious mind, for, when Mr. Sprague was stricken suddenly by the illness that took him off I carried on the best I knew under his advice. Then, when faced with the question, what to do? oh, then, old friends rallied round me, and the loyalty shown by the bank my husband had done business with, together with the faith of the big mills supplying goods, why, I am getting along just fine!"

Leaving the McArthur Building, I mused on the future of a land where such things could happen. It is neighborly kindness and the comradeship that exists between Western people!

And now, in closing my article on Woman's Work Out West, let me say that there are un-numbered women whose names may never be spoken by mere scribes like myself. Women whose work in nation-building is going on day by day in a tireless, endless routine of small duties known as "Mother's Work," the greatest work of all! Splendid types of the century! their work is undying although unsung. I have only to add that the difficulty was to get these women to tell me the facts given. One and all they were shy of public mention. Only when I reminded them that it meant "bread-and-butter" would they agree to give their names to — Mary Markwell.



ENHANCES SMARTNESS-

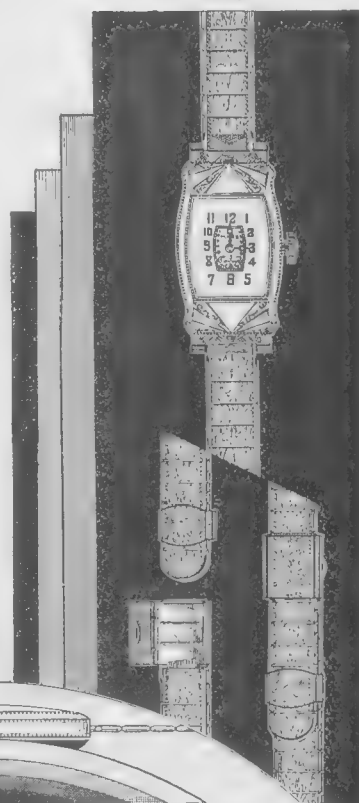
NOT JUST A NECESSARY ADDITION

Truly, an accurate watch is necessary for punctuality's sake, but with a Mars it can be much more than that. A smartness hitherto unknown is embodied in the new Mars watches which are moulded to the wrist. A curved-back case and a covered mesh bracelet complete a piece of jewellery which enhances any ensemble. The bracelet in each instance is made especially to match in color and harmonize in design with the watch case.

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Problem of the Rural Teacher

Continued from page 15

because of the bears and the indescribably rough roads."

"There is only one place to board and it is very poor. One family makes it very difficult for a teacher."

Pansy P. could not get out for either Christmas or Easter, on account of the extreme cold. 35 below and 60 miles from nearest station.

"Pupils all foreigners. Bohemians and Italians."

"Pupils all Doukhobors."

"Pupils all Swedish."

"Two-thirds of this school Japanese."

"Pupils chiefly Dutch in Fire Valley." Fort St. John. "No way to get about except by horseback."

"More than half the children Norwegianian."

"No social life. No Sunday service."

Golden, between the Selkirks and the Rockies. "All Swedish, Slovak and Italians."

"Majority of the people here are Finns, but very kindly."

"All Ukrainians at Grindrod."

"I have to live in a small lean-to at the back of the school. Church, dances and other social affairs held in school-room, and teacher is subjected to much annoyance and disturbance. School room outrageously abused."

Writing from up Kamloops way, the teacher says the only way she can get about is on horseback or skis.

West Coast. "A hard school. Japs and whites mixed. Not good conditions in this district. The Japanese live according to their own standards."

"I share my room with others in a family of seven children. No bath. Every body wants to govern teacher."

"Very poor food. Family not clean. Board in house with six children. Next door is a family of Germans, seven children. All live in one room which was built for a root-house. Children all attend school."

These terse responses to the questionnaires, which are a sample of the hundreds received, will give some idea of the conditions under which many of these refined and gentle girls must teach and keep a dauntless front to the world.

THERE are 3,700 teachers in B.C., and about half of them young women in rural schools. Only 27 per cent. of the whole are men-teachers. During the last five years only 15 per cent. of the enrolment at the Normal School were men. It would seem from these figures that of necessity the educating of the children of this province, in the primary grades at least and in the rural schools, lies in the hands of the women.

Realizing the difficulties, the discomforts and the dangers attending upon rural school teaching, the Department of Education has created a new position, that of a commissioner who will investigate and enquire into the social and other conditions of the suburban communities as they affect the women teachers. The duties of this commissioner will be onerous and varied, and they will entail, in the first place, winning the confidence of the teacher.

Needless to say it is a woman's job, but not any woman's job. The post requires an individual possessed of quick and keen perception, tact, delicacy and experience.

MISS LOTTIE BOWRON, the new incumbent, is a lady in whom everyone who knows her has the highest confidence. She was for years a secretary of

the late Sir Richard McBride. She went to England in 1916, and worked in London with the Admiralty throughout the war, head of many young women doing their war-time bit. She has always taken an active interest in public affairs, and, shortly after her return to B.C., she founded a business and professional women's club in Victoria, the Kumtuks Club, which has ramifications now in several cities on the Coast. She was born up in the famous Cariboo and knows this province and understands frontier problems.

Miss Bowron's territory is as large as an empire, and she must travel from one end of it to another each year. The schools are so scattered, the country so primitive, that she has had to travel by sleigh, dog-sled, caboose and hand-car. She carries her own blankets, for she is never sure whether she can get a bed or not. In regard to her work, her mode of procedure lies entirely with herself. She has no rules or precedents to follow. Her first duty is to meet the teacher. Go to her boarding-place. Stop with her for the night. The school trustees and others will be interviewed, and she will try to get a comprehensive idea of the situation; whether or not there are difficulties and if so, what they are, and whose fault they are. She will then report home to the Department. From the far north she writes a brief eulogy: "I never realized before what these young girls have to contend against. They are heroines, every one."

WHAT we stated early in this article we reiterate: The rural school problem is not unique in this province. It is one which faces every province of the Dominion, particularly the least populated. The more we consider it, the more important we realize it to be. The fact that, less and less as the years go by, does school teaching seem to make an appeal to young men, means that it will become a profession which will be undertaken almost entirely by women. There is no question of greater national import than that of the educating of the children. But a teacher cannot do her best, or bring about the most desired results, unless she can give undivided and whole-hearted attention to her work. In unsettled, illiterate and foreign communities situations are bound to arise which test the health, the courage and the endurance of a teacher. Of some of the problems which confront her she could not possibly bring herself to speak to a male inspector. And yet they are problems which must be faced, dealt with and overcome. A woman commissioner, kindly, experienced and tactful, would be as welcome as an angel from Heaven. Even the few short weeks which the British Columbia commissioner has spent at her labors has shown her this. Many a girl who has not been able to see or speak with one of her own people for months, and whose heart is almost breaking for someone to confide in, has welcomed the commissioner literally with open arms. C'est le premier pas qui coute, and the first step towards remedying a trouble is the confession of the trouble. When it has been demonstrated in British Columbia that this new appointment is the success which it promises to be, doubtless other provinces will follow the precedent established and make this office a nation-wide one.



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Autumn Woods

By H. Reginald Hardy

Within the great cathedral of the woods
Which God had built upon the Autumn hill,
A silent place of golden solitudes,
We found ourselves . . . and standing in
the still

Unbroken quiet of the passing day
We felt our cares, like shadows, drop
away

Through high-arched windows of the mighty
trees
The sunlight fell in bars of smoky fire,
And in that instant olden memories,
The phantom shapes of long-forgot desire,
Flamed for a moment . . . while their glory
lent
The glamor of the Summer's lost content.



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Oct. 31—Quebec	Empress of Scotland	to Cherbourg, Southampton
Nov. 1—Montreal	Duchess of Atholl	to Glasgow, Belfast Liverpool
Nov. 7—Montreal	Montrose	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
Nov. 8—Montreal	Melita	to Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow
Nov. 14—Montreal	Montcalm	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg
Nov. 15—Montreal	Duchess of Richmond	to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
Nov. 22—Montreal	Duchess of York	to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
Nov. 23—Montreal	Montclare	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
Nov. 23—Quebec	Empress of Australia	to New York
Nov. 26—Montreal	Minnedosa	to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
Dec. 6—Saint John	Duchess of Atholl	to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
Dec. 12—Saint John	Montcalm	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
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CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS

Omen

Continued from page 19

feeling with his moccasined feet for the packed trail beneath the smother of drifting snow. By the Beaver River, he had heard, there lived several half-breed families. There, he told himself, they could rest. Yet, in the darkness and the storm that raged when they reached what Jeff believed to be the crossing of that stream, no lights nor blur of houses were visible. Nor could he locate them though he spent a tiring hour in search.

He was forced to go on, feeling that help had been near, but unattainable; on, though he reeled from weariness and his heart was sore for his high-spent team.

They'll tell you yet in Withegan River of the blizzard that came the first of April but freighted with all the fury of wind-swept Hudson Bay. They'll tell you of a man who lost the trail crossing Sand-fly Lake and who blundered along the shore for a day and a night before he found where it led into the timber again. They'll tell you of how this same man, breaking trail through drifts ahead of his exhausted horses, finally stumbled up to the door of the Red Cross Hospital with a wounded man safely stowed in the robes in the bottom of his sleigh. Much more, they'll tell you, if you'll stop to listen—for they like to talk around the gasoline-barrel stove in Ami Balduc's store—of how the stranger bought a fresh team from Spokane Innis and departed north again in haste. Such haste, indeed, as to cause much conjecture on how the injured one came by his gun-shot wound. Old enemies, they said, who had chanced to meet up in the lonesomeness; trappers who had encroached on one another's trapping grounds; partners who had quarreled venomously—

Such tales were rife until dispelled by Constable Metcalf of the Mounted Police who, arriving in Withegan River on patrol, took the convalescent into custody.

But out on the trail again, winding over the same innumerable jack-pine ridges, down poplar-banked slopes, across nameless lakes and tamarack-studded muskogs Jeff, in an aching dream of weariness, urged his new team on. Two things filled his half-numb mind: care that he should not again miss the trail, and dread of what he should find at the end of it.

Perhaps the very bitterness of this last thought helped him to keep awake, for he could not remember when it was he had slept last—cat-naps, he supposed, at times when he had rested his team on the way down.

He fed his horses now on the last stop they would make before reaching the cattle-camp. Though hungry, he dozed and could not swallow the food he had prepared. Then he started up suddenly as he spilled upon himself his cup of hot tea. He was dully conscious that the wind had ceased, that it was much warmer and that the sun was shining. He would give the team an hour.

A SOUND, the most hateful in the world to Jeff, awakened him. It was night, and as dark as it can get against the star-light and the reflected

light of the snow. He was numb with cold and cramp. His chilled team stamped restlessly. He reviled himself for his weakness in having slept so long. Then came the weird and muffled sound that had awakened him, the chortling exultant hooting of the Great Horned Owl.

Jeff sprang to his feet and shook his fists balefully in the direction of the sound. "Oh, blast you! Blast you!" he cried impotently. "It's done now—the thing you were croaking! Go ahead, you hyenas—laugh about it. Laugh!"

He drove on fiercely. Even the monotony of the trail did not dull his excitement. The trees began to sigh; to murmur restlessly. Far in the northwest he heard a rushing that deepened to a roar as it drew near. A dead poplar lodged against one of its slender brethren creaked loudly at the first boisterous grasp of the wind. The jack-pines flung their arms about as though in joyful eagerness; surely possessed of a flexibility that was not theirs during the recent storm. Jeff whipped off his cap and threw back his head. The wind that blew upon his face was moist and warm. It contained life!

"The chinook! The chinook!" he cried exultantly.

Then, through clenched teeth: "Too late!"

CATTLE were moving about on the feed-ground. He had not supposed that after five days one could stand. Well, perhaps a few of the hardiest—

Still, there were none lying down!

They were eating, too, or chewing their cud, their backs steaming faintly in the sunshine.

A voice hailed him: "Where you been, you horse-faced old skallywag? You're a dandy, to leave—say, you ain't sick, are you? Or starved? Your eyes look like two burned holes in a blanket!"

"I'm all right," said Jeff, not quite steadily. "How long you been here, Bob?"

"Four days. Came just as quick as I could after Dad got on his legs again. Just made it here before that storm, too. But where'n thunder have you been?"

Jeff explained briefly what had occurred. As they came from the stable after caring for the team, he said, earnestly: "Bob, do you believe in hunches an' omens an' all that sort of thing? I did—I was a coward. I let the owls get my goat."

"Don't blame you," cut in Bob. "I've been alone in the bush."

"I thought they were foretelling calamity," continued Jeff, "an', by whiskers I thought calamity had come, too! But its bunk. Last night they were hooting like croaking devils—an' I got here an' found everything O.K. Hark! Listen to that now. You know what it means?"

Both men gazed upward. A black speck crossed one of the puffy white clouds that floated in a sky of softened blue. Again the sound floated down to them, distance-mellowed, to their ears, musical:

"Ca-aw! Ca-aw!"

It was the first returning crow.

Disillusioned

By Ellen Rose Bunse

They told me Love is the fairest flower
Of all the flowers that grow;
But that was only a fairy tale
That they told me long ago!

They said a lover's smile and kiss
Are sweeter far than wine;
But I still feel another's lips
Like burning gall on mine!

I plucked the blossom from its stem
On a happy, rose-flushed morn—
And I found the thing that I had grasped
Was nothing but a thorn.

I did not know the Rose of Love
All glowing with youth's dew,
Could turn to such a bitter plant
And break my heart in two.



Two Letters From a Bride

Continued from page 24

bedroom, he strode in and said "Humph," quite loudly.

Then he barked some more.

"Get that fool spread off and put on some blankets," he ordered.

While I did this, he took things out of his bag and fussed around Tom. By the time I got the blankets spread, he was closing his bag again!

"Got a thermometer"? he snapped. "Thought not. Get one and report if his temperature goes up. It's only 100 now. Get aspirin tablets and give him one every three hours until it comes down. See that he gets a good sweat. And keep him on a liquid diet."

With that he strode towards the door, leaving me almost stunned. These directions might have meant something to some girls, but they were clear as mud to me. Our family was always so uninterestingly healthy! I wanted to ask questions, but worse still, I wanted to know the verdict. With a spurt, I caught him by the sleeve as he was going out the door.

"Doctor, is it very serious"? I gasped. "Will he get better"?

"Of course he'll get better," he said crossly. "Just a mild case of flu. I thought from the way you spoke it was something urgent—left my dinner to come over here. Nothing at all to worry about." And off he went, leaving me to wrestle with strange problems.

WHEN the druggist's boy appeared, I first gave Tom a tablet, and my dear, he swore at me for spilling water down his neck, when it was just nervousness that made my hand shake. Then I attacked the thermometer, and spent nearly five minutes trying to pull the case apart the way a fountain pen separates, and was sure they had sent me a defective one. But I somehow twisted the top and found that it unscrewed, said "Open" as the doctor had done, and stuck the little glass thing in Tom's mouth. It was of benefit immediately, for it stopped his flow of complaints, but after awhile he began to mutter and splutter and say "Ah-glah-glug," so I took it out before he could chew it into bits. You see, I hadn't the remotest idea of how long it took a thermometer to register, and I must have left it in nearly ten minutes.

"How much is it"? said Tom at once. (My dear, you'll discover that men have a tremendous interest in their temperatures.)

"Wait till I read it," I begged, and I tried to look wise as I gazed at the slender glass tube. As a matter of fact, I hadn't the faintest notion how to read what it said, and I twisted it this way and that without seeing any figures at all. Once or twice I thought I saw numbers emerging from the blur, but another twist, and they'd be gone again. Eventually, with Tom muttering nasty things under his breath, I said triumphantly, "It's only 90!"

"Ninety"! he yelled. "When it was 100 less than an hour ago? You must be crazy. Or, listen—which end did you put in my mouth"?

"I—I don't know," I faltered. "Does it make any difference"?

"Ye gods"! he stormed. "Don't you know enough to put the mercury end in first? Here, give it to me"! And he stuck it into his own mouth and glared at me until I burst out crying. When he finally handed it back to me I could hardly see straight to read it, but found after more struggle that it registered 100 still.

"You'll have to perspire to get that fever reduced," I said in what I hoped were efficient tones. And I piled the bed with more blankets, put a hot water bottle at his feet, gave him hot lemonade, and sat there mournfully while he wriggled, and groaned, and declared that I was killing him and didn't love him and didn't know what I was doing, and other dark thoughts for the day.

Then he announced that he was hungry. One look at my pantry shelves was

not encouraging. There was no canned soup, which would have been an easy liquid diet, all the stores were closed, and I wasn't on borrowing terms with the neighbors. Nothing for it but to look up the "Invalid Cookery" section in my cook-book. Everything which sounded the least bit attractive called for something I didn't have, but after fifteen minutes, I came to a gruel recipe. All it required was oatmeal, milk, and boiling water, which seemed simple. But I burned the first lot, and had to throw it out, with Tom groaning that he was starving. The second lot seemed all right though; I poured it into a cup and placed it on a pretty tray, then entered the bedroom smiling bravely.

"There, dear, I've brought you some lovely gruel," I said sweetly.

"Gruel"? he roared. "Listen, woman, I want a steak or something a he-man can put his teeth into!"

"But the doctor said a liquid diet—"

Muttering imprecations on all doctors, he took a spoonful and immediately spat it out all over my nice tray.

"Holy cats"! he moaned. "What on earth did you put in or leave out of this swill"?

I tasted it, and really, it was queer. "Why, maybe I forgot the salt," I said brightly; we added some, and he managed to down the stuff. But if I hadn't lied and said there was no meat in the icebox, I think he'd have leaped out of bed and eaten some raw.

At 10 o'clock I took his temperature and gave him another tablet. He had perspired so much that his clothes were wringing wet, and according to the doctor, that reduced fever, but the thermometer still said 100. I gave him dry pyjamas and a fresh hot water bottle, but all the thanks I got was a black look and a remark that he might as well be dead as the way he was. At 1 o'clock the situation was unchanged, so in spite of his protests, I repeated the doses. Again at 4 a.m. and at 7 I faithfully followed instructions. Tom slept a little between times, but I had to struggle to keep awake. My eyes smarted and my head ached, and generally I felt dreadful.

At 7.15 I fed Tom more gruel, and returning from the kitchen, found him out of bed getting cooled off.

"You don't parboil me any more," he declared. "Either leave me alone or phone that fool doctor and tell him his treatment is the bunk. I was afraid that he would get a chill, so, terrified as I was of Dr. Smith, I phoned and said I'd appreciate it if he would come over soon."

When the doctor came he said: "Seems a lot better; not much sign of fever," and told me that his temperature was down to 98.7.

"But half an hour ago—look, doctor," and I showed him the family thermometer still registering 100 degrees.

"Did you shake it down," he barked.

"No—what do you mean"? I faltered.

"Like this—" and he jerked the poor little glass tube a few times, then told me to look at the figures. "See, the red has gone down to 92. Always do that before taking a temperature. The mercury will move up, but not down. Your husband may have been normal for hours."

I will pass over what Tom said when he heard this. But it was a dreadful disillusionment to find out what a sleeping demon lurked in my loving husband. I felt that I had married a sort of Jekyll and Hyde person. However, he really was better, and after the stores opened and I phoned for things, he revived under the influence of chicken broth, orange juice, and egg-nogs. The problem now was to keep him amused, so I read to him, did a lot of telephoning, and tried to be bright, though I was nearly dead for lack of sleep. He never noticed that, though. The old Tom, who had thrown a fit if I showed the slightest sign of fatigue, seemed to have departed forever.

[Continued on page 54]

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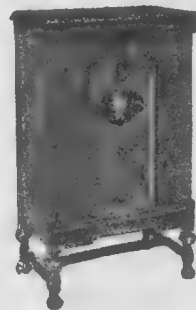
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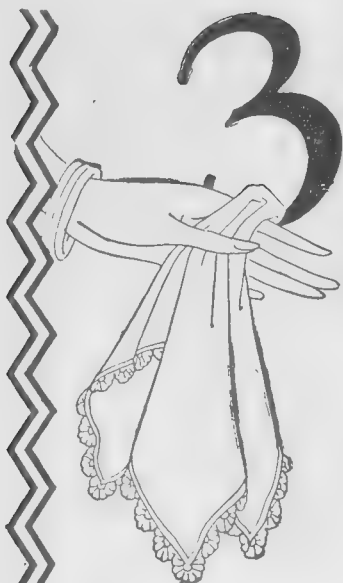
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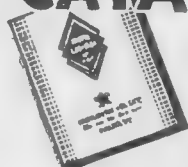
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Two Letters From a Bride

Continued from page 53

I WAS ready to cry with weariness in the afternoon, when the phone rang, and a man's voice asked how Tom was.

"Getting on fine," I chirped.

"Oh, is that so?" he said in surprised tones. "I was just talking to the office; they had called the doctor, and seemed to think he was in a pretty bad way. I wonder if they are keeping things from you?"

At this a cold fear clutched my heart, and remorse for what I had been thinking of Tom. Was it possible I had been deceived?—that it was illness which had made him act so, not temperament? Then the voice went on: "Do you know if he carries plenty of insurance?"

"I think so," I said, but my heart sank lower than ever. Insurance! Just to hear the word made cold shivers run up and down my back.

"Listen, Mrs. Brant," said the man. "What I am going to suggest is quite irregular, but I'm doing it only because Tom is a good friend of mine. I'll make out a policy for \$3,000, one that doesn't require any medical examination, and I'll bring it right over to the house and get it signed right away. It will likely cause some trouble in my company if . . . if the policy becomes a claim, but I'm willing to do it in order to see that Tom's wife is properly provided for."

"Just a minute—I'll ask him," I said, and staggered from the phone.

My dear, nobody will ever know what I suffered in the next minute or two, as I crouched there in the hall. My imagination worked overtime, and I saw the agent coming up, Tom signing a paper with feeble fingers, then sinking back on his pillows and holding out his arms for a farewell kiss. It seemed dreadful to bother a dying man about insurance. I decided not to mention the subject . . . Then I remembered how kind and helpful the man had sounded, and he said he was a good friend of Tom's . . . Men must know how other men felt about these things. . . .

So I poked my head in the bedroom door and said: "Tom, dear, a man on the phone wants to know if you'd like to take out some more insurance."

"Insurance?" he yelled. "Just last week I put on \$10,000 more. Can't the beggars ever leave a man alone? No, I don't want any, and you can tell him to go to the devil! Hurry up about it!"

I could just gasp into the phone: "No, he doesn't want any."

"Really, Mrs. Brant, this is unfortunate," the man said. "I'm sure he can't understand the gravity of the situation, or he wouldn't refuse. I'll be right over to see him about it."

"Don't—he doesn't want to see anybody," I urged. But in a calm, steady voice he went on: "I'll be right over, Mrs. Brant."

WHEN I went back to the bedroom Tom was so mad he couldn't speak at first. Then he said, in the horrid, sneering tones: "I really must ask you to excuse me for living. I had no idea it would be such a disappointment when my fever came down. It is really most unfortunate that there will be some delay before you cash in on my policies," and a lot more to the same effect. He wouldn't listen to a word I said, and he almost had me believing that I had sent for the agent myself, and planned to poison him with bad gruel and wear him down with torture when we got the papers signed. Before long I was on my knees beside the bed, crying all over the place, and in the middle of this, the door bell rang!

"Who will that be?" snarled Tom.

"The—the man said he was coming up," I stammered.

"He did, eh?" said my husband, frowning fearfully. Perhaps it is a good thing. Wait a minute before you go to the door, and I'll get ready to deal with this blighter. He's a disgrace to an honorable profession!"

"You mustn't get out of bed," I warned him.

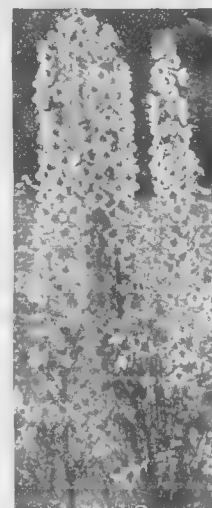


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Two Letters From a Bride

Continued from page 54

"Don't cross me, woman," he said ominously. I know what I'm doing. Go outside, wait half a minute, then open that door.

The agent looked a nice-enough man, with a sad expression.

"How is he—keeping up his strength"? he asked gravely. "I have the papers here, all ready to be signed. Is he still conscious?"

"Yes," said Tom, appearing from the bedroom. "He is, but pretty soon you won't be."

In spite of my fears, I had to laugh at the vision before us. In the brief time while I was away Tom had put a heavy sweater over his pyjamas and got out his boxing-gloves!

"I'll show you whether I'm going to pass out now—I'll show you whether I know how to protect my wife," he roared, and began to pummel that poor man for all he was worth. Weak as he was from the ravages of flu and lack of food, he was more than a match for the intruder, and in no time the agent was running for the door shrieking "Murder"! while the offending policy, unsigned, dropped out of his pocket and fell at Tom's feet.

"Ah!" he snarled triumphantly. "That's what I think of him!" and seizing the paper, he carefully tore it into little bits and threw them all over the living-room rug.

All this time I was trying to flatten myself against the wall in the corner. I felt my turn would come next, and almost stopped breathing. To my amaze-

ment, Tom suddenly burst out laughing, sank into a chair, and called out: "Sit on my knee, sweetheart, and tell me that I know how to look after you!"

This sudden change of front was hard to follow. But I tried not to show how surprised I was, and it did feel good to snuggle up to him again in the big chair, and say: "Tom, you were wonderful, I had no idea how strong you were," and all the other things he wanted to hear.

"Didn't you just lay out that meddling old agent"? I said.

"Didn't I, though," boasted Tom, his chest swelling out.

And then, my dear, like a bolt from the blue, understanding came to me. Men are, after all, just overgrown little boys! Of course I'm not offering that as an original remark—I've often heard it before—but I had never really believed it until this point. And learning to believe a thing is just as effective as discovering it for yourself. Just big, overgrown little boys—frightened and peevish when they are sick, infuriated when their pride is hurt, glorying in praise. I hadn't married a life-long prop, after all, but a person who needed mothering.

I felt about a million years old as I looked up at Tom, still flushed with the joy of battle.

"Would you like some chocolate pie for dinner now that your fever is down"? I asked.

"That's a wonderful idea," he beamed. And the look in his eyes was exactly that of a ten-year-old who is promised a box of candy.

MARION.

Heat and Power From the Stars

Continued from page 9

Observatory, a powerful impetus is being given to scientific research into the chemical and physical composition of the stars. Dr. Plaskett and his staff have already succeeded in verifying an important theory of the structure of the atom, concerning which very little is known. By definitely ascertaining the structure of the stellar and solar atom, scientists now know positively for the first time that physical laws are the same throughout the universe.

Physical laws being the same in the heavens as on earth, it naturally follows that if atoms can be broken up in the sun and stars, they can be broken up on earth, provided identical conditions can be secured. Once that is accomplished, we have heat and energy multiplied to infinity.

Nine-tenths of astronomical research is done now by the use of photographic plates. It takes about twenty minutes to photograph a star of the sixth magnitude (the limit of visibility to the unaided eye), and the plates exposed in the course of an hour will provide material for measurement and discussion for several days.

Contrary to popular impression, astronomers are more interested in observing known stars than in trying to discover new members of the universe. They are not at all interested in the possibility of life on other planets, for, as Dr. Plaskett says:

"I would be foolish to predict that there is no life on Mars, but I would be just as foolish if I were to say that Mars is inhabited. We hear even men like Marconi talk of being able to communicate with Mars some day, but with our present knowledge it would be safe to say that such a thing is practically hopeless."

"Mars is never closer than 35,000,000 miles from us, and we find it hard enough to communicate with people 5,000 miles away, let alone imaginary beings 7,000 times farther away. Nor is it probable that we shall ever be able to see life on Mars. Our big telescope at the Observatory makes objects on Mars appear 30,000 miles away, and if the average person could be transported that distance from the earth, I fancy he would have a hard time distinguishing any form of life on this planet."

THE telescope to which Dr. Plaskett referred in his remarks on Mars is the second largest in the world, having been in use only since 1918. It took nearly five years to build and cost, with the spectroscope and other attachments, over \$97,000.

In addition, \$75,000 had to be spent for a suitable observatory building, while the site at Little Saanich, near Victoria, with the necessary roads and other improvements, cost \$35,000, making a grand total of \$207,000.

This great instrument is of the reflecting type, which is considered superior for photographic work, the refracting type being preferred for direct observation. The chief difference in the types is in the use of mirrors.

The Victoria telescope has a main mirror with a diameter of 72 inches, twelve inches thick, weighing 4,300 pounds, and with a hole ten inches in diameter in the centre.

The silver coating on the mirror has to be renewed every four months, the operation taking about a day, and presenting no serious difficulties, though the glass disc and the portion of the tube in which it is fixed weigh six tons.

The tube, which is 31 feet long and has a diameter of 7 feet 4 inches, weighs 15 tons and, though built in three sections, is absolutely rigid. It is supported by a massive shaft set in concrete, and is shifted and focused by an ingenious mechanism known as a Driving Clock. So perfect is the balance of this great instrument that a weight of three pounds at the top is enough to set it in motion, though the movable parts weigh 45 tons.

The 72-inch telescope is used for visual observation—about 150 visitors take a peep through it every day during the summer season—but its chief use is the photographing of sun and star rays, and the analysis of these rays.

For the purpose of photography, a ray of light passes through a slit two thousandths of an inch wide, then through a powerful lens, then through a prism. By means of the prism, the light rays are diverted at varying angles, and the light is broken up into its constituent rainbow colors.



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Heat and Power From the Stars

Continued from page 55

As a general thing, only the blue and violet rays are photographed, as it is these rays that tell the story of the chemical composition of the stars.

On the photographic plate, these blue and violet rays appear as narrow dark strips, crossed by light or dark lines. From the number, position, and relative thickness of these lines, the astrophysicist deduces the temperature, motion, and distance of the body under observation. An increase of one thousandth of an inch in certain dark lines indicates that a star is travelling towards the earth at the rate of 30 miles a second; a corresponding decrease in the same lines shows the star is going away from us at the same rate.

These minute measurements are not in the least difficult, to a man who has spent many years preparing himself for the work by careful study.

By the use of an instrument known as the thermo-multiplier, star-heat condensed in the focus of the telescope can be measured. Star-heat and star-light bear the same proportion to each other that sunlight does to sun heat.

Many of the stars are many times hotter than our sun, so hot that we have neither figures nor symbols capable of giving an intelligent interpretation of what it may be. However, this may help:

Sun light, travelling at 180,000 miles per second, covers the distance of 93,000,000 miles to the earth in eight and a half minutes. Solar temperature is estimated at about 10,800 degrees Fahrenheit, and the heat is radiated in all directions. The proportion of sun heat which reaches the earth is one to 2,170,000,000 thrown out by that body!

And yet, even after it has had a chance to cool on its 93,000,000-mile journey, sunlight feels pretty hot on a broiling summer day when there's no shade to be found.

After cogitating on these facts and figures for a few minutes, the average man will agree that once the scientists can show us how to harness the atom so that we may have solar energy on tap with safety, of course—we will be a long, long way on the road to Elysium.

In the Wood

By H. H. Fariss

Do you recall that sunny Autumn day
When through the olden wood our pathway lay;

Do you remember how each great elm tree
Shone as though wrought in golden filagree.
And here and there the crimson maples
burned

Their torch of living flame—and as we turned

Into a grass-grown trail, just to the right
We found a clump of birches, clean and white?

The cool wind sighed within the cedar trees,
Gay shumac flung their banners to the breeze

And where giant oaks had cast their acorns down,

We spied the busy squirrels on the ground;
Then came the strident call of bright-winged jay,

Red birds flew here and there across the way
And from above sounded the honking cry
Of wild geese as they winged across the sky

We paused a moment in that dim, sweet wood

In thankfulness, for truly life was good;
We paused a moment there to humbly pray
For guidance through that hour and every day;

To drink deep of the wondrous beauty spread
Of cedars' green, of leaves splashed gold and red.

For God seemed very near within that wood
Where tree and bush and shrub in beauty stood.



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FI-10

IVORIS PEARL-TONE

Experiences of a Pioneer Magistrate

Continued from page 8

girl went away with him of her own free will, but that, of course, was no defence, as according to the father's evidence she was under fourteen years of age. I therefore found that a prima facie case had been proved and informed him that I ought really to send him down to Winnipeg to be tried by a judge and jury at the Assizes, the offence being a penitentiary one, but taking into consideration the girl's welfare I had decided upon giving him the option of going right up to the church on the hill and marrying her, also that I would present him with a marriage license as a wedding present, to which proposition he readily assented, in fact, knowing him as I did, rather too eagerly, which made me somewhat suspicious as to his intentions. Of course it goes without saying that I had absolutely no legal right to adopt such a procedure, but as I have already stated I had decided to be a law unto myself.

When the Court adjourned it was arranged that he and his friends would drive up to the church and wait there for his prospective bride, but just as they were leaving the constable informed me that he had just learned that the bridegroom to be had no intention of getting married, that on the contrary he purposed driving over to Dakota, some forty miles distant as soon as he was out of the village. I therefore instructed the constable to get on to the back of the buckboard and keep the gentleman in question under arrest until the marriage ceremony was performed. In a short time the constable returned and reported that at the eleventh hour the father of the girl had withdrawn his consent to the marriage for some inexplicable reason. However, that night, under the influence of considerable "moonshine" a reconciliation took place and the two interested parties were made man and wife next morning, and strange to say the little girl so tamed her semi-savage husband that he became quite a respectable member of the community, so that my altogether illegal procedure bore good fruit.

IN THIS connection of being a law unto oneself, some years afterwards when in Winnipeg, I had occasion to call upon Clifford Sifton, who was at the time Attorney General. After transacting our business he said to me, "Frank, when were you appointed a Supreme Court Judge?" I jokingly replied, "this is the first intimation I have received that such an honour had been thrust upon me." To which he answered, "well I have had my attention drawn to your quarterly magisterial reports and I find that you have been trying and disposing of all and every offence, short of murder, that has been brought before you. Are you not aware that this conduct on your part is quite illegal, in that a number of such offences must be tried by a Supreme Court judge and jury." When, however, after explaining my views on the subject and the difficulties on account of our isolation of sending prisoners to Winnipeg, he smilingly remarked: "All right, but in future, if for instance, you try a case of 'abduction' in your quarterly report call it 'simple assault.'" This I afterwards did and had no subsequent trouble in that connection.

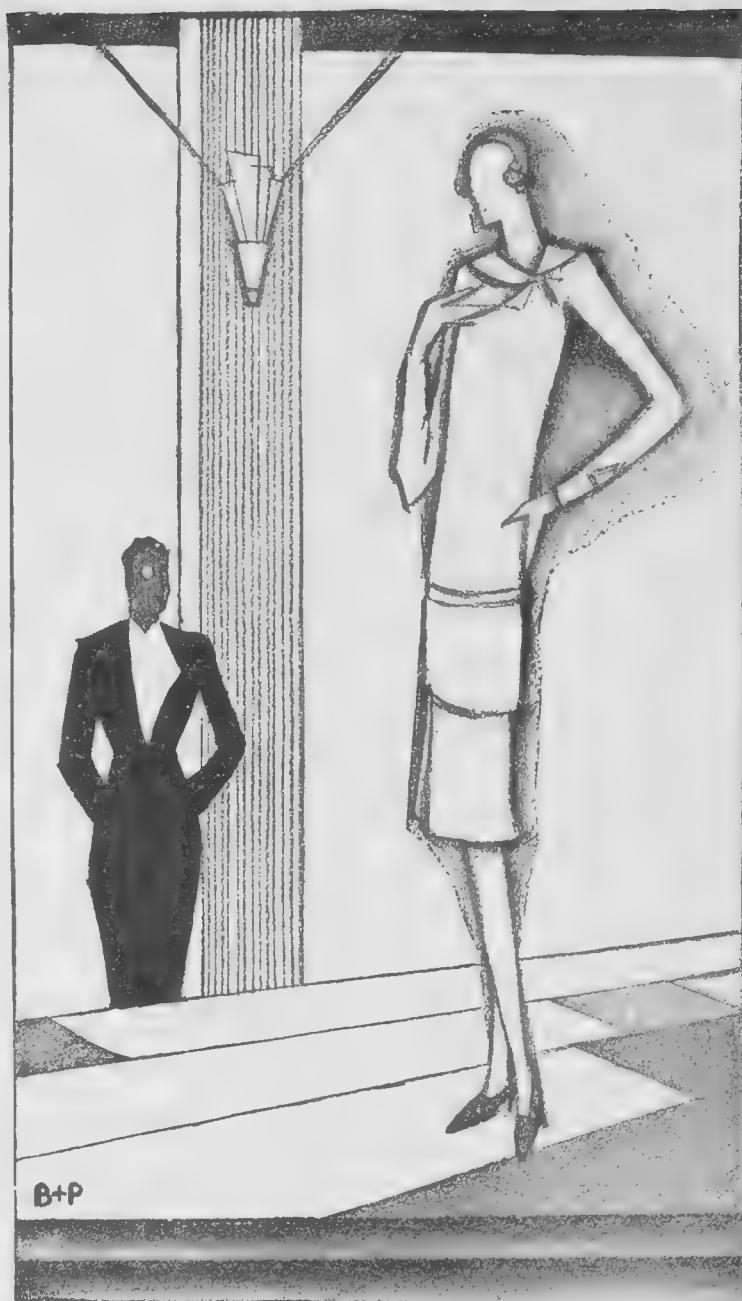
OCCASIONALLY my magisterial duties were enlivened by some rather humorous incidents. For instance, one night I was awakened by the realization that there was a man in our bedroom, who kept calling me by name in a tone of voice that did not indicate complete sobriety. I at once arose from my bed and insisted that we should adjourn to the sitting room, forgetting for the moment that my sister-in-law slept there. She, however, easily heard the altercation and naturally objecting to having her privacy invaded proceeded to barricade the door. I therefore steered the intruder into the kitchen, when upon lighting a lamp I found that he was my nearest neighbor and one of the prominent men of the town. In reply to my enquiry as to what the trouble was he informed me that he

had given a party at his house and notwithstanding the fact that they were all perfectly sober, which I certainly doubted judging from his state, one of the guests, without any justification, had accused him of being the Don Juan of Millford, and he wanted to be informed if that was a libelous accusation. He suspected it was, though he was candid enough to admit that he had no idea who Don Juan was. To pour oil on the troubled waters I informed him that while the accusation was not exactly complimentary it was not libelous, but might warrant a charge of slander being laid against the offender, which he said he would do in the morning and thereupon took his departure. This, however, was the last I heard of it, and I never learned whether he ever found out who Don Juan was.

I HAD to drive to Brandon, thirty-five miles distant, about once a week to do my banking, and in the winter usually made the lonesome journey over an unsettled country at night, in order to escape meeting or having to pass settlers teaming grain which necessitated getting off the trail, thereby running the risk of injury to my ponies through floundering in the deep snow. These journeys were certainly cold, the thermometer ranging from 20 to 40 degrees below zero, so that I invariably arrived home in a semi-perished state. I consequently made it a practice to stop at a tavern on the outskirts of the village and treat myself to a hot drink of whisky before proceeding to my house.

On one occasion of this kind I found the bar room crowded with farmers, my constable also being in evidence, as well as a young "Wallace Lamb" whom I had some time previously bound over to keep the peace in respect to the constable in the sum of fifty dollars. While I was enjoying my hot toddy at the bar, the "Wallace Lamb" whom I will designate as "M" sidled up alongside of me and remarked, "Frank, how much will it cost me if I lick Billy C (the constable). Every one in the settlement during those pioneering days was addressed by his Christian name. I answered, "M, you will just be out of pocket fifty dollars." "All right," was his reply, "it is worth that," and proceeded at once to do so. As I did not want to be a witness of the assault more than I could help, I quickly took my departure, so did not see how it ended, but judging from the appearance of the constable next morning when he applied for a summons against his assailant, I judged he got the worst of the engagement, which was confirmed when "M" appeared before me to answer the charge. Summonses were also issued to the different spectators of the assault to appear as witnesses. To my astonishment when the case came up for hearing the defendant pleaded "not guilty" which plea was supported by every one of these men, respectable farmers, who deliberately swore that they had not seen "M" attack the constable, consequently though I had myself been a spectator of part of the fight I could only decide in accordance with the evidence, and therefore dismissed the case, but at the same time realizing that the latter's usefulness had gone, I thought it advisable to suggest to him that he should resign which he did, I think gladly, for the reason that he was really afraid of the unruly element in the community. As his successor I gave the appointment to a noted fighter in the ranks of the "Wallace Lambs," who put the fear of the Lord into the lawless inclined, thereby heading off considerable potential trouble.

There is usually in a small town somebody who has no consideration for his neighbors. Such an individual was the proprietor of one of our hotels. He would insist on keeping a lot of animals, principally pigs, that roamed all over, rooting up and damaging any garden they could get into. So unbearable did the nuisance become that a householder shot and killed three of these porkers which he caught [Continued on page 60]



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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



THE sole topic of conversation in Western Canada during the past season has been the question of the crop, and after sifting the correspondence and comment, both of which have been extremely voluminous, we are now able to discern the truth of the situation.

We believe that there is no such thing as any crop failure. This statement is of cardinal importance and may be well justified by a perusal of the latest report issued by the Manitoba Free Press. As at the end of the first week in September the estimate for wheat for the Western Province was 266,000,000 bushels, of oats, 141,000,000 barley, 76,000,000 rye 9,000,000 flax 3,000,000. These figures are approximate and err on the conservative side. This report emphasizes a very important point and that is the high grading of the crop. It points out that the protein content of samples so far checked grade the highest that the West has ever known since the practice of testing of protein content was inaugurated. Wheat delivered at country points from August 16, to September 5, totalled over 27,000,000 bushels compared with some 8,000,000 delivered at the corresponding period of the previous year. In 1929 at the time of writing some 6940 cars had been inspected. In 1928 only 561 cars had been inspected. Of the 1929 inspection over 4600 cars graded either No. 1 hard or No. 1, 2 or 3 Northern, in comparison with an out turn of 379 cars in 1928. Last year from August 1, 1928 until January 1, 1929 less than one-third of the cars landed in the contract grades, the loss in grades being estimated from 10c. to 50c. per bushel. It is a significant fact that this year already over 100 cars have graded No. 1 hard, a state of affairs very different from previous years when No. 1 hard was practically non-existent. Not only are the grades high, but the price of wheat is correspondingly high. The weather and short straws have materially helped in lowering the costs of harvesting. Altogether the wheat situation which one time was of a doubtful nature, has so improved that there is now a wonderful spirit of enthusiasm prevalent throughout the West with which spirit the article heartily agrees when it concludes as follows:

We of the West, therefore, can well express our optimism for prevailing good business conditions. The farmer will not be the stranded, financially-pinched, and close-fisted figure that has been pictured to us so many times during this trying year. Business is secure, purchasing power is as great—the mists of doubt and anxiety have cleared from the Western skies. The crop is in and everybody looks forward to another great year of Western expansion.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics deals with the wheat situation in terms of world production and market. In part it relates that the condition of wheat in Manitoba at the end of July was given as 71 per cent of the average yield in the last ten years. In Saskatchewan the condition was 65 per cent and in Alberta the prospective yield of spring wheat was 66 per cent. The acreage devoted to wheat in Manitoba shows a decline from 1928, while considerable increases were indicated in Saskatchewan and Alberta. The total area in the three provinces was 24,297,000 acres compared with 23,159,000 acres in 1928.

The total wheat accounted for from the 1928 Canadian wheat crop is now placed at 567,000,000 bushels, which included exports during the crop year of 355,000,000 bushels of wheat and flour and a carry-over into the current season of 104,000,000 bushels of grain. Last season the carry-over of old crop grain was placed at 76,000,000 bushels.

The Bank of Montreal in its last monthly letter summarizes general conditions in Canada and after dealing with the crop prospects in more or less similar terms to the foregoing, deals with the state of domestic business. It reports that the state of domestic business, reveals no special features, being satisfactory as a whole, with retail trade profiting from an unprecedentedly large tourist traffic. Iron and steel industries are well employed; cotton textile mills operate at about 70 per cent of capacity; production of artificial silk is at a higher ratio, boot and shoe factories are moderately busy, wholesale trade is at normal summer level. Mercantile mortality for the first half of the current year showed 1,153 failures as compared with 968 for the same period of last year this reflecting continued pressure upon the smaller merchants by departmental and chain store organizations.

Both building and engineering construction show little sign of abatement, the estimated value of new contracts in July, \$38,360,000 being 51 per cent in excess of last year, and the highest July of record. Business building ranked first, followed by engineering and residential. Contracts for the elapsed seven months of the year aggregate \$336,062,000, a figure far above any previously recorded. This activity continues to make a large call upon labor, and to create a lively market for builders' supplies.

Prospecting in the mineral field continues on a substantial scale, with increasing production of nickel, copper, gold, coal and oil. In the first seven months of this year gold production in Ontario amounted to \$19,221,000, an increase of \$697,000 over last year. Important mineral developments are under way, and while these take time for fruition, indications are of great wealth being drawn from this source in the not remote future.

ANSWER TO QUERIES

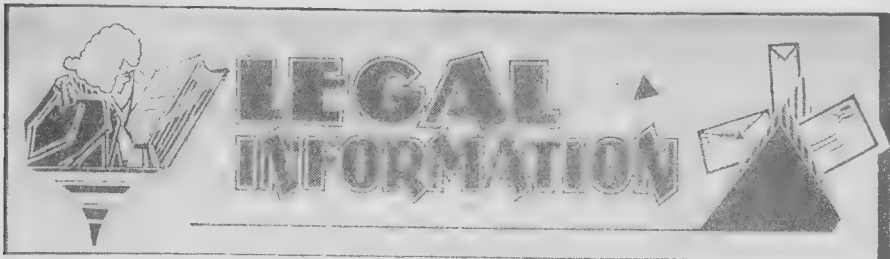
(Q) Do you recommend the purchase of Class "A" Preferred Shares in the Monarch Royalty Corporation? Could you give me any additional information as to this company?

I should also like to know what you consider are good investments for the small investor in the Alberta oil fields.

Any information you can give me in regard to these queries will be greatly appreciated.—L.T.

(A) The Monarch Royalty Corporation is an American Company, and our service does not cover recommendations as to any but Canadian Companies. However, we have ascertained that the Company in question has paid monthly dividends on its Preferred Stock since May, 1923 and has latterly earned a considerable sum in addition. So far no dividend has been paid on the Common Stock to date.

It would appear to us that you would be better advised to purchase the shares of some other better known Alberta Company with an established record of progress and with obvious possibilities for the future. We would consider for a person resident in Alberta where she can keep in close touch with actual developments, such well-known companies as Calmont, Alberta Pacific Consolidated or United Oils would be a much better speculation than shares in the Company in question. More conservative companies would be Royalite or Home Oil, which can be purchased in small lots. You will appreciate that shares in an oil company, except the distributors such as Imperial Oil or British American Oil are highly speculative and hardly a suitable investment for a lady.



This Department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

A DECISION of great interest to parents who have children of school age has lately been decided in Ontario. One of the Ontario cities was sued for damages under the following circumstances:

The city maintained what is known as "supervised playgrounds" for school children. One day a certain school boy went to one of these playgrounds, either to play, as he was in the habit of doing, or to watch a game which was being played. While he was so looking on he happened to be standing close to the supervisor who noticed that another boy was doing something prohibited by the regulations. It was stated that the supervisor went to this boy, took him by the arm and kicked him but did not eject him from the playground. When the supervisor had returned to the place where the first boy was standing the second boy threw a stone at the supervisor, struck him on the hand and injured one of his fingers, thereupon the supervisor went over to him and again punished him and returned to the place where he had first been standing. Again the second boy threw another stone but this time he did not hit the supervisor but struck the first boy, who had evidently been standing in the same place all the time. The result was that the first boy's eye was so injured that it had to be removed. He was in the hospital for some fifteen days, was unable to take his school examinations and the usefulness of the remaining eye was said to be impaired.

An action was started against the city who denied all liability. It admitted that it had established and conducted civic playgrounds throughout the city and had employed supervisors to take charge of them. The Court held that everyone knew that the object of the municipal authorities in setting aside such grounds was to provide places safer than the streets in which children might play and that in the very description of the places as "supervised playgrounds" there was a representation to parents that some care would be taken of such children as were sent there to play. The Court proceeded further to state that if such an invitation on the part of the city were accepted and children were sent to such a playground or went there of their own accord, the city would be under an obligation to make some reasonable effort to protect them from dangers that were known or were reasonably to be apprehended. The Court decided that supervision involved at least some keeping of order, some stopping of fights, some general protection of the children against dangers that were known or were to be apprehended. It further held that the supervisor, having observed the second boy's reaction to the first infliction of punishment, was warned that a repetition of the punishment might be followed by a repetition of the stone throwing. It was pointed out that stones thrown by an angry boy, even though aimed at one person, might be a source of danger to other persons in the vicinity. If, therefore, the supervisor felt bound to repeat the punishment his duty to the other children was to take some care either to prevent the second boy from throwing stones or to protect those other children from such stones as might be thrown. His failure to do this amounted to negligence for which the city was found liable.

The evidence showed that there would be disfigurement, inconvenience, expense, possibly a lessened earning power and perhaps some impairment of the vision of the remaining eye. The evidence showed that the disfigurement was not only in the loss of the eye but also in

the fact that the removal of an eye before the skull attains its full growth causes a certain visible deformation. After considering all the evidence the Court allowed the sum of \$5,000.00 as damages.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Frobisher, Sask.

Q. I have been acting as sub-agent to a firm of distributors. Besides the usual agreement an arrangement was made that if they took the trade in I would get 6 per cent on the retail price of car sold. Two cars were sold on this basis, commission \$130.00. Though I have written to and seen them I can get no satisfactory reply.

What is the best method to recover this commission? I may say that the firm is out of the motor business but still carries on hardware.—H.G.G.

A. You are entitled to sue the firm for any commission due you. You did not state whether it was a partnership or limited company. If it is a partnership the partners remain liable even though they are carrying on a different business. If it is a limited company and has gone out of business then you will have to find out what happened to the assets of the company. If the new company is a limited company which took over the business of the old company you would be entitled to proceed against the assets so taken over. From your letter, however, it looks as if the firm is a partnership and you can proceed as we have stated. You can sue the firm, garnish any moneys due to them and if you are unsuccessful you can have the partners examined as judgment debtors and an order made against them. It seems to us a simple matter to collect if there are any assets which are liable to seizure. Consult your nearest lawyer, i.e. Oxbow, but be sure he is not acting for the firm in question.

Chinook, Alta.

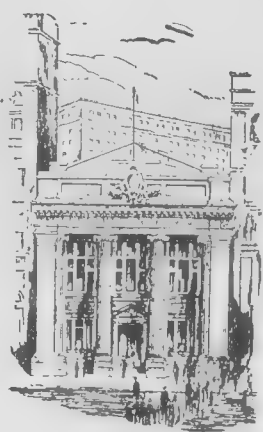
Q. I wish to obtain a divorce but seem unable to secure witnesses to prove my husband's infidelity although I know and he also admits his guilt.

Is there a State in United States to which I could go and reside for one year and obtain a divorce? If so, what State. If so, what would the cost be? What is a lawyer allowed to charge here for his share of the work in obtaining a divorce?—A.M.

A. Under the law of Canada no divorce is valid unless it is obtained in the jurisdiction in which the husband has his legal domicile. "Domicile" used in this way, is a technical term meaning briefly the fixed permanent home of the husband.

If your husband continues to reside in Canada there is no State in the United States or any country outside Canada which can give you a divorce which would be recognized in Canada. There are jurisdictions which would give you a divorce which would be recognized by their Courts, but such a divorce would not be considered legal in any British jurisdiction. We are unable to advise you as to what the costs would be of obtaining a divorce in any State of the United States. In Canada a lawyer is allowed to charge a reasonable sum for the amount of work involved, and the difficulties of obtaining the divorce. We cannot tell you definitely what this amount would be but it would probably amount to about \$300.00. It is not unusual for a solicitor to fix his costs before he commences action, otherwise you would be entitled to have his bill reviewed by the Court and have the Court officials settle the amount to which he is entitled. [Continued on page 63]

Building An Estate



AS IN any other sort of building, there must be a definite plan. It is well to decide upon a certain sum of money to be accumulated within a fixed period of years.

Mentally, you go into debt to the estate and pay to it, regularly and systematically, enough money each year or each quarter, to amount to the desired sum in five, ten, twenty years. You can begin with a single bond—\$1,000, \$500, \$100 and the interest on it will help pay for the second.

Let us send you **FREE** and without obligation our booklet "HOW MONEY MAKES MONEY." It tells plain facts about investments in general. When you have read it we will be glad to consult with you in person or by mail and assist you in planning the accumulation of an estate.

Tune in to our radio talks on "Profitable Investment" CJRW and CJRX every Tuesday at 9.15 p.m., Central Time, CJRM every Wednesday at 12.30 p.m., Mountain Time.

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Have You Any Legal Problems? Remember the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you in next issue.

Friendliness and Courtesy



Whether your Banking needs include only an occasional deposit in a Savings account, or whether you wish to do a national or even an international business you will find this Bank appreciative of your business and serving you in an atmosphere of friendliness and courtesy.

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General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager

904

Your Child...



happiest on regular routine

The same old schedule, day after day. An hour for this. A regular time for that. It sounds dead monotonous. But children simply thrive on this regularity. Surprising, too, how soon they get used to it.

"Why, by the time my baby was just a few months old," declared the modern young mother, "she knew just what was expected of her. Her little body functioned like clockwork. Coax her? I should say not. I found that a spoonful of Nujol every day was far more effective than coaxing. Saved me a lot of time and trouble, too.

"Mothers used to take it for granted that even a healthy baby would be upset when he was teething. Or when he was taken on trips with change of air and water and food. But with Nujol there's no reason why children should ever be thrown off schedule."

Nujol keeps everything natural and normal, under all conditions. It can't possibly upset or disagree with even a tiny baby. For it contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. It's just a pure natural substance. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York. Nujol not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal.

Start your baby now—today—on this priceless habit of regularity. Every bottle of Nujol you buy for him, is so much money invested in his future health. Actually, a bottle of Nujol costs no more than a simple little toy that he might play with a few days. Isn't it worth trying?

Or you might want to buy the large hospital size can of Nujol. It's more economical in the long run. More convenient, too. In sealed packages only.

Experiences of a Pioneer Magistrate

Continued from page 57

in the act of destroying his vegetable patch. The hotel man was furious and at once laid a complaint against him. When the case came up for hearing the defendant did not deny the charge, but pleaded justification in that the plaintiff, by allowing his stock to run at large, had violated the provisions of the "Pound By-law." While my sympathies were entirely with the defendant I could not overlook the fact that he had taken the law into his own hands, so I fined him one dollar, without costs, while I mulcted the plaintiff ten dollars and costs for permitting his animals to run at large. I doubt very much whether this latter decision would have stood law, but anyway it served a good purpose by inducing people who owned stock not to allow them to be a nuisance to their neighbors.

DURING the long winter nights the principal form of amusement consisted of boxing usually between representatives of the English and Canadian elements, the honors mostly going to the former on account of the comparative ignorance of the Ontario men in respect to the science of the art. They were more accustomed to a mixed wrestling and rough and tumble game, and were therefore very much handicapped in a bout with a scientific boxer. They soon rectified this, however, by practice and taking lessons from an ex-army sergeant, when a challenge was issued to the star performer of the English element, our local doctor—an Irishman—by their most competent man in the "noble art" to meet him on a certain Saturday evening in the town hall, when it would be decided who was the champion boxer of the district.

That evening, being somewhat tired and having no interest in that type of sport, I did not attend at the exhibition but instead retired early, expecting to enjoy a peaceful night. I had scarcely fallen asleep however, when the constable burst into the house (we never troubled to lock our doors), greatly excited. He said that a riot was in progress over at the hall, that he had tried his utmost to stop it and failed, and insisted that if I went over there my presence and exhortations might have a pacifying effect. Though I had no particular anxiety to get mixed up in a fracas of that kind I could not very well refuse as judging from the appearance of his face and the state of his clothes, I judged the broil must be of a serious nature. Upon my arrival at the hall which was above one of the stores, the situation certainly looked to me alarming enough. By the smell of the close atmosphere I realized that nearly every one present was half demented by an excessive indulgence in our potent home-brewed "moonshine" whisky, in fact were simply fighting mad and howling like a lot of demons. Scrimmages were being enacted all over the hall, one of which particularly attracted my attention. The leader of the Wallace Lambs, a man of enormous build, with fists of abnormal size, and who lacked both ears, they having been chewed off in a fight in Ontario before he came to Manitoba, had a man in a corner, belaboring him for all he was worth. His victim proved to be one of our principal storekeepers who fortunately had his buffalo coat on which protected him in a great measure from the violent blows of his assailant, otherwise he would certainly have been seriously injured.

The constable brought me a chair, which I at once mounted and harangued them in the most forcible language at my command, to stop making fools of themselves. For an appreciable moment they heeded me, when pandemonium again broke loose and in the subsequent melee my chair was knocked from under me, not, however, I think intentionally. I thereupon concluded that with such a lot of temporary madmen, I could do nothing, also that discretion being the better part of valor, I had better retire and leave them to fight it out, which I promptly did.

[Continued on page 61]



Sewing Machine Tonic!

Has your sewing machine lost its pep? Is it sluggish—hard to operate—irritating?

3-in-One will give it new "vim and vigor," make it run easier—smoother—with less effort—less wear. 3-in-One's the right oil for the electric motor, too. Try it!

3-in-One is a super-oil composed of three different oils—animal, mineral and vegetable—all the highest quality—all scientifically blended in vast steam-jacketed kettles. No wonder 3-in-One has unique properties not found in any ordinary oils!

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Keep Little Ones Well FROM BABYHOOD THRU SCHOOLDAYS.

Mrs. Winslow's Syrup quickly corrects summer complaint, diarrhea, colic, constipation, and teething disturbances. The vegetable oils help baby's system function correctly.

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FEDERAL RUBBER PRODUCTS
Stratford, Ont. Dept. 4
THEY STICK ON

Experiences of a Pioneer Magistrate

Continued from page 60

On the Monday following a number of the participants with faces considerably battered, came to me for summonses against alleged assailants, but I was able in every instance to dissuade the aggrieved one from taking any further action in the matter by explaining that it would be quite impossible to prove an assault against any particular person when such a riot was going on.

It turned out that the trouble arose, so they said, through the actions of the partisans of the respective combatants, in raising or lowering the rope, upon each side of which the chief actors stood, when by so doing it favored or assisted their man. But I imagine the quantity of potent bad liquor imbibed, together with the intense rivalry that had been engendered was the real cause of the unpleasantness, which opinion was confirmed by the fact that when they had sobered up it was soon forgotten and no bad feeling resulted. It, however, put an end to boxing matches for a while, each party claiming a victory.

It is a true saying that "Birds of a feather flock together." This was markedly exemplified in respect to three of our original settlers. They had miles of prairie lands to choose their homesteads from yet by some attraction, notwithstanding that they were utter strangers to each other, they took up adjoining claims when in the interests of the peace of the settlement they should have been nowhere near each other. One hailed from North Yorkshire in England, another from Devonshire, while the third came from Ontario, of what descent I am unaware, but judging from his characteristics I imagined his ancestry must have been Irish. The three of them were equally tarred with the same brush, stubborn to a degree—absolutely impervious to any influence with a view to peaceful intercourse—in fact, continually going about with a chip upon their shoulders, like the proverbial Irishman, that is as regards each other. In respect to their relations with any one else they were most agreeable and accommodating, besides being most successful farmers. Scarcely a month passed that I did not have to adjudicate upon a charge of assault laid by one of them due to this total inability on their part to agree with each other on any subject.

On one occasion when the ex-game-keeper from Devonshire was the complainant and the defendant his neighbor from Ontario, the former had as his chief witness to the alleged assault, a pert young Englishman, whom I had on previous trials been obliged to reprove for this objectionable manner in Court, which I think he adopted in the way of bravado. In this instance, upon being sworn, he threw his leg over a chair and started chewing tobacco. I at once brought him to task for such unseemly behavior, whereupon he conducted himself for a short time with due regard to the position he was in, when he again offended in the same manner. I thereupon fined him twenty dollars for contempt of Court and instructed the Constable to keep him in custody until the fine was paid. This drastic action on my part so astonished the gentleman in question that I had no further trouble with him and his evidence was such that it was proved conclusively the complainant had been the victim of a serious assault.

When the court adjourned and before the witness could leave the hall he was attacked in a most vicious manner by the son of the defendant, a strapping muscular youth, which action necessitated a reconvening of the court, when he also was fined heavily and bound over to keep the peace. These trials had the effect of making the belligerent realize that I was not to be trifled with and resulted in a truce being entered into between them, which lasted until the Canadian fortunately took himself to another world, while the Devonian contracted a severe malady that incapacitated him from engaging in any

further warfare, so that the man from Yorkshire being left sole master of the situation and having no one to quarrel with, the neighborhood relapsed into a peaceful state, much to my gratification.

I have already stated that only once was any decision of mine appealed against and that was in connection with a provincial political contest Finlay Young, Speaker of the House, and representative for the constituency of Killarney, was opposed by George Lawrence, and the result of the election virtually depended upon how the Crofters voted. They had previously always supported the Liberals. When the contest was at its height, word was sent me that Lawrence, accompanied by a Nova Scotian highlander, who could talk the "two tongues" was canvassing the Crofters, also that they were well supplied with whisky, which was being lavishly dispensed out of a silver cup that, so the story ran, "Bonny" Prince Charlie had drank out of at the battle of Culloden and it was therefore feared if something were not done immediately to counteract this insidious campaign the vote would be lost to Young. Now there was an old lady in the town—a perfect fanatic on temperance—whom I indirectly managed to acquaint about this nefarious proceeding on the part of Lawrence, also to advise her that it was her duty to put a stop to it. She promptly rose to the fly, not from any political motive, because she had no leanings in that respect, and at once laid an information against Lawrence and his companion, demanding that I should issue a warrant for their arrest. There was sufficient justification for me to do so, his attempt to secure votes in that manner being a direct violation of the provisions of the Election Act, regarding bribery, which it certainly was, but under the circumstances I decided to issue a summons instead, which I handed to the constable who followed Lawrence to Killarney and there served him with it. This soon became known throughout the constituency, and particularly amongst the Crofters, which, together with the great influence I had over them, prevented any of their votes being polled against Young when the election took place shortly afterwards, and he was, as usual, duly returned.

Subsequently Lawrence had to appear before me, for notwithstanding all my efforts I could not persuade the old dame to withdraw her charge. I expected from the beginning that I would be able to influence her to do so when the election was over, but I had reckoned without my hostess. She would as regards any question excepting one having the slightest connection with whisky, have been, so far as I was concerned, like clay in the potters hands, so that I had to proceed with the hearing of the charge.

When the trial came off Lawrence had W. A. MacDonald (now Justice MacDonald of British Columbia) from Brandon, down to defend him, but the prosecutrix easily proved her charge by a number of the Crofters themselves, whom she summoned as witnesses. I had, therefore, no alternative but to fine him fifty dollars, the minimum one I could inflict. He appealed to Judge Ryan at Portage la Prairie and never had to pay it because from that day to this the judge has not given a decision. When I afterwards occasionally met him I would say jokingly, "Judge, when are you going to give a decision in that Lawrence case," to which his usual reply, with a smile, was, "Oh, I do not think the delay will hurt any one," and it is needless to say that I agreed with him.

Notwithstanding all the penalties for various unlawful practices that I inflicted upon the unruly, a few of which I have related, they never, in any instance appeared to bear me any ill-feeling. I transacted all their business, getting them out of many difficulties, and when I had to leave the settlement for the Coast, on account of ill health, my departure was regretted by the community.

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{ how they're kept free from corns }

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Famous Feet

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Blue-jay ends a corn with gentle ease. The cool, creamy-white pad snuggles down "bulgelessly" over the toe, ending the pain at once. The "controlled" medication is just enough to remove the corn painlessly, and swiftly. Unskilled cornparing is dangerous, Blue-jay is safe and sure. At all drug stores. For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.

Blue-jay

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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

What a pity youth isn't judged by the shoulders and back!



HER shoulders and back are so lovely—so young looking. But—youth is arbitrarily judged by the face and neck—the arms and hands, even the legs in these days of cob-webby stockings or no stockings at all. And this skin—originally as firm and smooth as the shoulders—soon coarsens and looks rough.

Why do shoulders stay young?

Simply because they're shielded from exposure. Sun, dust and wind, cold and heat, rob the skin of its moisture, roughen it, take away its youthful texture, little by little, every day. Yet—there's no great mystery to keeping the skin young—indefinitely—with just a little well-planned intelligent care.

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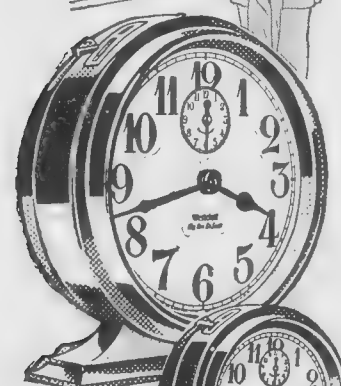
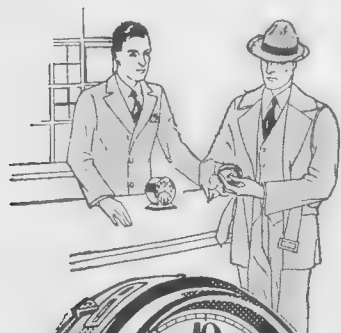
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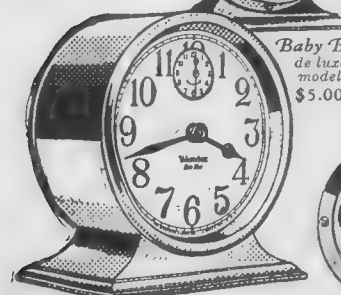
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WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited
Peterborough, Ont.

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Made in Canada

When Jinja Came to Town

Continued from page 17

conscience to this evil deed. After all, the forest was an elephant's sphere and not Mrs. Hogan's yard.

"It's the only solootion. Disillusion was at last complete.

So Joe mounted a mule, and with a whole army of horse and foot following him, he led the trustful victim out into the wilds. And there they left him sniffing at queer blossoms, or gazing at a blue horizon, where giraffes and zebras seemed to call the bulky Baby home . . . Meanwhile the human traitors made hell-for-leather back to town by all sorts of devious ways.

But Jinja was home before them, in Hogan's yard! With eyes that fairly talked the piteous Babe squealed out for milk, with bananas on the side to stock a suburban shop.

Fanny was in a terrible state.

"He's gotta go!" she raged. "He's eatin' up our home!"

As a last effort a freight car was hitched to an engine and Jinja hauled off into a far country. Once more he came back; a little wan and worn, perhaps, but with forgiveness and reproach in both his eyes, and every known trunk call of imperious demand.

"It's the homin' instinct," Mayor Moore explained to his admiring people—and to the Hogans too. "Pigeons have it. Fishes have it. We see it right here. Ain't it marv'llous?"

Jinja confirmed the wonder with a wave and a scream which reduced his owner's wife to gibbering protest.

The sands of time were running out. Tomorrow morning the erratic Malindi train would set out again on tortuous travels to the outer world, winding up at the birthplace of Father Nile himself in a world of waters where Dave and Joe had a gorgeous time . . .

"Joe," began Mrs. Hogan when she could speak at all, "if you go off an' leave him on me han's they'll be murder done. I'll get a gun—"

"Oh, Fanny!"

"What else? Where am I to get it?" Her husband looked away from so dreadful a face.

"Don't you dare leave this beast in my house! Take him back where you found him, or I'll fly off with the children an' leave you to feed your own dam Jinja. Take him back, I say!"

"It's a solootion." Joe uttered this to stop her. Fanny was breaking up, he feared . . .

It was a sad brakeman that packed up that night for the morrow's parting, with Bess and Pete to help or hinder his preparations. The children were in tears at this impending stroke. Their mother was in the kitchen cooking things; for the sense of duty never failed in Fanny Hogan.

"Our darlin Jinja," sobbed the little girl at last. "Let's go out an' kiss him good-bye."

The three stole into the untidy yard in a night of moon-blaze like broad day, and jungle sounds pervading the bright peace.

There loomed their pet, under a clump of ragged banana-palms, whose vast leaves seemed to stoop in pity over the waif. How forlorn he stood, this jolly little beast whose passion for milk passed the limits of any fairy-tale ever told to an eager child.

"Jin-ja!"

Young Pete was cuddling him in every way. Bess rained kisses on his massive head, then she hopped on to his domy back with caressive voice and tremulous hands.

But Jinja gave no sign.

"He knows!" their father murmured gloomily.

"He's cryin'," Bess burst out. "Tha's what he's doin', Dad!"

"Cryin' to hisself," her brother added.

"Oh, Jin-ja!"

Come away, kids," the father and ex-owner choked. "It's his keep," he went on with sudden shame. "They's no solootion!"

[Continued on page 63]

Chapped Hands are Social Outcasts



THEY just don't belong. They express bad form more clearly than an ill-fitting frock. If they're red, rough and unsightly, they hurt your self-esteem—and hurt your rating in the eyes of others.

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When Jinja Came to Town

Continued from page 62

"He's cold"! Pete decided. "Let's put him in the kitchen f'r tonight."

"The las' night," mourned the girl. Oh, do, Dad! I'll go an' see if all's clear."

It was. Jinja was led in there—and all but fell through a floor that never knew such a tread. The little beast was listless and docile. Three plotters gave him all the milk they could lay their hands on. Then came a last farewell from a warm and grateful trunk—that called out for more and yet more of it!

"JOE!"

"Ye-e-as"? he drawled at her in the small hours . . .

"JOE!"

"Wha' izzet, girl?"

"Don' you hear somethin'? Listen . . ."

He sat up with the quick tenseness born of life in the wilds. A stupendous tread was moving. In a flash Hogan was out of bed, and grabbed his express rifle.

A long, vengeful scream broke on the night, followed by familiar squeals and kickings.

Crash! A series of rending upheavals tore the house to pieces with diabolic rage. Roof and walls came tumbling down and out in uproarious dust and dire confusion, with terrible thumps beating all over the din and the shrieks of Fanny and her children.

"Joe!—God!—What is it?"

A monstrous phantom loomed up in the wreck as though Jinja had swollen to twenty times his bulk.

Hogan had no time to aim at that enormous head. He shot anyhow. A screeching blast followed the explosion, with thunders of destruction after that.

The enormous brute was turning the house upside down, burying the family in a choking terror past any further cries. Joe had no chance with his second barrel. This was the end of the world! They had dropped into the Pit of Hell, with their sins searing them like red-hot irons!

HERE was all Malindi to the rescue, with every weapon they could seize, and anybody's garment covering nakedness. Even Padre Loos had a gun in one hand and a first-aid kit in the other.

"Did you see that cow"? Dave Macrae was yelling. "Makin' off like a mount'n with her calf in front!"

Work on the ruins had begun. Mayor Moore was shouting orders, as the iron sheets and timbers were lifted with care and skill.

Fanny was hauled out first—a limp and lifeless figure, all bruises and blood. She surprised no one by sitting up presently to ask: "Who's goin' to pay us for all this?"

Neither were the children greatly hurt. Falling inward, the walls had held up the roof-sheets from them. Joe was in bad shape, though no bones were broken.

"Might ha' been worse," he chirped at the crowd, as the medical missionary washed his wounds.

God's mercy! the good man reminded him. "That elephant's mind was on her lost babe. If she'd seen you—any of you—one stamp of a six-ton leg, then a plucking of limb from limb! I saw it done, sir, up in the Aberdeen range. A black man it was, but—"

Excited babble buzzed amid the wreck as the victims were lifted into a mule-cart and taken along to Mrs. Moore's.

"Don't you worry," Dick was assuring Fanny as the procession swayed down the moonlit jungle street. "I'll hold up the train till Joe's all right."

That survivor had lit his pipe and was already whispering jokes to his mate Macrae who walked beside the wagon clad in odd pyjamas much too small for him. . . . This was a night of history.

"I'm puttin' it over big," the mayor told the victims and participators alike. "On both sides o' th' Atlantic. Oh, a staggerin' story f'r th' world's press! Lots o' human interes'—AN' the touchin' animal side." Fanny asked his wife to stop him in this stuff.

They put the poor soul to bed and sent away the crowd—though gossip groups stood about till morning going over the event.

"Is there anything you'd like, dear"? Mrs. Moore put to the invalid at breakfast-time.

"Just a cup o' tea."

"With milk"?

Fanny shook a shuddering head.

"Couldn't bear the sight o' it!"

"And wha's more," she added with a flash of her old self—propping herself up on two determined arms—"tell Dick I don' wanna hear another word about 'Mother-love'—eether in man OR beast!"

Legal Information

Continued from page 59

The admission of your husband, if made to a party other than yourself, can be used in support of your case, unless the Court believes that these admissions are not true and made simply to facilitate the granting of a divorce.

Camrose, Alta.

Q. I was working for a certain party here in town, having \$85.00 per month and being paid every two weeks. I was taken sick and was laid up three weeks. The next day after I was taken to the Hospital I asked one of my neighbors who came to see me if he would go and speak to my boss and ask him if he would hold my job for me and he promised him he would. Two weeks after I was taken sick my boss got a brother-in-law of his in my place and said nothing to me until I hunted him up towards the end of the third week when I was going to tell him I was coming back the following Monday. He told me then that he had put this man in my place and I was out of a job.

What I want to know is, can he put me out that way without a bit of notice, and if not how much notice should I have, and what can I do about it?—O.B.O.

A. The first question to decide is whether you were engaged from month to month, that is to say, on a monthly basis, or for each two weeks, your salary to be paid at a monthly rate.

This is a question of fact which depends absolutely on the agreement arrived at between you and your employer. If nothing definite were said we are of the opinion that your employment was of a monthly nature. If this is true you are entitled to a month's notice. If, however, the evidence shows otherwise you are entitled to two weeks' notice. In the second place the rule of law is that a servant is entitled to his wages or salary during absence through temporary illness, provided that the contract of service remains in existence during that time and that he is ready and willing to carry out his duties save for the incapacity produced by the illness. This rule is subject to the exception that if it can be proved that it is the custom in the district in the particular trade or business in which you are employed that no wages are paid during illness you would therefore not be entitled to wages. We assume however, that there is no such custom.

In your case the contract was in existence because your employer definitely agreed to take you back. You are thus entitled to three weeks' wages during the time of your illness and either two weeks' or a month's wages in lieu of notice, depending on the answer to the first question. If you consult a solicitor refer him to Montague vs. G.T.P. Development Co. 1915, 8 W.W.R. 528, 23 D.L.R. 355.



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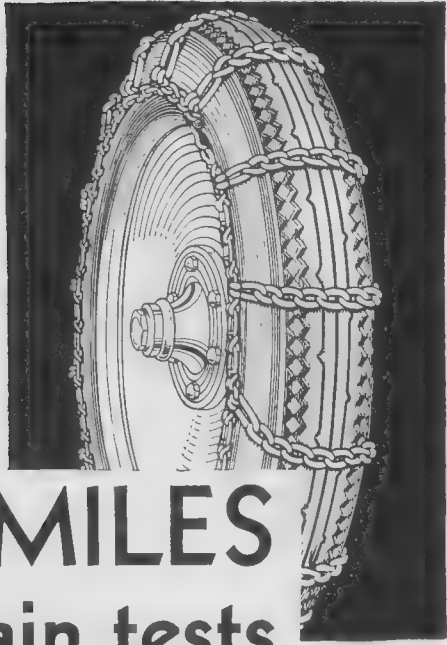
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Why You Can't Escape Colds

Continued from page 28

A distinguished colleague of mine was a great believer in the value of whisky for colds. In the days before Prohibition, he once employed his treatment on me.

"Here is the bottle," he said at my bedside. "Take a teaspoonful every half hour."

"How shall I know when I have had enough?"

"Look at the bedpost," he answered. "When you see two bedposts, you have had the proper dose."

The treatment was a marvellous success. When I woke up, the cold was completely gone. But that was four days later.

Whisky in lemonade is a favorite prescription for colds. Like "the quality of mercy" of which Mr. Shakespeare speaks so highly, "it is twice blest: It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Whisky is what the average person expects when he goes to a doctor. But he seldom gets this blessing, because physicians do not relish the prospect of having to prove that they are not bootleggers if they happen to make a mistake in filling out a federal prescription form.

An associate of mine recently missed his book of federal blanks for prescribing whisky and suspected his colored chauffeur. When the druggist casually asked why he prescribed spirits only for colored patients, his suspicions were strengthened.

Several days later, the servant failed to appear for duty. Early in the afternoon, the telephone rang. It was the chauffeur.

"Why aren't you here?" asked the doctor angrily.

"Ah can't come, Boss," was the humble reply. "Ah's in jail. D' dries got me!"

But for months afterward colored patients came at office hours, beseeching my friend to tell them where "the colored doctor who had cured them of their misery" could be found.

Such is the popularity of whisky and lemonade!

My wife claims considerable success in treating colds. Her greatest medical triumph was in the case of our colored elevator man, Slim, whom she "cured of bad misery in the nose." Slim himself has far greater confidence in her ability as a physician and never consults me on anything more important than the weather.

The little lady was coming up on the elevator, when Slim, very obsequiously, said, "Missus, seein' as you am a doctah's wife, Ah thought you might advise me about mah health."

"Why, what's the matter, Slim?" she asked.

"Ah's got bad misery in d' head or nose, Ah dunno w'ich. Ah thinks d' doctah calls it affection an' information."

"Why didn't you ask the doctor himself?"

"Ah did," he insisted, "but he jus' said, 'Lemme out right away,' an' walked up d' rest." (He spoke the truth. Safety first!)

Then my wife proceeded to advise him professionally, while he thanked her profusely between coughs and sneezes.

The next day Slim beamed at me as I rode down in the elevator.

"Tell yo' wife she am d' best doctah in d' world," he said.

"Yes, but she am also sick with 'bad misery in d' nose,'" was my sarcastic reply.

Slim's microbes had done their work.

THERE are some infallible rules for treating a cold, the value of which nobody can dispute. The most important is to go to bed and stay there for at least one day. In this way, one will not only avoid complications but also keep from spreading the infection to others. [Continued on page 65]



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WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water"

KEEPS BABY WELL

Why You Can't Escape Colds

Continued from page 64

It is well to keep a thermometer on hand, learn how to use it, and call a doctor as soon as the temperature reaches 100 degrees. Fever is the surest sign that a cold is becoming dangerous.

Hot baths and other measures to promote perspiration have proved their value as an aid in overcoming colds. How they act is hard to state. For my part, I believe that the steam inhaled during the bath is most important, because warm vapors are known to be beneficial to inflamed mucous membranes.

Lemons and oranges are a great help. They are rich in citric acid, which becomes an alkaline salt in the body and thus counteracts acidity in the mucous membrane of the nose. The microbes of coryza, it is believed, thrive on an acid soil.

But what to do for a cold depends on individual circumstances. The doctor who is called upon to treat colds usually does not follow a hard and fast rule but prescribes according to the conditions he finds.

All physicians are agreed that a cold should never be neglected. It is far from being the innocent nuisance that many people seem to consider it. In fact, a cold may be the forerunner of serious illness. Taking into account the dangers, I should much prefer to have a man with an early cold punch me on the nose than sneeze in my face; provided, of course, that he did not punch too hard.

If you counted up all the days of disability during your lifetime, you would probably find that colds took

away more days of work and ruined more social engagements than all other illnesses combined.

In the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company it was found that 6,770 clerical employees had, during a period of one year, 2,824 cases of common cold so severe as to make them unable to work. Also, the majority of these clerks had milder colds, too, which did not compel them to stay away from business but nevertheless kept them from doing their best work.

Uncle Sam's statistics with regard to how frequent colds are furnish meat for thought. The United States Public Health Service, after studying more than 20,000 individuals, found that the average number of colds a year is three and seven-tenths per person. Very few, indeed, escape a cold in the course of a year.

Because of its tremendous frequency, the common cold probably causes more loss in dollars and cents than any other disease. Yet there are two sovereign remedies which would control this everyday illness, if they were only obeyed:

Every person with a cold should stay in bed and keep away from others during the first twenty-four hours of his illness.

A nation-wide campaign should be started to compel coughers and sneezers to use their handkerchiefs for the protection of the public.

If these two simple rules were only followed by everybody, it would not be necessary to go to Baffin Bay, Greenland or the North Pole to escape a cold this winter.

The Radiant Face

Continued from page 22

Ronny boy, don't you see, don't you see?"

Escape was out of the question; he simply had to give in. His face went so hot: "After having had it rated I dropped some of the stamps," he began thickly. "It was the busiest hour of the day—the lobby was crowded—people were coming in and out all the time. The stamps were caught in a draught from the door and scattered across the floor. I put the packet on the desk for a moment to chase them, and when I turned it was gone.

"And then you telephoned to the office—and they—they suspected you and made you answer all sorts of questions. They even sent that wretch of a man out here. As if they didn't know!"

"But you see, Ma," he persisted breathlessly, "but you see, Ma, they couldn't do otherwise. I was responsible for the thing. But they've let me go at last, haven't they?"

"They have—and dismissed you. They couldn't prove that you took it, yet they treated you like that! It's not right, not right, Ronny boy." Her weak fingers crushed his shoulder again. "Is that what they call a proper act—without proof to turn you away and as good as label you dishonest? I'd like to tell them what I think, but, oh, what can I do? I'm tied here helpless and shall be for the rest of my days. I've got to stay here and feel all their unjust suspicions. And what'll it be like when you are gone? Ronny boy, why must you go?"

"It's the best thing for me to do, Ma. You want a Gowan to be sneered at and unable to convince people that he is innocent? No, you don't want that. After I've been away a couple of months they will have forgotten, almost. I couldn't stand it here. You'll be all right if Mrs. Pickman keeps looking after you?"

"It'll be all right, I suppose," she answered dully. Then: "Tied here helpless! Forced to stand unjust suspicions! Mother of a thief!"

"Oh, why don't you see it as I do?" he urged. "Why won't you try, Ma? Won't you try?"

"Show me the man who can point his finger at me or mine! And yet you say that!"

"But you should." He was desperate now. "You've always done right, Ma. You've always believed. You've always known that men and women have been unjustly suspected and ill-thought-of. That's how it is, Ma, and you've got to see it like that. You can't go back now."

She gave out a sound that took all power of persuasion from him. But, after a little while it seemed that his prayer was to be answered, for she strained her weak eyes to the rows of texts that hung, for her, in gold-framed indistinctness on the walls, and tried to read them one by one. She reached over to the blur of her Bible and patted it. She kept turning it over and glancing from it to the misty brightnesses on the walls. He felt relieved. Presently she spoke and her words were soft and patient.

"Come here, Ronny boy. Let me feel you close to me as I used to when you were a baby—it seems such a little while ago. That's right....Did you pray for me just now?...Oh, Ronny boy, you've been so calm and steady through all this, so much that I haven't, but should have been. You've shown me the way. Fancy that—shown the way to one whose duty it was to have shown it to you. That's wonderful—wonderful. I see—I'll try to see—that this is sent as a test from God—a test for my pride. He has been mighty easy with me, for I've had these years of life and a good deal of happiness. I shouldn't complain."

"Oh, Ma, I like to hear you say that," he cried, utterly thankful. "It's fine to know that you aren't going to let this turn you from all that is real and good. You see that I have got to go and that I'll stand a better chance after I've been away?"

"I see it, I see it. Who knows," she added with a smile that was already trusting and thankful, "who knows but that you may have been in need of some such change and that this is Heaven's way of giving it to you?"

"Ma!" he exclaimed, and that was all he could say. [Continued on page 66]



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PHILLIPS

Milk of Magnesia

The Radiant Face

Continued from page 65

His breath was held in the grand realization that she was back where she belonged, back among the faithful.

And as he buckled up his valise he was conscious of his being surrounded by the quiet glow of his mother, who lay there patting her Bible. Dear, sweet old lady! So—How could you describe her? You just felt her, that was all.

"Got all your things ready?" she asked. "Everything you'll need?" and there was eagerness in her voice.

And when he had put on his coat she called him and made him sit at her side. She reached out for his hand. For a few moments she bowed her white head and then her lips gave out the gold of a thankful benediction.

"Good-bye, Ronny boy. God bless you. You've made me stronger, stronger than I ever thought I could be. 'And a little child shall lead them.' How wonderful that is. This has been just a test for me. They'll yet hear that the name of Gowan is untarnished. But I'll be meek and patient. It will all come out in proper time and in the right way."

His hand was almost broken by the gentle love of her hold. "I'll write often," he tried to say. "Oh—oh I am so glad to see you like this!"

"Have no fears for me, Ronny boy. It is simple to me now—now that I've conquered my pride. The packet was stolen from you, and you were blamed, and the company told you to go—and it was all done for some good purpose, for the Lord moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Your faith and the way you accepted it all has been a splendid thing to me, Ronny boy. You go now, leaving your old Ma happy in the knowledge that the teaching she has given you has borne fruit and made you able to stand abuse and unjust suspicion without complaint." She kissed him. "Ronny boy, I am proud of you."

ALL THE way . . . all the way along the road he felt the trust of that kiss . . . and the agony of those words. She was proud of him. She thought that he was honest . . . just all that a Gowan should be. And he . . . Oh those words and that kiss! His head ached . . . after the awful strain of that scene . . . found his mind bundling over the events of its cause unable . . . absolutely unable to resist their condemning fascination.

In the first place he'd been a fool he'd been a fool to steal the packet. If—but why blame him? He should never have allowed himself to be persuaded. Jackson had turned on him, too. That's how he had been found out. Well, he was really glad of that now. It showed him once and for all what worthlessness Jackson and his kind are.

Of course, the two months . . . but then, they did not daunt him. The part that had hurt had been the realization that he must tell Ma that he would have to go away. Her bright pride—so ill, too. He simply had had to guard her from the truth. It was a terrible situation, and he had not known what to do. Then had come thoughts of Sergeant Adams, of his sympathy and unexpected gentleness in making the arrest. And so he'd told him everything quite easily, for he was very much ashamed of himself. The sergeant had agreed eagerly that it would never do to let his mother know the truth—he'd have to deceive her for her own sake. There was no way out of it. Mothers were wonderful. No, for her the name of Gowan certainly must remain untarnished.

They had gone over the circumstances. Ma was an invalid—unable to get around; her sight was failing—she couldn't read the newspapers; she lived all this distance from town and the nearest neighbors—her chances of learning the truth were practically nil. Everything was so favorable, and Mrs. Pickman could be trusted. He was a very, very lucky boy. Of course, some

[Continued on page 67]

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MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

New Canadians

Continued from page 13

minimum of expense. Alberta's Ukrainian settlers are making good as Canadian citizens; they have become successful farmers and business men and the children of the immigrants are taking their places with their purely Canadian neighbors in a manner that is most gratifying. Many schools have been established to serve the children of these foreign parents and in many cases these schools are taught by young men and young women who are of Ukrainian extraction.

SOME time ago I had occasion to visit a Ukrainian school with forty pupils and the ideas and ideals that had been given these children by an English teacher were inspiring. Before the completion of my visit the children were asked to sing, and their rendering of "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf Forever," and "God Save the King," would have done credit to the children whose forefathers came to the New World on the Mayflower.

The park-like country east of Edmonton in which the Ukrainian people have formed their principal settlement is dotted with schools which are attended by New Canadian children, born of Ukrainian parents. In these schools the children learn more than reading, writing and arithmetic. The elements of Canadian citizenship are imparted to them and their knowledge will react to the benefit of the nation more and more as time goes on. It is common for schools to be ruled by trustees who came from the Old Land a decade or more ago and the confidence that has been placed in the school boards has not been misplaced.

Hand in hand with educational freedom and assistance has gone religious freedom and many fine churches grace the towns and country districts of the Ukrainians. The church is more, too, than a meeting-place for weekly worship; it is the community centre and Ukrainian holidays are the gala days of the year when the people gather around the churchyard to celebrate the newly-found contentment.

The Government of the Province of Alberta has dealt generously with these people. Assistance has been given in the formation of livestock associations, the

organization of school fairs, poultry marketing associations and demonstration bodies.

CANADA is far too new and far too rich a country to become the mere homing place for transient Ukrainian settlers; the right to own a home, to cultivate land and to have a voice in the affairs of a future great nation holds an appeal to these newcomers and they are bearing their rightful share in the up building of the nation.

Prominent among the young men of Ukrainian extraction who have taken the leadership among the new generation is Michael Luchkovich, who sits as Member of Parliament for the constituency of Vegreville, Alberta. Mr. Luchkovich first came to Canada as a lad, unused to the ways of the new country and with only a mere grasp of the English language. His career has been a high light in the progress of his people and he is taking his place in the Canadian Parliament as the standard-bearer of his race. He is the first Canadian of Ukrainian stock to sit in the Federal Parliament, and, like many others, used the teaching profession as a stepping-stone to his present position. Mr. Luchkovich has worked his own way up the various steps of the ladder, first a teacher, then a law student in chambers with an Edmonton firm. He has shown a keen interest in all matters that have to do with the welfare of the nation and particularly with the welfare of the newcomers to our shores.

Our federal and provincial rulers apparently recognize the possibilities and potentialities of the Ukrainian influx, and the Departments of Agriculture of Canada and Alberta are at present represented in this province by trained men whose parents came to this country but a few short years ago.

Whether or not the believers in the policy of encouraging none but British settlers to enter Canada are those who have the correct view it cannot be gainsaid that the Ukrainian people who have come to Canada up to the present time have made a decided contribution to the development of the Dominion and are entitled to a meed of credit for this contribution.

The Radiant Face

Continued from page 66

sentence had to be given, but the sergeant said he would see the judge about that. One of the company's representatives had come out and made a big fuss. Ma had just about gone frantic. He never came again—Sergeant Adams said he wouldn't. As for the packet, he, Ronald, had returned it himself with an addition in the form of the frankest self-condemnation he could put into words at the time. The senior partner, however, had barked for what he termed a demonstration of protective justice. And so—two months.

But he had served some of his sentence already—the phase of it that really mattered. This day with Ma had been the most agonizing of his life. Despite its sympathy, the hand of arrest had been shocking enough, but now a far more subtle contrition had eaten into his heart. Remorse! To see Ma's trust, the guiding treasure of her life almost broken because of his faithlessness! Ma—doubting. Going back on her belief that all was for the best! Unable to ease his heart by confession to her! All the day! For ever! Never to be forgotten!

There...there was the sergeant... waiting at the bend of the road... quite a long way from the house... so as to arouse no suspicion. Kind of him...very kind indeed. He had promised to do the letter writing business...and to persuade Mrs. Hanson and Mrs. Wilcox to call on Ma. That was to ease her...complete her peace. But...somehow...why couldn't he

dismiss thoughts of the lie, his enormous lie to her? If he could only...convince himself...that it would be pardoned...that it was acceptable! It was deception after all, no matter what justification he had seen for it at the time. It was false. It wasn't right. Before, he wouldn't have worried about it...but now he couldn't help but do so. This moral conscientiousness had proved to be the...final significance...of it all.

His head throbbed...his body felt limp. Oh, for something...something to comfort and buoy him. This feeling himself being wandered on in the dusk, so heavy, so...utterly heavy...

At last came an outburst of prayer. He turned his face upward.

And...and as if in answer, after a moment the forest ranger's light began to glimmer from Mount Benson above. It held him. It fascinated him—for it seemed that through the spiritual grandeur of the trees that light glowed with a symbolic and forgiving calm. It thrilled him as a sign from Heaven Itself—and of a sudden his load dropped away. Something in the holiness above told him that everything...that everything was all right.

And he went on his way happy.

The boat had long left Nanaimo—Vancouver Island had darkened from view—the night air was cold and gusty—but on the rear deck he remained. He was still looking westward and his face was radiant and upturned.

Sergeant Adams says that the face was the finest sight he has ever seen.



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By Gertrude Dutton

When Tomatoes are Ripe

FORTUNATE are those who have quantities of ripe tomatoes for several weeks in the late summer and fall. A surplus may be canned, but those commercially canned are so inexpensive that they should be used very frequently all through the year. They are very rich in vitamins A, B and C, besides several of the minerals, such as iron, calcium and phosphorous. Much experimenting has taught us that canned tomatoes, a little of the juice, is fully as valuable for preventing rickets, as orange juice or fresh green vegetables. Especially should the small children be encouraged to eat them as freely as possible. In many of the large hospitals, the juice, either fresh or canned, is given to even tiny babies.

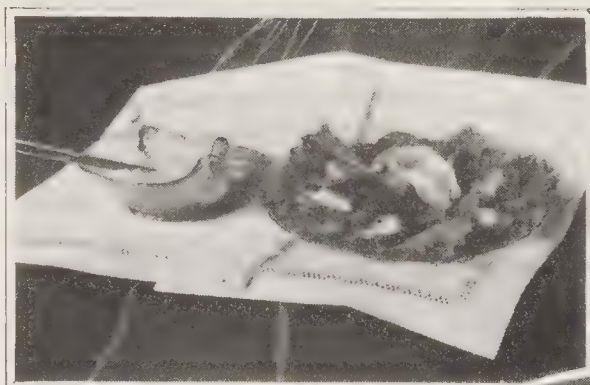
There are many interesting ways of using ripe tomatoes, besides merely slicing them and serving with salt, pepper, salad dressing, vinegar, sugar, etc. There are several good salad combinations which give variety to the menu:

1. Tomatoes with cabbage and celery.
2. Sliced tomatoes, sprinkled with grated raw carrot.
3. Sliced tomatoes sprinkled with grated cheese.
4. Tomatoes with cottage cheese balls.
5. Tomatoes with hard-cooked eggs and green peppers.
6. Tomatoes and green peppers.
7. Tomatoes, cucumbers and green peppers.
8. Tomatoes, cabbage and green peppers.
9. Tomatoes, cooked lima beans and green peppers.
10. Tomatoes with peas and celery.
11. Tomatoes and string beans.
12. Whole tomatoes, from which the centre has been scooped, and the cavity filled with one of the following mixtures:
 1. Cabbage, celery, tomato pulp and salad dressing.
 2. Shredded pineapple.
 3. Chopped apple and nut meats.
 4. Celery and apple.
 5. Celery and nut meats.
 6. Diced cucumbers.
 7. Cabbage and chopped green pepper.
 8. Cabbage, cucumber, and chopped parsley, and grated onion.
 9. Chopped hard-cooked egg.
 10. Diced fish, salmon, tuna, finnan haddie, etc.
 11. Cubes of cooked chicken.
 12. Cabbage, canned lobster, or shrimp.
 13. Cabbage and grated cheese.
 14. Shredded pineapple and cottage cheese.

All of the above mixtures should be moistened with the pulp removed from the tomato cup, salad dressing, and seasoned with salt and pepper.

Tomato Cocktail

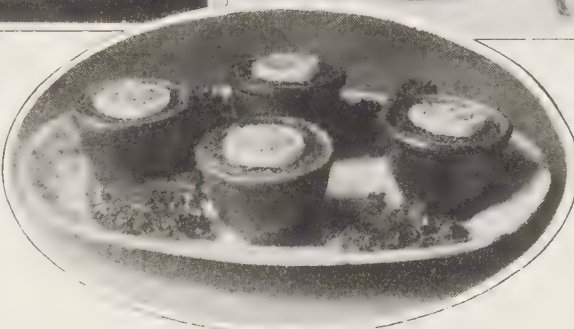
Strain tomato juice, either fresh or canned, season well with salt and pepper, and one or two bay leaves, and chill. Serve in small glasses, very cold, having removed the bay leaf when ready to pour into the glasses.



Top left: Baked stuffed tomato.



Top right: tomato with cottage cheese balls.



Lower: Scalloped potato and tomato.

Scalloped Tomatoes

Peel the tomatoes if wished, put in a buttered bake dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs, season and dot with butter. Have a layer of crumbs on top. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Scalloped Potato and Tomato

Arrange alternate layers of sliced cooked potatoes and of sliced tomatoes in a buttered bake-dish. Sprinkle each layer of tomato with a little chopped onion, and season well. When all are put in the dish, pour over the mixture white sauce, to which grated cheese or finely chopped hard-cooked eggs may be added to make a more substantial dish. Sprinkle crumbs over the top and dot with butter. Brown in the oven.

Scalloped Cabbage and Tomato

In a buttered bake-dish, put alternate layers of chopped cooked cabbage and slices of tomato, season, pour

over a white sauce, sprinkle with crumbs, dot with butter and bake half an hour.

With Rice or Macaroni

Cooked rice, macaroni or spaghetti may be used in place of the potato or cabbage in one of the above recipes. A little chopped cooked meat may be added.

Baked Stuffed Tomatoes

Wash tomatoes, but do not peel. Cut a slice from the stem end, and scoop out the pulp, fill with a mixture of crumbs, chopped cooked meat, cheese, celery, nut meats, corn cut from the cob, etc., season, sprinkle crumbs on top, dot with butter and bake in a buttered dish till tender, and serve hot.

Spanish Rice

Mix together cooked rice, a little onion chopped and cooked till yellow, in butter, seasonings, either ripe tomatoes cut in small pieces, or stewed or canned tomatoes, and either chopped or grated cheese or chopped cooked meat. Bake in a buttered dish till hot, and the tomatoes are cooked if raw ones are used.

Stewed Tomatoes

Wash and peel the tomatoes, and cut in fourths or sixths, add a small onion, chopped, cook till soft, and season with salt, pepper, a little butter and a very small amount of sugar (about 1/2 teaspoonful will be enough for a dish for five or six people).

Broiled Creamed Tomatoes

Cut ripe tomatoes in rather thick slices, without peeling. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in flour and cook in a little butter in the frying-pan till brown on both sides. Carefully remove to slices of hot buttered toast, placed where they will be kept hot. To the mixture of juice, butter and flour in the frying-pan, add another tablespoon of flour, salt, pepper, and 1 1/2 cups of milk, pour carefully, as soon as it is cooked (stirring all the while to prevent burning or lumping) over the tomatoes and toast and serve at once.

Tomato Soup

Cut in small pieces, three large or four small ripe tomatoes, and cook with the juice, till tender. Add about 1/2 teaspoon of soda, and when it stops effervescing, pour into 4 cups of hot milk. Season with salt, pepper and 1 tablespoon of butter. Thicken with fine cracker crumbs. Serve at once.

Cream of Tomato Soup

Strained stewed or	Hot water 2 c.
canned tomato 1 c	Hot milk 2 c.
Soda 1/8 t.	Flour 1 tb.
Butter 1 tb.	Salt and pepper.

Mix the flour and butter and add to the hot tomato and water, after adding the soda to the tomato. Pour carefully into the hot milk, to prevent curdling. Season. The amount of flour may be varied to suit the taste.

[Continued on page 71]

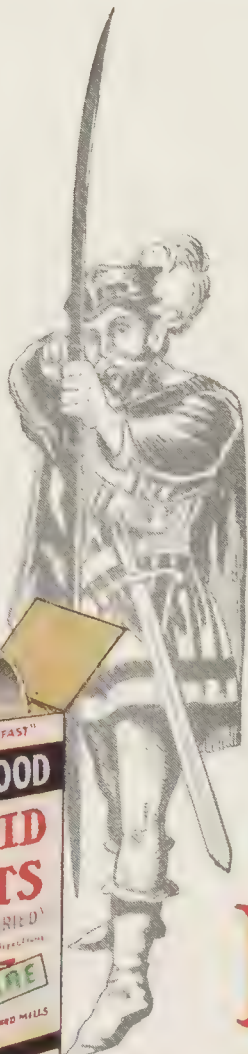


Filling the pickle jars.



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How to Prepare This Breakfast

The porridge shown in the picture was made according to directions on the regular Robin Hood package; the rolled oats muffins were made from the following recipe:

$\frac{1}{4}$ c shortening	1 c Robin Hood
$\frac{1}{4}$ c sugar	Rapid Oats
1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 c Robin Hood flour	4 tsp. baking powder
	1 c milk

Cream shortening; add sugar and well beaten egg. Sift flour twice before measuring and sift afterward with salt and baking powder. Add milk, flour and rolled oats as quickly as possible. Bake 25 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.)

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Waterman's



Green Tomato Preserves

Green tomatoes Sugar
Lemons Ginger root

Use 1 lemon to each 3 pounds of tomatoes, and $\frac{3}{4}$ as much sugar as tomatoes (or if wished, a little greater proportion of sugar).

Wash the tomatoes, and cut in quarters, put in a granite preserving kettle or a large crock, and add the sugar and lemons cut in very thin slices, and let stand for about 24 hours. Add a few pieces of root ginger and simmer till the tomatoes are tender and clear. Seal in jars.

Ripe Tomato Preserves

Ripe tomatoes Lemons
Sugar

Use a lemon for each two pounds of fruit. Wash and peel the tomatoes and cut in sections, let stand in a colander to drain off part of the juice, which may be used for some other purpose. Weigh the drained tomato and add $\frac{3}{4}$ as much or a little more sugar, and let stand over night. Simmer slowly, after adding the very thinly sliced lemons, for about two hours. Seal in sterilized jars.

Yellow Tomato Preserve

Small yellow Oranges 2
tomatoes 1 qt. Sugar 4c
Lemon 1

Wash the tomatoes, lemon and oranges. Slice the lemon and oranges as thinly as possible. Put with the tomatoes and sugar in a preserving kettle and let stand over night. Simmer till clear and thick and seal in small jars or glasses.

Tomato Conserve

Use $\frac{3}{4}$ as much sugar as ripe tomatoes, and 1 lemon and 1 orange to each 2 pounds of fruit. Dice the tomatoes, slice the oranges and lemons, add the sugar and let stand over night. Simmer till almost thick, putting in the kettle, if liked, a bag containing spices. A few minutes before taking from the stove, add, to each pound of fruit, 1 c. seedless raisins and $\frac{1}{4}$ c. of broken walnut meats. Cook about 10 minutes longer and seal in glasses.

Curried Tomatoes

To the sauce in the recipe for broiled creamed tomatoes, add curry powder to taste, and pour over the tomatoes and toast.

Tomato Toast

Butter 2 tb Sugar 1 t
Strained stewed Flour 2 tb
tomato 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ c
Soda $\frac{1}{4}$ t
Salt and pepper.

Melt the butter, stir in the flour, then the strained tomato, to which the soda has been added, and cook till well blended and thick. Add the cream and seasonings and when hot pour over the toast and serve.

Canning the Surplus

Not always is it economical to can, but if one has a good garden and some vegetables are ready for use faster than we can cook them for the table, it would be a sinful waste not to save them for the days when their season is past, but it is usually very poor economy to buy vegetables to can. Fruits are different. Nowadays, the commercial factories have adopted such excellent modern methods, that the product they offer the public is frequently better than the housewife can produce at home.

Many women still believe they produce better fruits by the open kettle method. For vegetables, we no longer use the blanching and cold-dipping method for the majority of them, but prefer the "hot-pack." The vegetable is cooked first for a few minutes in a

kettle, then transferred to the hot clean jars, and processed for the length of time found necessary for that particular product. In this way, the product shrinks, so that there is no longer a large empty space in the jar on cooling, and in close-packed, starchy or protein vegetables, the food in the centre of the jar is hot at the beginning of the processing period. With the cold pack system, particularly with corn and peas, the food in the centre of the jar probably had not reached sterilizing temperature at the end of an hour, and would not be properly sterilized, resulting in a spoiled jar. We no longer sterilize the jars before putting in the vegetables, but we do have them absolutely clean and hot to prevent cracking and the cooling of the hot food. Why waste time and fuel sterilizing jars which will be sterilized during the processing of the fruit or vegetables. With fruits cooked in the open kettle, it is a different matter. In this case the jars should first be sterilized.

Filling the Pickle Jars

Pickles are expensive to buy, especially when one considers that they have but little food value. However, they are important as appetizers, and for adults, whose appetites are far from good, they have a distinct value. The children are much better without artificial stimulation, which is very apt to interfere with their eating of plain wholesome foods.

Many times, vegetables or fruits not in quite perfect condition for canning or preserving, will make quite good pickles or relishes, but over-ripe or even slightly spoiled food should not be used. Metal containers should not be used for either the cooking or the storing of such sour food, for fear of the developing of poisonous substances. Enameled kettles are the best for cooking. Glass or stoneware jars or crocks should be used for storing the finished pickles. Glazed earthenware is not good, as it may contain materials which the vinegar might dissolve. It is better to use containers which are not too large, or there is considerable danger of the pickle spoiling, because it may rise to the top of the vinegar. If a large crock must be used, the pickle should be weighed down with a clean stone on an inverted saucer or plate. A tiny piece of alum will help to crisp the pickles, but it should be very tiny indeed, or the flavor may be spoiled.

We often hear that to make brine of the right strength, add salt "till it will float an egg." This means till it will float an egg which is fresh enough to sink in fresh water. Too strong brine causes the pickles to soften.

Pure cider vinegar is best. Spices may be tied in a muslin bag, or the oils of spices may be added to taste when the pickle is ready to be sealed. It is advisable to buy new spices each year, unless one's supply has been kept in air-tight containers.

Mustard Bean Pickles

String beans 6 qts Vinegar 6 c
Sugar brown 5 c Water 2 c

Boil the beans for 25 or 30 minutes. Boil the water, vinegar and sugar till the sugar is dissolved.

Make a dressing of:—

Mustard $\frac{3}{4}$ c Flour 1 c
Celery seed 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tb Turmeric 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tb

Water to Mix to a Paste

Pour into the boiling water and vinegar, and stir to a smooth dressing, taking care that it does not burn. Add the boiled beans and cook about 15 or 20 minutes, and put into hot jars.

The same dressing may be used for cauliflower and other vegetables.

[Continued on Page 72]

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CHOCOLATE SPONGE

(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 teaspoonful vanilla Few grains of salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water 3 eggs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares of chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

NOTE: Chopped nuts or macaroons may be added and, for a more elaborate dessert, line mold with stale lady fingers or sponge cake.

TOMATO JELLY

(8 Servings)

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ bay leaf Few grains salt
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned tomatoes Stalk celery
2 tablespoonfuls onion juice Few grains cayenne
2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar or 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds, and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing; or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. Dressing may be forced through a pastry bag and tube.

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Pepper Relish

Sweet red peppers 12 Onions 12
Sweet green peppers 12 Vinegar 1 pint
Sugar 2 c
Salt 3 tb

Remove the seeds, stems and membrane from the peppers, peel the onion, put through the food chopper, using the largest blade. Cover with boiling water and let stand 5 minutes, then drain. Add the sugar, salt and vinegar, and boil 5 minutes. Seal in jars. Either white or brown sugar may be used.

Sweet Cucumber Pickle

Cucumbers cut in pieces 2 qts Brown sugar 1 qt
Green pepper 1 Mustard seed
Sweet red pepper 1 Cloves
Sliced onion $\frac{3}{4}$ c Peppercorns
Salt 2 tb Stick cinnamon
Vinegar 1 qt Pieces of horseradish root

Cut the cucumbers in pieces about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. If ripe cucumbers are used, they should be pared and the seeds removed. Cut the peppers in strips after removing the membranes and seeds. If the onions are very tiny, they may be left whole. Sprinkle with the salt and let stand over-night. Drain and add to a syrup made by bringing to the boil, the vinegar and sugar. Simmer till the cucumber is done, being careful not to let it boil. In clean hot jars, put a little of the spices, fill the jars with the pickle then a few more of the spices on top. Fill the jars with the hot syrup and seal.

Sliced Sweet Cucumber Pickle

Medium cucumber Salt
1 dozen Vinegar 1 qt
Onions small 1 dozen Sugar 4 c
Sweet red pepper 1 Green pepper 1
Spices as in above recipe.

Slice the cucumbers and sprinkle with salt using about 1 tb. to each quart of cucumber. Let stand over night. Drain and wash off the salt in clear cold water. Put with the onions and strips of pepper into a syrup made of the vinegar and sugar. Bring to the boiling point, and put in the jars containing the whole spices as in the foregoing recipe, and fill the jars with the hot vinegar.

Whole Cucumber Pickles

Small cucumbers Whole allspice 1 tb
1 peck Mustard seed 2 tb
Small onions 1 qt Celery seed 2 tb
Red pepper, sweet 2 Stick cinnamon
Green peppers 2 1 ounce
Vinegar Brown sugar
Whole cloves 1 tb 2 pounds

Wash the cucumbers and peel the onions, and let stand in a brine to cover for 24 hours. Drain. Remove the seeds and membrane from the peppers and cut in pieces. Pack the cucumbers, onions and pieces of pepper in clean jars or crocks, and pour over them a syrup made of the vinegar, sugar and spices, which have been boiled for 5 minutes. Use 2 c. vinegar to each quart of pickle mixture. Let stand for 24-36 hours, and if needed add a little more hot vinegar. Seal and let stand for 6 or 8 weeks before using.

Whole Cucumber Pickles II

Tiny cucumbers Celery seed 2 tb
250-300 Mustard seed 2 tb
Small red peppers 10 Vinegar
Onions, small 12 Brown sugar 6 c

Wash the cucumbers in cold water and let stand in a brine for 2 or 3 days. Drain. Cover with a liquid made of half vinegar and half water, heated to the boiling point. Next day, pour off this liquid, reheat and again pour over the cucumbers. Repeat this process for 3 days. Take a fresh supply of vinegar, add to it the sugar, sliced onion and peppers, and bring to the boiling point. Put the cucumbers in a clean earthenware crock, sprinkle with half of the seeds, tie the remainder of the seeds in a cheese-cloth bag. Pour and put on top of the cucumbers. Pour the hot syrup with the onions and pepper over the cucumber.

[Continued on Page 73]



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13A-29

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FREE with each purchase



Dill Pickles

Cucumbers Red peppers
Dill Water
Salt

Use cucumbers 6 to 8 inches long, and a brine made of 1 pound of salt to each 6 qts. of water. Wash and wipe the cucumbers and arrange in layers in a large crock or keg, placing on top of each layer a sliced red pepper and a layer of dill stalks with the seeds on them. Make the brine by bringing to a boil and skimming, the water and salt. Pour over the cucumbers, which have a layer of dill on the top. Cover with a layer of cabbage leaves and a clean cloth, and weigh down with a plate and stone. The cloth will need to be taken off and washed occasionally. The pickles should be ready for use in 3 or 4 weeks.

Chow Chow

Green tomatoes Cinnamon 2 tb
2 pecks Cloves ½ tb
Onions, medium 12 Pepper ½ t
Green peppers 12 Mustard ½ c
Allspice 1 tb Salt
Sugar 4 c Grated horse
Vinegar radish 1 c

Chop and mix together the tomatoes, onions and peppers. Sprinkle with salt and let stand over-night. Drain, cover with vinegar, cook for an hour and again drain and pack in jars. Make a dressing of the sugar, spice and enough vinegar to cover the pickles, mixed together and heated to the boiling point. Pour over the vegetables, and cover.

Pickle Carrots

Cooked sliced Vinegar 2 c
carrots 4 qts Water 2 c
Sugar 1 c Cloves, whole 1 tb
Stick cinnamon

Cook the carrots in salted water till almost tender. Make a syrup of the vinegar, water, sugar and spices, and after simmering 5 minutes, add the carrots and simmer 10 or 15 minutes longer. Seal.

Mixed Sweet Pickle

Green tomatoes 2 qts Sugar 3 c
Ripe tomatoes 2 qts Salt
Small onions 1 qt Water
Cauliflower 1 Flour 1 c
Cucumbers 1 qt Mustard 3 tb
Green peppers 3 Vinegar 2 qts
Cabbage 1 Water 2 c
Sweet red peppers 3 Turmeric 1 t

Slice the tomatoes and peppers, peel and slice the onions and cucumbers, chop the cabbage, divide the cauliflower into flowerets. Make a brine of ½ c. salt to each 5 qts. water, and let stand for 24 hours. Drain, and steam the vegetables till tender. Make a dressing of the sugar, flour, mustard, turmeric, and enough cold water to pour, added to the boiling vinegar and water. Add the vegetables, cook 5 minutes and seal.

Piccaili

Green tomatoes Vinegar 2 qts
1 peck Salt 1 c
Chopped Sugar 1 ½ c
cucumbers 1 qt Peppercorns 1 tb
Green peppers 2 Celery seed 1 tb
Onions, chopped 2 c Mustard seed 1 tb
Whole cloves 1 t

Chop the tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers, onions, mix with the salt and let stand over night. Drain, and press out as much juice as possible. Heat the vinegar, sugar and spices, add the chopped and drained vegetables and bring to the boiling point and seal.

Cabbage Pickle

Shredded Mustard seed 4 tb
cabbage 4 qts Celery seed 2 tb
Salt 3 tb Pepper 1 tb
Red peppers 2 Sugar 2 c
Chopped onions 2 c Vinegar

Sprinkle the finely shredded cabbage with the salt and let stand 2 or 3 hours. Mix with it the spices and chopped onions and red peppers. Put in sterilized jars, cover with vinegar and seal.

[Continued on Page 74]

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"Yes, my dear, a good figure is often a question of wise diet."

People chuckle when they see others putting on excess weight

More **nourishment** from a smaller quantity of food . . . that is what you gain when Bovril replaces heavier foods in your diet.

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Only choice leaves grown at high altitudes go into the blending of Blue Ribbon Tea. That is why its flavour is so uniformly excellent. Insist upon getting it from your grocer—refuse substitutes of inferior quality.



Pickled Onions

Select small white onions which are dry and ripe. Pour hot water over them in order to remove the skins easily. Let stand for 24 hours, in a strong brine to cover them. Pour off this brine, and let them stand for another 24 hours in a fresh supply. Put on the stove and bring to the boiling point. Drain and put in hot dry jars. Cover with boiling vinegar. For appearance sake, small red peppers may be placed at intervals in the jars. Spices may be boiled with the vinegar, if the flavor is wished, but they will make the pickles dark. For attractive white pickled onions the spices must be omitted.

Pickled Crab Apples

Ripe crab apples Stick cinnamon 2 tb
Vinegar 4 c Whole cloves 2 tb
Brown sugar 6 c

Wash and dry the apples. Make a syrup by boiling together the vinegar, sugar and spices, tied in a cheese-cloth bag. Add as many apples as the syrup will cover, and simmer them till tender. Remove the spices and seal the fruit and syrup in jars. Other spices may be liked.

Pickled Peaches

Peel the peaches and either leave whole, or cut in halves. Cook in the same way as for spiced or pickled crab apples. Many people like to stick a few whole cloves into each peach and then cook the fruit leaving the cloves in, and removing pieces of stick cinnamon, other spices.

Pickled Pears

Pears Vinegar 1 qt
Cloves whole Stick cinnamon
Sugar 8 c Bay leaf,
Bay leaf, if liked, 1

Make a syrup of the sugar, vinegar, cinnamon and bay leaf, by boiling for 5 minutes. Pare and core the pears, cutting them in halves. Stick two or three whole cloves in each half, and drop a few at a time into the hot syrup and cook till tender. Skim out and put in hot jars. When all the pears are done, strain the juice over them and seal.

Pickled String Beans

String beans ½ peck Spices, whole,
Salted boiling water mixed 2 tb
Vinegar 4 c Celery seed 1 tb
Water 2 c Sugar 1½ c

Cook the whole string beans in the boiling water till almost soft. Make a syrup of the sugar, vinegar, water and celery salt, and the whole spices, which have been tied in a cheese-cloth bag. Boil it for 10 minutes. Add the drained beans, and cook another 15 minutes. Remove the bag of spices, and seal in jars. The amount of sugar may be varied to suit the taste.

Red Cabbage Pickle

Remove the coarse outside leaves from a large head of red cabbage. Wash and shred. Put in layers in a dish, with salt sprinkled on each layer. Let stand 3 or 4 days turning several times. Drain, and pack in glass jars, filling each jar with a syrup made by boiling together, to each pint of vinegar, 2 t. sugar, a small piece of root ginger, 3 or 4 cloves, 6 peppercorns.

Chili Sauce

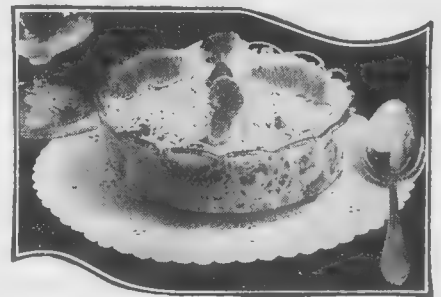
Ripe tomatoes Salt 1 tb
3 dozen Vinegar ½ c
Green peppers 3 Black pepper 1 t
Sweet red peppers 3 Chopped celery ½ c
Onions 6 Ground spices
Celery seed 1 t

Peel and cut in pieces, the tomatoes, chop the onions, peppers and celery, add to the tomatoes and cook till tender. Simmer till rather thick. Add the sugar, spices and vinegar, when the vegetables are well cooked, and before the mixture begins to thicken. Stir frequently to prevent scorching.

[Continued on Page 75]

FRUIT SALADS

..... even more tasty!



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You can buy Baker's Coconut in either packages, tins or by the pound—whichever way you prefer.

TRY THIS RECIPE AMBROSIA, Northern Style

- 1 can Baker's Southern Style Coconut.
- 4 to 6 oranges.
- 1 cup diced peaches (optional).
- 1 cup diced pears (optional).

Cut sections of oranges into about three pieces, add diced peaches and pears. Sweeten to taste. Add cocoanut and serve cold. Delightful variations can easily be made with any seasonable fruit, such as cherries, strawberries, pineapple and bananas.

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free Booklet of delicious recipes to Franklin Baker Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto.

A4-29-M.

**Tomato Catsup**

Ripe tomatoes 1 peck Whole allspice 1 tb
Onions 3 Whole cloves 1 tb
Vinegar 1 qt Mustard seed 1 tb
Sugar 2 c Stick cinnamon
Salt 3 tb 2, broken

Pepper 2 t

Wash and cut the tomatoes in pieces, slice the onions and cook till tender. Strain into a preserving kettle, add the vinegar, sugar, salt and the spices which have been tied in a bag. Simmer till thick. Remove the spice bag when flavored enough. Seal in bottles.

Grape Catsup

Concord grapes Salt 1 t
(washed, cooked, Cloves, ground 2 t
strained) 3 qts Allspice 2 t
Brown sugar 2 lbs Cinnamon 2 t
Vinegar 2 c Paprika ¼ t

Apple Catsup

Apples or crab Cloves ½ t
apples 2 lbs Mustard ½ t
Water 3 c Cinnamon ¼ t
Sugar 1 c Salt ¾ tb
Paprika ½ t Grated onion ¼
Vinegar 1¼ c

Wash the apples and cut in pieces, add the water and cook till soft, then strain. Add the sugar, vinegar and seasonings and simmer till thick.

Apple or grape catsup are specially good with baked beans.

Rhubarb Relish

Rhubarb, Vinegar 1½ c
chopped 1 qt Brown sugar 3 c
Onions, chopped 1 qt Salt 2 t
Ginger 1 t Allspice 1 t
Cloves 1 t Black pepper 1 t
Paprika ½ t

Boil the rhubarb and onions, boil for 5 minutes the sugar and vinegar, add the salt and spices, then the rhubarb and onions and simmer till thick. The spices and amount of sugar may be varied.

Plum Catsup

Ripe plums ½ peck Vinegar 2 c
Sugar 7-8 c Cinnamon 1 t
Ginger ½ t Cloves 1 t

Boil the plums till soft, in the smallest possible amount of water. Rub through a sieve, add the sugar, vinegar and spices, those given above or others

if preferred. Simmer till thick (15 or 20 minutes) and seal.

Mushroom Catsup

Mushrooms Onion
Salt Mace
Peppercorns Allspice

Be sure the mushrooms are firm and fresh and in good condition. Wipe them and break with the fingers into pieces. Put a layer in the bottom of an earthenware dish, sprinkle with salt then add another layer of mushrooms, etc., till all are used, using ½ pound of salt to a peck of mushrooms. Cover and let stand in a cool place for three days, stirring occasionally (three or four times a day) with a wooden spoon and squeezing out as much juice as possible. To each quart of juice, when ready to cook add 2 t. peppercorns, 2 t. allspice, 2 blades mace, 4 thin slices of a medium sized onion, and a dash of paprika. Put in a stone jar, set in a kettle of boiling water and boil about 2 hours. Skim out the slices of onion. Pour into a jug, and let stand over night in a cool place, without jarring. Strain off into clean bottles, being careful to not stir up the sediment. Seal the corks. The sediment portion may be used at once, if wished.

Green Tomato Chutney

Green tomatoes 4 lbs Paprika ½ t
Onions ½ lb Brown sugar 4 c
Seeded raisins 2 lbs Salt 1 t
Ginger 2 tb Vinegar, tarragon 2 c
Chilies 3 Vinegar, cider 4 c

Chop the tomatoes, onions, raisins and chilies, add the spices, sugar and vinegars and salt and let stand for 5 or 6 days. If tarragon vinegar is not obtainable, use some from sweet pickles, or add more spices. Stir frequently, cook till tender and seal.

Cranberry Catsup

Cranberries 1 qt Brown sugar 2 c
Water 1 c

Whole spices, such as cloves, allspice, stick cinnamon and mace, in a bag.

Cook the cranberries, water and bag of spices, slowly, till the berries are tender. Rub through a colander, add the sugar to the juice and simmer till the sugar is dissolved, then bottle.

Facts About Tea series—No. 6.

Tea—and abbot Myoe

Although emperor Saga established the first tea-gardens in Japan in the 9th century, it was not until the abbot Myoe of Togan (a Buddhist Monastery) began to cultivate it in the 12th century, that tea became a national beverage in Japan.

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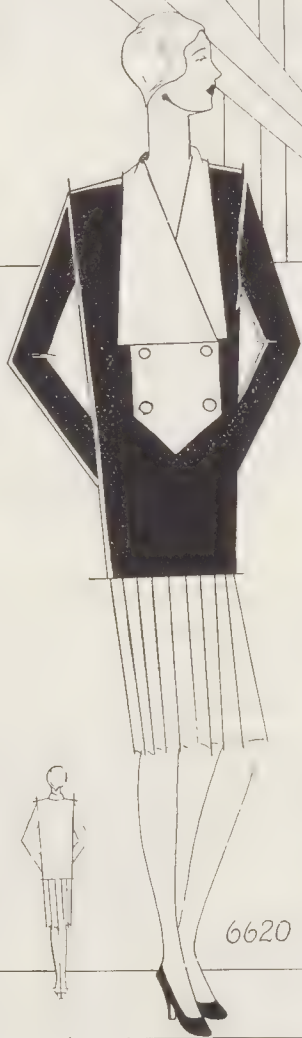
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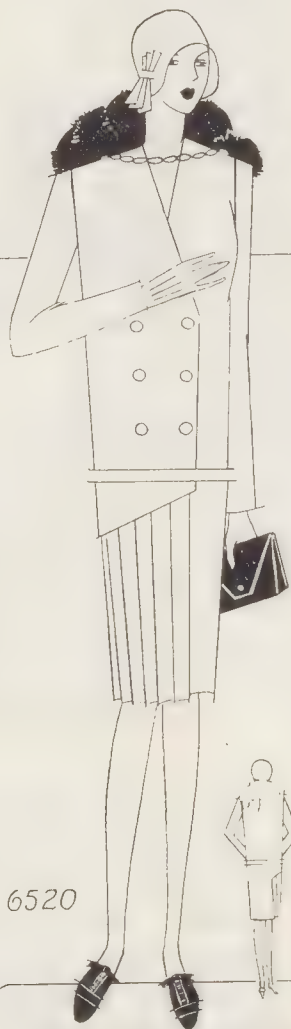
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6620. Ladies' Blouse.
Cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size of one material requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39 inches wide. For facing of contrasting material on collar, vestee and for sleevebands $\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required. Price 15c

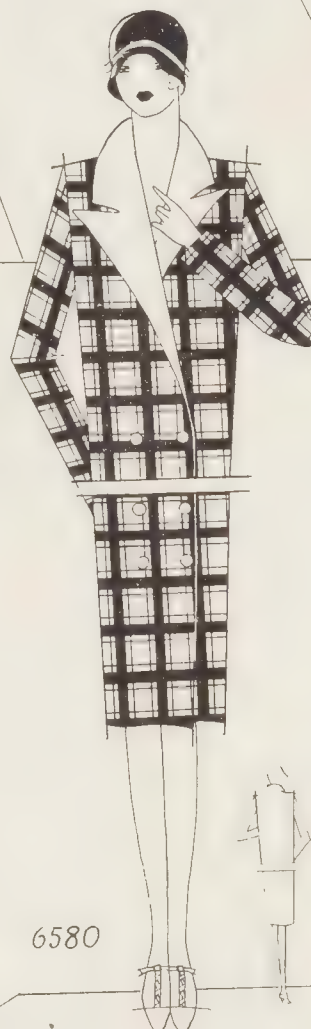


6520

6520. Ladies' Dress: Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measurement. A 38 inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. Price 25c.

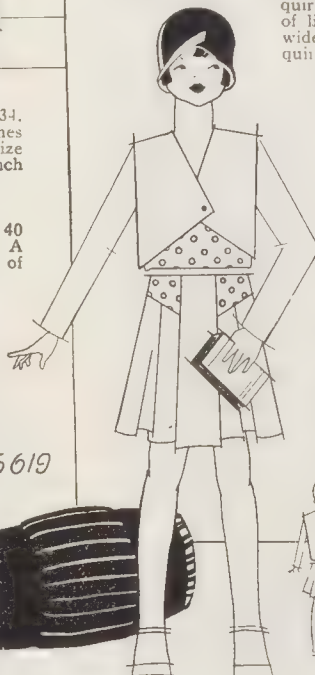
6580. Ladies' Coat.
Cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material. Price 25c

6619. Girls' Dress.
Cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. For the front of blouse, and the yoke portions of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard is required, cut crosswise. Without sleeves the Dress requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material. Price 25c.

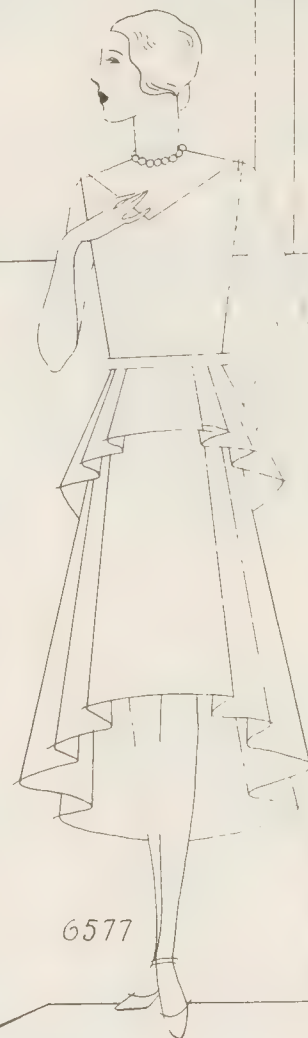


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6582. Girls' Coat.
Cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39 inch material. For collar, cuffs, and pocket trimming of contrasting material $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard 54 inches wide, cut crosswise, is required. $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lining 35 inches wide will be required. Price 25c.



6619

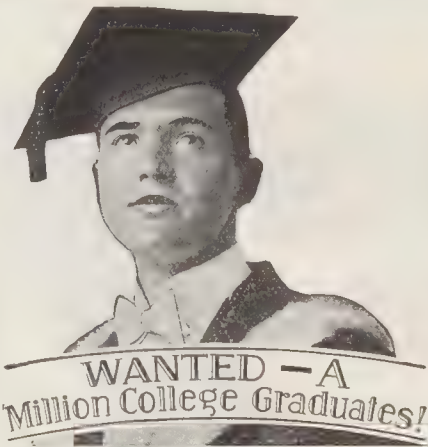


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6577. Misses' Dress.
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The North American Life has a new Insurance plan which is attracting great attention among enterprising young men.

This plan—"Advanced Protection"—gives you the full benefits of large insurance protection now at very low cost.

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Keep Your Child Well

Be Prepared to Prevent Infantile Paralysis

THINK about health. Do not think about disease. This is a good rule. But there are exceptions to every rule. There is a disease that we should be prepared to prevent in 1929-30. So we have to think about it.

In Alberta, in 1927, there were 354 cases of this disease, which sometimes attacks children but seldom attacks grown-up people. The same disease appeared in Manitoba in 1928 and there were at least 435 cases. This disease causes serious disablement. People are afraid of it. If you will read this article you will not need to be afraid, because you will know what to do. Do not be afraid. Be prepared.

Name

The name of the disease is Infantile Paralysis. Many children who have had it suffer from paralysis of one or both legs, or one or both arms. The doctors in Alberta and Manitoba prevented paralysis by a new treatment which you ought to know about, and which is explained in this article.

Doctors call this disease Anterior Polio-Myelitis. Anterior means "Front," Polio means "Gray," Myelitis refers to the "Spinal Cord." The poison of the disease destroys the gray matter in the front part of the spinal cord. That is the cause of the paralysis.

In 1927 there were 354 cases of this disease in Alberta. In 1928 there were 435 cases in Manitoba. We hope that there will be no cases in Canada in 1930, but we think you should be prepared to prevent it.

Early Signs

How can we be prepared?

Watch for early signs. Usually the child is not very well for a little time before there is any sign of paralysis. This little time may be only 12 hours or it may be as long as 2 weeks. The average time of being not very well, before there is any paralysis, is about 4 or 5 days. The early signs often come suddenly.

What seems to be the matter with the child? He has a head-ache. His appetite is poor. He is tired. He seems bilious. He may complain of feeling sick or may vomit. Diarrhoea may occur at first. Sometimes he complains of pain, sometimes of sore throat. He may be constipated and may not pass as much water as usual. Usually he is thirsty, and flushed and feverish. Perhaps he is cross, peevish and irritable. His eyes may look dull. He may be too sleepy, though bright when roused up. His neck or his back may be stiff and painful. His muscles may be tender and painful. Sweating may be noticed, especially around the mouth. Sleep may be disturbed by twitching. His hand may shake a little.

A sick child should be in bed. A child who has any of the above symptoms is sick, and needs rest, quiet, and good nursing. He should be in bed. Rest is the best treatment. It will do him good and it will protect the other members of the family from taking the disease, because no one but the mother or nurse should go into the sick room. Dishes and clothes used in the sick-room should be boiled after use or scalded with boiling water.

When you know that there are cases of any contagious disease, such as Infantile Paralysis, in the city or town, village or district where you live, and when you see that one of your own children is not very well, be sure to keep that child in bed and do not let the other children go into the room where he is.

Send for the Doctor

Send for the doctor. NOW is the only chance you have to protect your child from the danger of paralysis. You have heard that there are cases of Infantile Paralysis about. Your child is not very well. Perhaps tomorrow or even tonight he may show a little weakness of one of his arms or legs. Then it will be too late to prevent paralysis. NOW is the only time. Doctors all over the world have been trying for years to find something to

prevent this paralysis and they have found it. Send for your own family doctor or your medical officer of health, if you have not a family doctor.

The Serum

The blood of any person who has had the disease and got better contains a serum which generally prevents paralysis if given to the child very early in the attack when he is beginning to be ill, and before paralysis occurs.

This was done in Alberta, Manitoba and Ontario and it can be done in every province in Canada.

The Donors

By advertising in the newspapers for the name and address of any person who has had an attack of Infantile Paralysis, the Research Committee in Winnipeg was fortunate in getting the assistance of many donors who were willing to help those who were threatened with paralysis. Some of them had the attack a few months or years before and one donor had an attack thirty-three years before. In each case the serum was tested and every precaution taken. The total number of donors in Manitoba was 113. They were paid a reasonable sum for their services.

Doctors have the knowledge, the training, the skill, and they can get the serum necessary for cure. They can get the co-operation of the Public Health Authorities, the practising physicians and the general public, who would do anything to protect their children from this dread disease.

The Results

In Manitoba the serum was given to fifty-seven children who were beginning to be ill, before paralysis happened. Not one of these fifty-seven children died and only four had paralysis after recovering from the attack. The other fifty-three children recovered completely, with no paralysis. Think of that.

Among eighty-seven other children who had the disease in Manitoba and who either did not get the serum treatment at all or got it too late, that is, after the paralysis had happened, there were seventeen deaths. Forty-eight of these children had paralysis after recovery.

Get Ready

It is not too soon for every Public Health Department, every hospital and every university to make plans. What will you do if a case of Poliomyelitis is reported in your city or district tomorrow? Where is your nearest laboratory? What are the names and addresses of the donors the laboratory will call on if and when the time of need comes? Talk this over with your own family doctor or with your medical officer of health. Is there any serum ready?

Be Advised

If you hear of contagious disease in your district, keep the little children at home. Do not let them go to picnics or parties, or play with a lot of other children, or run on the street or go to movies at a time when cases of contagious disease are about.

Always wash the children's hands well before meals.

Boil milk for three minutes before you give it to the children.

Do not let your children put pencils or other articles in their mouths. It is a dangerous habit. Saliva may thus be carried from one child to another and may cause infection. Kissing on the mouth is also dangerous. Saliva passes thus from one mouth to another and may carry infection.

Be Careful

Sometimes a child has a very slight case of Infantile Paralysis and gets better almost immediately and no one knows it. That child may spread the disease.

A healthy child may have the germ which is the cause of the disease in his mouth, throat or nose and yet not be ill at all. That healthy child may thus spread the disease.

This shows how careful we must be to prevent the disease from spreading.

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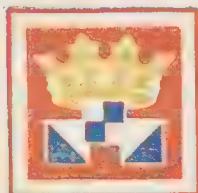
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more nerveless people. Nor would bridge and dominoes. Even she began to feel a little swimmy in the head.

She wasn't wearing a hat. Her hair, a lively chestnut, was cut like a man's and brushed away from her face. A small face, with thorough-bred features—straight brows, fine eyes, a nose with a bridge and sensitive nostrils, a lovely mouth; long, dark eyelashes, tilted upwards, a charming chin. Not tall and not short, and with those fine square shoulders and small hips that come from exercise. A perfectly straight back. And as the Master of her Foxhounds was wont to say: "A damned fine leg for a boot. It was equally good in silk."

ROWANT watched her without appearing to look in her direction, and adored. The mere idea of her unfastidious liking for Gairloch shook him with an ague of jealousy.

"Don't you think you ought to send off some of the men in a boat—I mean to scour about for another vessel and borrow food and drink, to say nothing of cigarettes?" She offered the suggestion with the meekness of a landlubber. Her place was in the saddle or on the golf course. She knew nothing of the sea and its uncanny moods.

"They'd never find us again," said Twyshot, "and what about them? All the same—by Jove! . . ."

He put on an expression which he hoped might pass for inspiration and went off quickly to consult someone. What he was aiming at was to leave those two together. Surely under such grave circumstances they would say something to dispel their mental fog.

"Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity," sang Browning, in "Parce-lus." "These are its sign and note and character." Though why he left out vanity remains a puzzle to most.

Rowant knew why Twyshot had made himself scarce. That man had kindness, and so was rare, for all his blundering. But even if, at the moment, the yacht were to be cut in half by a liner and he and Jean went floundering into the sea, he would do nothing more than bear her up till help came and hold his peace. She had refused to add a single word to her letter although he had humbled himself. It wasn't for him to speak.

But after an unnoticeable pause, and using a tone that any civil person would use to a brother's friend, Jean said: "Haven't you a brain-wave of sorts?"

"I'm afraid I haven't," said Rowant. "If this fog goes on much longer then I suppose we shall starve to death?"

"I suppose we shall," he said. "And yet we are only a day's sail from Southampton and the sirens that we can hear probably belong to enormous floating hotels. Who would have imagined the possibility of our being so completely paralyzed by fog?"

"It doesn't tax my imagination," he replied simply, but not in the spirit of a martyr; "I've been through it before."

She knew what he meant because involuntarily his mouth took on the misery that she had seen there when he had caught her at the lodge of that house. But she had nothing to say as to that. She had the right either to marry a man or not marry him according to her point of view. (It was amazing to think that she might never play tennis again.)

What was this mystery? What on earth had he done, or said, or what had been said about him?

No one who saw these casual, self-composed people would have dreamed that not so long ago, after the mutual destruction of barriers, they were about to begin their spring-time with one love.

Twyshot's clumsy thoughtfulness would have gone for nothing in any case. As it was, these deliberate evasions were interrupted by the dramatic appearance of a steward.

He said, breathlessly: "Would you mind going below, sir? His lordship's just woken up and there's a bit of a row. In other words . . ."

Rowant didn't wait for the amplification. Followed by Jean, he made a dash for the saloon.

Fog

Continued from page 7

A RATHER ghastly fracas was taking place. In a wild ecstasy of fury Gairloch had got the tall, soft, pompous Scruntorpe on the floor, and having both knees on his chest, was trying, with screams, to possess himself of something which the poet was struggling to keep. Witney-Aston, white to the lips, but with the bull-ring look in his eyes, was standing with his back to a book-case with his usually immaculate hair awry and his spongebag tie hanging out. The disheveled and panicky Rosie, almost unrecognizable without her heavy-handed make-up, was beating Gairloch on the head with a cushion and shouting between her sobs. It was the sort of thing that might be seen, any night, in certain public-houses near a dock.

"What's all this?" asked Rowant. There was the old parade rasp in his voice.

Jean caught hold of Rosie and held her arms.

More savage than ever, Gairloch cried out: "This blighter found a full cigarette case in one of his suits and refuses to share it with us. Cough it up, you dog, or as God's my Judge I'll choke you." And with the strength of madness he made a grab at Scruntorpe's womanish throat with his trembling hands.

The struggle was renewed with passion.

It was easy to guess that Scruntorpe had no remote intention of sharing his priceless discovery with anyone on board. He would nurse and dally with those cigarettes, and revel in the agony of desire on the faces of his friends. And although born soft and unathletic, so that he had never put himself in the position of being on defence with anything but his tongue, he fought for his moments of exquisite self-indulgence like a cat. He hissed and scratched and twisted about with the feline grace and cunning that would have made for gusts of laughter in normal times. In whatever attitude he managed to get, or was flung by Gairloch, he kept one long, pale hand pressed tightly over the spot in which his cigarette-case reposed.

As for Gairloch, he fought unfairly and with spite, like an ill-bred dog, a lurcher, with his lips drawn back and his teeth bare. He even went so far, once, as to bite the poet's hand. And all the time he screamed out threats of the most ingenious forms of torture and justified some, at least, of his reputation for brilliance by inventing words of abuse that had never been used before. It was an appalling orgy of primitive rage and greed.

There was nothing for Rowant to do but to tear these two apart. But it was more easily thought of than done, because as soon as he seized the resentful Gairloch by the collar and commenced to haul him off, his Right Honourable Lordship wound his limbs around Scruntorpe in a close embrace. Both men yelled at once: "Take him away." "Let me alone," "Pull him off." Leave him to me," and over the din and racket there were Rosie's incessant screams and hysterical sobs.

Watching Rowant's efforts with no little interest, Witney-Aston made no move to lend a hand. All he did was to put his tie in and smooth his hair. Once or twice he offered a suggestion. One was: "Why not send for some stewards and leave it to them?"

The one who had been left on deck in the middle of his account had gone off to look for Twyshot, had found him and followed him in. It was at the moment when, for the third time, Rowant was resting and recovering his breath.

"Good God, what's this?" asked Nicolas. He had never seen that sort of thing on the "Blue Bird" before.

"They're cracked, the pair of 'em," said Rowant, "and returned to type. Scruntorpe found some cigarettes, it appears, played dog in the manger, and Gairloch's as mad as hell. There'll be

murder if we don't get him off. Now, then, all together, quick."

The owner and the steward bore down on the writhing Earl. One went for his arms and the other his legs, while Rowant, with a sporting effort to forget his personal loathing, twisted his hand in his collar and pulled once more.

Jean turned away from the sight. It made her feel sick.

But even under the strong hands of those steady, determined men Gairloch fought for his lusts. It was not until he was completely winded that his grip relaxed and he was flung into a chair. And there he sat, an abject wreck, with his head in his hands and his chest heaving and tears streaming down his face. He would have sold his soul for a double whisky and one of those cigarettes.

And then Scruntorpe rose to his feet and even with a busted collar, one sleeve ripped off his coat, his waistcoat torn, his shirt bulging, and his too-long hair in pitiful disarray, he placed himself, from sheer force of habit, in an attitude of turkey-like dignity as though he were about to give a recital of his poems. This impression was heightened from the fact that one long pale hand was still pressed against his case.

Twyshot wore an expression of uncharacteristic contempt. "Now then," he said, "hand over those cigarettes."

"Not in this world," cried Scruntorpe, tilting up his chin.

Twyshot's voice became dangerously smooth. "Under these conditions," he said, tightening his eyes a little, "the laws of decency call for an equal distribution of everything that's left. Those cigarettes, do you hear?"

Jean held out her hand. "Eddie—please," she said.

But Scruntorpe shook his head and his jowl wobbled. "I'm sorry, no," and he bowed.

Whereupon, with an agonized cry, Rosie tottered across the saloon and went on her knees at his feet. "Just one! Half a one. A bit of one. Even a shred of tobacco to suck. Oh God!"

Then Rowant took it up. Such animal-like selfishness on the part of one who considered himself to be the Messiah of the Intelligentsia was beyond belief. He went over to the pouting and petulant Scruntorpe and gripped his arm. "If you don't give me that case by the time I've counted three I'll render you a total stranger to the Savile Club."

The poet lost none of his determination before that withering eye. But his voice became more shrill and he endeavored to free his arm. It had begun seriously to hurt. "I won't," he said. "I won't, I won't. So there. What I have I hold."

WHILE all eyes were turned on Scruntorpe Gairloch saw his chance. Having prostituted his will by overindulgence for so long, life without the immediate gratification of his appetites was far too hellish to bear. For twenty-four hours he had longed for death, and now that the men who had deprived him of the last and strongest of his desires were otherwise engaged he let out a scream of triumph, darted out of the cabin, made for the deck, and flung himself overboard. He fell into the sea flatly, like a frog.

Jean cried out: "Nicolas! Nicolas!" and hid her face in her hands.

But it was Rowant who got to the door, to the deck, mounted the gunwale, took a flying dive and seized Gairloch by the hair.

The sea was glassy but cold. Childishly disappointed at being prevented again from the intense enjoyment of a whim, Gairloch gasped at the double shock and burst into tears once more.

Orders were given. Deft men functioned. And during the several minutes that were taken up in lowering the nearest boat Rowant used his legs and one arm and with the other held his blubbery enemy stiffly out of the possibility of clutching at his body. It was well and coolly done. And when four hairy muscular hands had hauled up that horrible object and dumped him into the boat—he was almost as green and bloated as a shark—Rowant swam to the companion and without wringing the water from his hair and clothes, made his way, with oozing feet, to the deck. [Continued on page 82]



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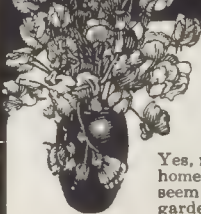
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Fog

Continued from page 81

"See to that blithering idiot, Nick," he said. "Better rope his hands and feet and tie him to his bed. I'm going down to change."

He came up to find that he would have lost his bet to the skipper. He heard the slap of sails, the sounds of running feet, an undercurrent of excitement, and, by the grace of God, the whisper of a breeze.

With a heaving sigh of thankfulness he made his way through the crew as they tumbled up from their quarters and went forward as the fog began to roll. Jean would not be much longer under her frightful strain. By that hour tomorrow with any luck, the "Blue Bird" would be back at her anchorage, and this amazing, distressing but useless chapter in her life and his would have come to an end. In future he would suspect Twyshot's invitations and carry on.

HE STOOD alone for an hour. One fog lifted like smoke and the other settled more densely in his brain. The unseen companions of that uncanny imprisonment had already ceased to warn. Long stretches of sea could be seen on all sides, and the yacht was moving with the joy and exhilaration of a hunter released at last from a loose-box.

He heard the squeak of rubber soles on the still wet deck.

Jean.

She was wearing a beret, a red one, in the manner of a Basque—tilted over one ear. She had discarded the motor coat and was in a thick brown sweater which shaped itself to her body. Her Harris tweed skirt was deservedly short so that one saw the entrancing line at the back of her knee. And there was joy in her eyes as though the fog had lifted for her.

"None the worse for your dip?"

"None, thanks very much."

"Nicolas commandeered those cigarettes. Or rather the sudden change in the weather made Eddie change his mind. And so, after having inhaled three in quick succession and with the mental picture of a whisky bottle growing larger every minute, Ronald's tame again."

"Yes? That's helpful," said Rowant. He was enormously surprised at the subtle suggestion of contempt in her reference to Gairloch. But he was not moving in a clear space. He still found it impossible to see beyond the length of an arm.

Gulls volplaned round the "Blue Bird." They were a good sight to them both.

Jean caught his eye and held it, because there was the old look of misery round his mouth.

"You loathe Ronald, I gather?"

"Yes, I do," he said.

"Then it was all the more wonderful of you to have saved his life."

"It wasn't wonderful. It was a perfectly easy thing—though unnecessary, I think. Any of the other men would have gone in after the blighter. I did it simply for you."

"You needn't have bothered so far as I'm concerned. He means just as little to me now as he ever did."

For the hundred thousandth time that bewildered fellow asked himself what in the name of enigmas all this meant.

"I have something to add to my letter, if you care to hear it," she added.

"You know damn well that I care." He let himself go before he could haul at his bit.

She put her hand on the gunwale to steady her nerves. He had proved that he was well worth marrying during that time of test. But it required courage—moral courage, which isn't the same thing—to climb down from her stronghold.

"I chucked you," she said, because marrying is bound to be a tragic failure when the husband is merciless and ungrateful—and I thought you were both."

"Why? . . . I may be. I'm only human." What on earth did she mean?

"I thought you were both from your treatment of poor little Bardley, who was a friend of mine. When you were wounded in the war he looked after you like a mother for two whole nights and days."

"Perfectly true, he did. I shouldn't be here now but for him."

"All the same you kicked him out of his job with you for a minor slip forty-eight hours before we were going to be married; left him without a penny and gave him the sort of reference that would have hanged a dog. . . . How would you have treated me if I'd made a small mistake?"

"Oh," he said, as his own fog lifted. "So that's it. But don't you think that it would have been fair to have given me a chance of defence? I didn't like poor little Bardley. I knew him to be unsound. But because of my obligation I let him live on me without doing a stroke of work. Finally, for the good of his soul, I put him into a job. Six times he thieved my money and I let him off. But one night, in one of his boasting moods, I overheard him say a lying and unforgivable thing about you. I picked him up and chucked him into the street. Was that merciless and ungrateful?"

"No," she said.

"Need I give you my word that that's the truth of this thing?"

"No," she said again. And after a pause, with a sudden intake of breath as though she had been hit by something hard, she went on: "I'm afraid I have the monopoly of those two words thus far . . . I'm most awfully sorry, Jack."

But she didn't go any closer. She had added to her letter, acknowledged her dreadful mistake and apologized, but although a girl, she was woman enough to want him to come to her.

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity, with an equal quantity of vanity thrown in.

But he had given her all the others and the last of them he forgot.

My God, how he went to her, and for her, in a desperate effort to make up for those wasted weeks.

And just then, properly enough, there was a glint of sun.

The British German

By Joseph Raw

He stood with his back to a wall—
Just picture if you can
The end of a British hero,
A soldier and a man.

Upon his uniformed breast
Blazed forth a white bull's-eye;
He neither glanced to right nor left,
His face was t'wards the sky.

He was waiting for the dawn,
The last he'd ever see;
The sky in the East was tinted gold,
A bird sang in the lea.

The firing squad lined up,
His time had come to die;

They sighted their rifles correctly,
Straight at that white bull's-eye.

A shatt'ring report was heard—
A British spy lay still;
The seeds of death were sown again,
'T was vengeance with a will.

That British spy was my brother—
We fought on opposite sides;
We were half German, half English,
Our conscience was our guide.

I was in charge of that firing squad,
The irony of fate;
A family split in two by war
Is Hell I'll have to state.

What Shall we do on Hallowe'en?



A Novel Hallowe'en Suggestion

A Spider's Web Party

WHO doesn't love a Hallowe'en party with its mystery and its fortune telling! And a Hallowe'en party which develops a new idea will be doubly popular. Let the novelty begin with the invitations which may be written on orange colored paper. With black ink, draw a cobweb on the paper and add this verse:

Through my house, the cobweb's hues
Prepare for Hallowe'en.
Come, unwind the silken clues
And find just what they mean.

The date, hour and your name and address should be in the corner.

In planning your party develop the cobweb idea by dividing the party into groups of five or six each to follow a clue—a colored string—which will lead upstairs and downstairs. Whenever it is possible, the clue should go by strange ways, perhaps out a window to the ground, up a ladder and in another window. Another time it should go through a pitch-dark hall from the ceiling of which are hung strands of wet raffia which will give the guests' faces ghostly slaps.

But the main feature of the clue-hunt is that each room into which the groups go has some particular stunt to perform or perhaps some mystery to show. To enhance the mysterious effect, the lights should be low and should be shrouded in orange colored crepe paper shades. Black cats and witches cut out of black mat stock or crepe paper should be arranged at strategic points. Arrange the strings in such a way that the groups will not meet each other.

The first room contains an immense spider web drawn on a sheet which is laid out on the floor. In the middle is a pointer which each guest is supposed to twirl. Each section of the cobweb is numbered and when the pointer stops the guest who spun it looks through a pile of cards on a nearby table until he finds one bearing a corresponding number. On each of the cards is a prophecy regarding one's travels for the year. They may be

humorous or exciting, or romantic as: "You will go to Mexico and be held for ransom by bandits," or "You will take an ocean voyage in company with a loved one."

The next room has a spider's web drawn on the wall. Each guest is given a paper dart with a pin in the end. He endeavors to pierce the spider on the web by throwing the dart at it. The one who most nearly succeeds receives a prize—something amusing, as a papier maché pumpkin from the ten cent store.

From this room, the passageway is dark and in the darkness a metronome is tick-tacking in mysterious manner.

The third room is none too cheerful, either, for it is lighted only by a blaze in the fireplace and in the half-light an old witch is seen seated on the hearth. Mumbling, she informs them that in this room will be decided their future husbands and wives and fortunes. She produces a wedding ring attached to a thread. A goblet of water is on the table. First one and then another takes the ring and swings it back and forth above the glass as the witch says the alphabet. The letter said as the ring touches the glass is the initial of the future husband or wife. She then brings out witches fortune cards and proceeds to tell the fortune of the different people whom she selects.

In the same room, or in another one, the girls may find the trade of their future husbands, and the men the tempers of their wives. For the occupations, articles (bought at ten-cent stores) which suggest trades may be buried in sawdust. Each girl in turn takes a spoonful of the dust and sees what the find indicates. The men may learn their fates by digging in sawdust, too, but their finds are more explicit, for couplets have been written with lemon juice on paper, then rolled up and fitted in a medicine capsule. The papers appear blank, but on holding them to the fire the couplet appears. The couplets may be the simplest imaginable, as [Continued on page 89]

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An Interesting Little Theatre Movement

Continued from page 34

opposite him had never had a part of this character before, and the lover of Posy Quinney was more familiar with musical comedy. There were some surprises. A new man who played Hunsacker was a decided success and did the wealthy American successfully; while the young lady who played Mabel Dredge was well received and was generally considered to have put over a difficult part.

The summer intervened, during which a Sketch, "A Woman of Character" was given. For the first time the Guild realized how large a part temperament plays in theatrical production. The weather was warm, rehearsals a bore, parts being constantly thrown up, and the director's patience was severely tried. This discouraged, for the time, the giving of Canadian one act plays as had been projected by the Guild. Consequently, when the fall season opened, after much thought and discussion, the decision was to put on a Scottish play with an all Scottish cast. The result was that "Hunky Dory," a comedy of the "Bunty Pulls The Strings" type, was selected and an all Scottish cast chosen. For the first time the Guild began to glimpse success, but not without grueling experiences. Within ten days of the date advertised for the performance, one of the lady members of the cast, over tired and worried by the hurry to prepare her part, threw up her lines at a rehearsal before the assembled Guild. Another followed suit. Such a situation would have floored the average amateur organization, but at the next rehearsal, the lady who had first thrown

up her part, was back in place better than ever, and over Sunday a new player had been chosen and rehearsed for the blank part. So the play went on to schedule. With only thirteen rehearsals, Hunky Dory was voted a success and at each performance the public became more enthusiastic.

Some interesting conclusions might be made from the experience gained in this experiment. The effort to dovetail amateur and professional points of view led to some brilliant scintillations that can be enjoyed fully only by those who, with a saving sense of humor, have been engaged in work of this sort. Professionals find it difficult to understand the position of amateurs who must prepare parts while engaged in their daily work. Where a professional is able to get up his part in a week, he fails to see that an amateur cannot spare that amount of concentration for his part. The amateur with a hundred little foibles that the professional has shed because he must make his daily bread still works hard just for fun. Both groups have a mutual contempt for each other in their hearts, the professional because he knows the amateur cannot act in his sense, where years of training have given the nuances of light and shade which mark the diction, movements, tout ensemble of finished action, while the amateur generally, with the little theatre movements in these days of neglect of the legitimate drama bringing him into undue prominence, knows in his heart that he is nourishing the germ of future life of a better theatre movement.

Autumn Days

By Olive Macken

NEVER before had there been on the earth such prodigality of splendor! Never had such beauteous colors been blended to fashion so regal a robe, and not yet in all the world had there been such a wealth of gems as adorned the brow of the dazzling lady, at whose bidding the October gates swung wide.

Unheralded, she entered the palaced domain of the trees. In sheer abandonment of custom or tradition, her feet found and followed the trails that lead to, and up, the hills, down the valleys, along the river banks. Treading the orchards and vineyards of the uplands, away to the moors and vast plains—everywhere the imprint of her beauty awed the world into a silence broken only by the dropping of ripened fruits, the rustle of falling leaves, the farewell chirpings of departing birds.

Ah! Such gold she scattered over all the world! Such flame and crimson robes she donned! The glory of it must needs be splashed with softening browns and fading greens, else its sublimity had been all but a hurt, to human hearts.

The winds, quick at her command, stripped the trees and followed fast her wanton feet. Ah! such a plucking of the

joys of summer! Smouldered there within the heart of this imperious beauty, no spark of pity for the sundered joys of a softer season?

Hark! Even as she recklessly purloined there reached her ears a sharp warning from a distant North, and into her brown eyes came a changing gleam.

Within the vast domain of earth there nestled tiny plants and flowers to whom protection could come at her hands alone. Out stretched her slender arms to gather now the flying leaves. With strong brown fingers, and with infinite care, she wove a coverlet of gold and bronze, crimson, flame and paling greens to lay upon the little helpless things, to save them from the blighting breath of that which was to come; then, over all, she draped the soft grey clouds, to lull them to their sleep.

O wondrous Autumn Days! Bringing to us a beauty never seen before. Bringing to us the grey and shortening days. Bringing to us the harvest-time, plentiful store—fruition of the seed-time. And, most of all, bringing to us the tender lesson of Death—that Life may be.

O wondrous Autumn Days!

Mother's Treasure

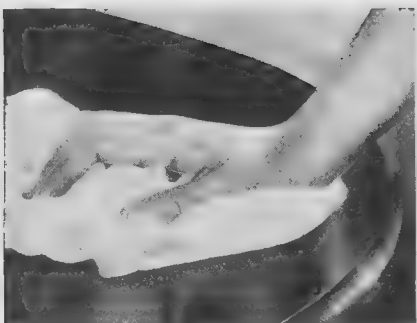
By Martha Shepard Lippincott

Snuggle up to mother, darling,
Let me feel you close to me.
With your little arms around me,
I'm as happy as can be.
You're the sweet, God-given treasure
That is clinging to my heart,
And for all the wealth of kingdoms,
With my darling, I'll not part.

Lay your curly head upon me,
Closely upon mother's breast;
For 'tis there that I am loving
To just have you come and rest.

Little eyes, so brightly sparkling,
Fill my soul with sweet delight,
With my little one beside me,
All the world will seem so bright.

All my heart is full of pleasure
When you're snuggling close to me.
It is like the light of heaven
That, in your dear eyes, I see.
Snuggle closer, closer, darling,
For I like to feel you near,
And the music of your prattling,
All my soul delights to hear.



Polish off the dirt —not over it

THAT is the condition of furniture and woodwork after using ordinary furniture polish or wax. The surface is polished, yes—but on top of the dirt. The original clean beautiful finish underneath is not seen at all.

To make wood finishes clean as well as lustrous use the New Liquid Veneer. As it polishes it removes dust and dirt—reveals the original finish—polishes without leaving the dingy film. You renew the real finish instead of polishing dirt.

Ideal for all your dusting too; makes frequent polishing unnecessary. Leaves no greasy film to collect dust and soil clothing. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 12 oz. and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

FREE—Sample bottle and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corp., Dept. 1920, Bridgeburg, Ont.

The NEW LIQUID VENEER

Polishes Better Because it Cleans

Do You Buy Yarn?

We deliver, with all charges prepaid, yarn for Machine or Hand-Knit use: "Old Tyme," "All Wool," "Silk and Wool"—all colors—75c per lb. up.

Samples Free.

STOCKING & YARN MILLS LTD.
Dept. H - Orillia, Ont.



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Shows way to banish age

AT last gray hair is given youthful color a different way. Faded streaks are ended easily. Brilliance returns. It's clear and colorless as water. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's. Make amazing test on lock of hair. See for yourself what it will do. Get full-sized bottle from druggist. He will return every penny if not delighted. Or send coupon for free valuable "single lock" test package. See how marvelous the results on single lock. (Give color of hair.)

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

Dept. 382-M Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.
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The Mol-May... a side fastening garment for the more mature figure. Gives adequate control and slenderizing, proportionate lines of pleasing smoothness. Wear a Mol-May and be comfortably smart.

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Sizes 32" to 48" Bust.

The regular Lovers-Form Corsets for all figures

Sizes 30" to 50"

\$4.95, \$6.95, \$8.50, \$10.00, etc.,

according to size and quality.

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Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vaporizers, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.

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Wherever you live, you can now learn at home, in spare time, to make your own clothes—and to give them smartness and style you never believed possible in clothes made at home. New and practical method perfected by the Woman's Institute. All the secrets of the professional dressmaker made plain. Wonderfully clear step-by-step picture-directions. Students and graduates everywhere.

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☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name _____ (Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____



Fashion Chooses New Fall Raiment

6611. Black velvet was selected for this pleasing model. Tweed, broadcloth, and faille are also suggested. The fronts form narrow panels above inserted pocket sections. The closing is at the centre with fronts slightly lapped, and meeting a coat collar in notches, above the lapel portions. The sleeve is the regulation coat style.

This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. To make the jacket for an 18 year size will require 3 yards of 39 inch material. For facing on fronts and collar, of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 39 inches wide is required, cut crosswise. $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 32 inches wide will be required for lining, for an 18 year size.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6602. Flat crepe in a new shade of brown with trimming of satin is here pictured. Light weight woolen is also suggested, or panne velvet with satin, or printed velvet. A shaped trimming portion is arranged on the front of the skirt, and crosses a hip band. A hip band also trims the back of the skirt, which flares gracefully below the hips. The sleeve is a fitted model. Neck bands lapped from right to left, are finished with tie ends, beneath a pointed outline.

This pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 38 inch size will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 39 inches wide. For neck trimming and tie of contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard will be required, cut crosswise. If made of ribbon the trimming and tie requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6623. As here pictured this model was developed in brown velveteen. Flannel, jersey tweed and firm wash fabrics are also recommended. Pongee is serviceable, as is also linen. The left front of the blouse laps over the right front in shape outline and is finished with a serviceable pocket. The sleeve is a comfortable blouse sleeve. The trousers are a regulation model, with side closing and ample pockets.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. To make a 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35 inch material. Trouser pockets and inner waist bands may be made of lining or coarse muslin, and will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 32 inches wide, cut crosswise. To finish neck, and shaped front edge with bias binding will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6599. This attractive design has short cape sections, and a narrow collar trimming on the front, finished with long tie ends. The sleeve is semi-fitted. The lines of the coat are straight. Inserted pockets complete the front. Satin is a popular material for this design. Velvet or faille, or moire is also suggested.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the coat with the capes for a 38 inch size will require $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54 inch material. If made without the capes, the material will be $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard less. For the tie of ribbon $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard will be required. To line the coat will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Joys of Autumn

By George W. Tuttle

Trees have donned their autumn raiment,
Fairy hues of red and gold;
While the wood nymphs all are dancing—
Harvest Festival, we're told.

Joys of autumn all surround us
As they with each other vie,
When we skirt the charming valley—
List to loud-voiced flicker's cry.

Auto may be huge Goliath,
Or but humble David-car;
What care we when joys of autumn
All foregather where we are?

Brooks are flowing, babbling, leaping;
"Ditto here," our spirits say.
Squirrels gray are chaff'ring, scolding—
Hope to frighten us away.

Auto engine's purring, purring—
Runs as smooth as fine-spun silk!
It might balk on city crossing
After manner of its ilk.

SITUATION WANTED

by the World's Most Famous Dressmaker

I am ready to come to you wherever you are. From the moment I arrive I promise that all thought of sewing as a task will go out of your house forever...We shall work together—you and I. You are to plan all the lovely clothes you have dreamed of having and I will create them for you. I will never ask you to touch a foot to a treadle—hidden electric power will serve us both. You are to sit restfully while I sew. And I will work so quietly and quickly that you will soon be planning other things that we can make together—cunning frocks and suits for the children and friendly curtains and draperies for your windows...I have no "hours", no vacations. I shall be ready to help you always, on a moment's notice...I want the privilege, first, of proving my skill. So I will come to you to help you make something you are planning now. Without any charge I will demonstrate in your own home the value of my services...My references are legion, for I am a member—the youngest, most "modern" member, if you please—of the famous family of Singer sewing machines...You may reach me through the Singer Shop in your community. For my address look up Singer Sewing Machine Company in your telephone directory.



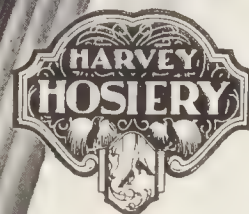
The Modern Singer Electric Sewing Machine



Ask any Singer Representative or Singer Shop for a Free Copy of How to Make Dresses, How to Make Children's Cloths or How to Make Draperies—Regular price 25 cents each.

Distinction
in the Mode

Expressed in
HARVEY
Lingerie
and
Hosiery



Harvey Lingerie

Cobwebby silk-like material, fine and light and strong, in exquisite pastel shadings; fine workmanship to give long, slender lines—These are the necessary foundations to careful grooming that the woman of today demands, and finds in *Harvey Tailored Lingerie*.

The garment illustrated is a Harvey Two-in-one Brassiere and Bloomer, with tight-fitting cuff. The model is a one-piece style with well-fitting brassiere top, the brassiere and bloomer attached with a French style waist band. This model is in favor with women particular about the fit of their undergarments.

Harvey Hosiery

Sheer and filmy in chiffon, or smooth and flawless in service weight, in delightful new shades that blend into any color scheme—There is something in the Harvey Hosiery line to suit every costume perfectly.

The Harvey name and trade mark attached to all Harvey products is for your protection. Look for it.

HARVEY KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED
HOSIERS LIMITED
WOODSTOCK - ONTARIO

Gog and her friends

We've found the cutest little girl
The folks all call her "GOG"
Her friends are Goofy, (he's the clown)
And GOLLY, he's the wog.

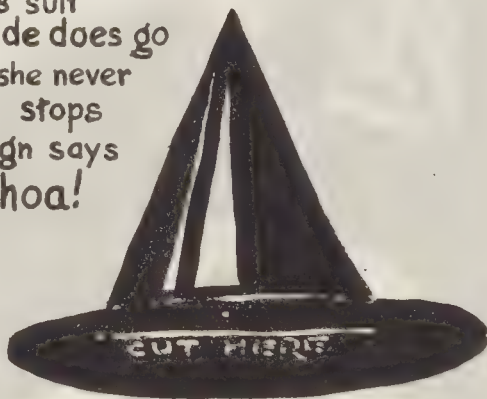
For Hallowe'en they're all dressed up
Some pranks they're going to play
But Golly sees the big black cat
And starts to run away



He say's "Ma Goodness
sakes alive
Bad luck dem black
cats bring"
But puss is busy
eating up
The sausage on
the string



Old Goofy's got a
policeman's suit
While Gog a ride does go
Upon a broom, she never
stops
Although the sign says
Whoa!



Take care of Goofy, boys and girls
Of Gog and Golly too
For month by month in costumes queer
Some funny things they'll do.
H.H.



Jimmy Clark



New Designs in Stamped Aprons

Stamped flat for embroidery on a good quality unbleached art cotton which will wear and launder well. Colored applique patches are supplied with A, B, and C, and other designs are just plain embroidery. The time spent in working these dainty designs is more than amply repaid by the splendid results shown above. Price .45 each. When ordering from the Western Home Monthly be sure to state letter of apron required.

What Shall We Do On Hallowe'en

Continued from page 83

Hen-pecked you'll be,
I clearly see.
Kind and true,
She'll e'er love you.
One day gay, one day sad,
That's the one you'll wed, my lad.

In the next room is a person garbed in a crepe paper costume to represent the Spider King. He announces that besides directing the web-spinning of his subjects he has instructed them to collect precious objects—and there is a pile of them all wrapped up on the table. Each guest is given a bag containing fifty beans and the Spider King auctions off the parcels. As the last is sold, the lights are suddenly dimmed and the King disappears leaving the guests to examine their purchases, which may be any inexpensive trinket of Hallowe'en associations.

In the next room a ghost story may be told, having the guests seated on the floor in a circle. The leader holds a ball of twine which she unrolls as she tells the tale. She comes to a knot and a new color of twine, whereupon she passes the ball to the person at her left who continues until the color changes, then passes it to the left, and so on. The light should be as dim as possible.

In another room bobbing for apples, throwing the apple peel over one's head and other standard Hallowe'en fortune telling games may be carried on. Then two pumpkins are brought out, ribbons hanging from the hollowed inside. Each girl pulls a ribbon from one pumpkin and the men ribbons from the other. At the end is a walnut shell which has been opened and glued together again. In each is a slip of paper. A prophecy has been written on a slip, it has been torn in two and half placed in each of the two walnuts. The guests match papers for partners for supper.

A HALLOWE'EN supper may be as hearty as you please, for the standard Hallowe'en foods—doughnuts, pumpkin pie, cider, apples lend themselves well to such a menu as is given. It will serve sixteen.

Marine Fancies
(Creamed Eggs and Sardines on Toast)
Pixie Footstools
(Buttered Carrots Sliced Crosswise)
Spiders' Favorite
(Cheese and Ginger Sandwiches)
Deviled Dainties
(Deviled Ham and Peanut Butter Sandwiches)
Spider's Touch
(Doughnuts)
Spider Webs with Witches Gold
(Pumpkin Tarts) (Cheese Balls)
Love Potion Midnight Brew
(Punch) (Coffee)

Marine Fancies: Melt six tablespoons of butter and mix with it six tablespoons of flour. Add three cups of milk and stir until thick and boiling. Drain sardines from four cans, remove bones and mash fish. Add to white sauce and bring to boiling. Season highly with salt and pepper. Slice eighteen hard-cooked eggs and place on buttered toast. Pour sardine sauce over the toast. Serves sixteen.

Spiders' Favorite: Mash four cream cheeses, add one cup of chopped walnuts, eight tablespoons chopped, preserved ginger, two tablespoons of ginger syrup and six tablespoons evaporated milk. Spread between thin buttered slices of brown bread.

Deviled Dainties: Mix together contents of a small can of deviled ham, one-third cup canned peanut butter, few grains salt, one-fourth cup mayonnaise. Spread on rounds of graham bread. In the unsprayed rounds cut holes to represent eyes, nose and mouth. Place slices on top of others and put bits of pimientos in the holes to accent the features.

Spiders' Webs: Mix two cups of canned pumpkin with one and one-eighth cups sugar, one and one-half teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon cinnamon and one teaspoon salt. Beat three egg yolks well, add two cups milk and one-half cup of [Continued on page 90]



Can you smile like this?

Or are you afraid? Does acid drive wedges into your teeth enamel, which later develop into cavities?

Turn to Pebecco... the one tooth paste which scientifically checks "acid-mouth." Pebecco more than cleans teeth—it saves them. It stimulates the flow of saliva which neutralizes the mouth acids caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Try it seven days in a row...and you'll know the reason for its tremendous popularity.

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Limited



BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK IS OBTAINABLE AT ALL
TOILET COUNTERS . . . IN TUBES 50c & \$1.00

Fur Coat Values Unequalled in Canada

Never before have Holt Renfrews of Winnipeg offered such a comprehensive selection of outstanding Fur Coat Values as they have prepared for this year. Distinctive in style—the utmost in quality—every Holt Renfrew Fur Coat offers the greatest value obtainable no matter what price you wish to pay. Do not hesitate—our 90-year-old reputation for fair dealing is your assurance of satisfaction.

HUDSON SEAL (self trimmed)
Misses sizes \$265 to \$325

Women's sizes, self and Alaska
Sable trimmed \$295 to \$385

PERSIAN LAMB (Alaska Sable
trimmed) \$325 to \$385

MUSKRAT \$189.50 to \$250

CHAPAL SEAL (self trimmed)
Misses sizes \$79.50 to \$110

Women's sizes \$97.50 to \$125

(Alaska Sable trimmed)
Misses sizes \$97.50 to \$125

Women's sizes \$110 to \$145

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No interest charges or storage to pay.

WRITE TODAY stating your prefer-
ence in fur and price, stating height
and size. Send bank or business refer-
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free of charge, a selection of coats for
your approval.

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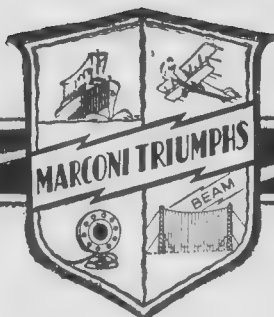
Canada's Largest Furriers - Est. 1837

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NEW TRIUMPH

MARCONI RADIO



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THROUGH YEARS OF RESEARCH

MARCONI

Radio

Everything you ever expected in Radio is provided for you in these new Triumph Marconi Receivers.

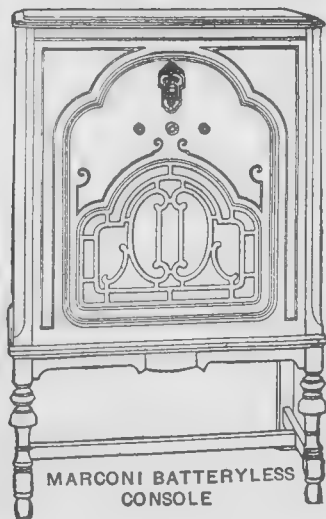
Everything in realistic, life-like performance, in captivating cabinet elegance, in simplicity, reliability and impressive price value.

Marconi research backed by the tremendous manufacturing facilities of the Marconi organization gives you everything you want in Radio—at the price you want to pay.

The proof awaits you at your nearest Marconi dealers'.

FEATURES

9 Tubes — Complete Shielding — Four Gang Tuning Condenser — Uniform Tuning — Illuminated Indicator — One Dial Station Selector — Automatic Voltage Regulator — Power Hum Silencer — Adapter Jack for playing Phonograph Records — Beautiful two-toned walnut Cabinet with Built-in Superb Dynamic Speaker



MARCONI BATTERYLESS
CONSOLE

CANADIAN MARCONI COMPANY

MAKERS OF THE MARCONI R. V. C. RADIOTRONS

What Shall We Do On Hallowe'en

Continued from page 89

canned moist cocoanut. Fold in three stiffly-beaten egg-whites and fill pastry-lined tart tins with the mixture. Bake, having oven hot at first, then more moderate, that is, 450 degrees F., for ten minutes, then 325 degrees for the rest of the time. The tarts are done when an inserted knife comes out clean. When ready to serve, put whipped cream in a pastry bag, using a narrow tip, and pipe the whipped cream over the tarts in lines to make a cobweb. This recipe will make sixteen regular size, individual tarts.

Love Potion: Boil two-thirds cup currant jelly, four cups water, two-thirds cup sugar until jelly melts. Cool and add juice of four lemons. Press the red raspberries from two number 2 cans through a sieve, and add berry pulp and syrup to the first mixture. Chill, add four cups carbonated water and serve at once. Makes about twenty-four punch glasses.

Impressions of the New Furniture

Continued from page 72

legacy left us by Chippendale and the other masters of his century. Their designs have been found wonderfully adaptable to the needs of the present day, and reproduction of them, in all degrees of faithfulness, are still perhaps the most important feature in present-day furniture making.

Consider the design in the walnut suite illustrated. Lines and proportion cannot fail to satisfy. The carved shell on the cabriole leg offers just enough relief. The upholstered seat introduces the color note—red again (ever a favorite in the dining-room, a color that seems to speak of hospitality and good cheer) but a rose-red this time, a color that belongs in a particular way to the time when such furniture was originally made. The pattern is small, unobtrusive, just a two-tone design in the deep rosy-reds. The carpet also uses a very unobtrusive, small all-over design with plain borders. Real pattern is left to the wallpaper—a reproduction of a fine old toile de Jouy printed in dull rose-red on a mellow deep creamy background. This is a paper which has come very strongly into favor of late—it serves a purpose in certain rooms that nothing else could do.

FINE cream marquise curtains, with the fulness which alone gives grace, hang at the four windows, meeting on the dividing frames so that the entire bay may be treated as one unit. This is accomplished by the use of only two side-curtains and a beautifully tailored valance. The curtains are of a striped material showing two tones of rose-red and a very deep and mellow ivory. It is very wide material, but drawn well within the lines of the two end windows, so that it too, is full. These side curtains are long enough to just clear the floor, which invariably adds to the dignity of the effect and they are looped back with a broad band of the same material as that which makes the valance. This is quite plain, in the rose-red to match the stripe, and with a narrow band of the striped material, cut crosswise, set an equal distance from its edge. A valance of this type must be mounted on a well-fitted wooden frame which will hold it always just so.

The further details of this room are as truly in the spirit of its furniture as are the accessories in the modern dining-room described. The crystal chandelier, with its matching pair of lustres on the table, lend their touch of brilliance, and the wall brackets are of the candle type to which we resort so frequently when we want to take the too-modern air from our electric fixtures.

On the sideboard, tall candelabra and a fine old Sheffield dish, lend weight and dignity. The unframed and decorated mirror that hangs above the sideboard, reflects only that which is in perfect harmony with the spirit of the room.

IT'S THE THING TO DO.



Mrs. J. Everton entertained at a delightful Bridge Party on Thursday evening in honor of her guest Mrs. George Paterson, of Toledo, Ohio.

It's the thing to do!

A gathering of chosen friends about the Bridge table is a most enjoyable entertainment—all the more delightful if the cards are also well chosen. *Colonial Bridge* Playing cards are always in good taste and earn favorable comment for the hostess who provides them.

COLONIAL BRIDGE PLAYING CARDS

A Product of
CANADIAN PLAYING CARD
COMPANY, Limited
MONTREAL

REMEMBER—When writing the advertisers please mention that you saw their ad. in the *Western Home Monthly*.



Cute Kiddie Togs PRISCILLA TRIMMED

It is easy to beautify and add durability to simply made kiddie togs, with colorful Priscilla Bias Fold Tape. Even amateur needlewomen can obtain exquisite trimming, binding and fagoting effects with Priscilla.

Ready folded on a true bias, Priscilla halves the time it takes to bind irregular edges. And your work won't show a pucker. 30 tubfast shades in Silk and Lawn, and in Gingham checks and striped Percale—finest obtainable quality.

Six Yards to a card in Lawn
Three Yards to a card in Silk
Everywhere—inexpensively priced
SEND FOR FASHION BOOK

Priscilla BIAS FOLD TAPE

SILK-LAWN-GINGHAM-PERCALE
The Kay Manufacturing Co.
Limited
999 Aqueduct Street, Montreal



But evening
finds her
Lovely
As Ever!

TONIGHT, there's hardly a sign of the distressing cold she had this morning—no dull headache, no reddened, unlovely nose; no maddening snuffle to torment her, destroy her charm, and spoil her evening; no risk of ugly complications like catarrh or sinus trouble.

thanks to these
Quick-Acting Vapors

Now she can keep that engagement after all. And all because, three times since breakfast, she melted a little Vicks VapoRub in hot water and inhaled its penetrating, healing vapors.

With every breath, she could feel them loosening the phlegm, clearing her head, and soothing her dry and irritated throat. And now, the worst of her cold is over.

For chest-colds, Vicks is just rubbed on at bedtime. Then the warmth of the body releases the vapors and, at the same time, this quick 2-way salve acts through the skin like a poultice.

Fine for Kid-Brothers, Too

This simple external treatment is especially popular with mothers of small children, because it cannot upset delicate little stomachs, as too much "dosing" so often does.

For free sample and interesting booklet, write J. T. Wait Co., Ltd., 450 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.

VICKS
VAPORUB

FOR COLDS OF ALL THE FAMILY

Federated Women's Institutes

The Birth of the Women's Institute Organization

THIRTY-THREE years ago in the County of Wentworth in the Province of Ontario a tiny baby died. The mother of that baby was an educated, cultured woman—educated in all matters except those of fundamental importance. Because she was a thinking woman, this mother, Adelaide Hoodless, realized that her baby died because she did not know how to feed and care for it, and standing beside the tiny white coffin, looking into the little dead face, that mother registered a vow that, if she lived, she would start an organization which should bring within the reach of country women, information on the care and feeding of the human young, similar to that which the farmers received from the Farmers' Institutes on the care and feeding of livestock. Thus were born the Women's Institutes of Canada.

Pioneers in organization work will readily understand that it was no easy matter to carry out this idea, but holding tenaciously to her purpose, Adelaide Hoodless was successful and on Saturday, February 19, 1897, one hundred and one girls and women formed themselves into the first Women's Institute, known as the Saltfleet Township Institute, but later as the Stoney Creek Women's Institute. The first officers were:—

Hon. President, Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless, Hamilton.

President, Mrs. E. D. Smith, Winona.

Vice-Presidents, Mrs. S. Melson, Stoney Creek, Mrs. G. Dean, Stoney Creek.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. McNeilly, Stoney Creek.

Secretary, Miss M. Nash, Stoney Creek.

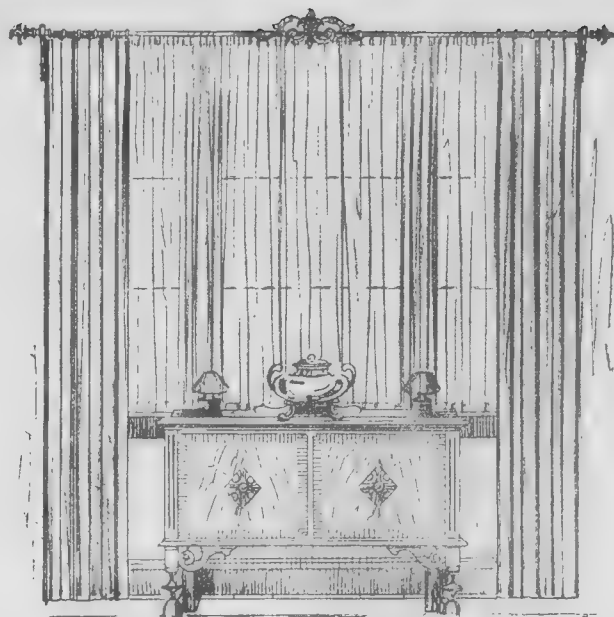
This Institute is still in existence and doing good work.

The movement spread to British Columbia about 1908, and in 1909 the Government brought out Miss Laura Rose, demonstrator and lecturer at Guelph, to organize Women's Institutes in the Province. By 1910 there were eleven Institutes with a membership of 545, which increased to 22 in 1911 with a membership of 974. The Women's Institutes of B.C., however, were not incorporated until 1911 when an amendment was made to the Agricultural Act to permit this.

The Advisory Board consisted of four women, one each from the Kootenay, the Okanagan, the Lower Mainland and Vancouver Island. This Board was created in 1911 and their duties were to confer and advise the Minister on all matters relating to Women's Institutes. They had no executive power whatever. In 1918 the members of the Advisory Board were elected by the delegates at the District Conferences. In 1919 the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada were organized and it became necessary, if the Advisory Board of B.C. were to be a part of the national federation, that they should have an executive which would co-operate with the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada. Thus in 1924 the Agricultural Act was again amended to provide for a Provincial Women's Institute, the object of which was to co-ordinate the work of the Women's Institutes in the Province, promote intercourse with similar organizations in other Provinces, and co-operate with other Provincial bodies and with the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, and retain the functions of the Advisory Board. The Provincial Board of Directors was to "inform and advise the Minister on all matters within the scope of the Women's Institutes under this Act."

British Columbia Institutes

ARISING out of a report on Industries given at the joint conference of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada and Homemakers of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon on June 18, the following resolution was adopted, sponsored by Mrs. H. McGregor, second Vice-President of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada: "That the Provincial Conveners of the Standing Committees on [Continued on page 9.]



Your Windows - - so easily made beautiful

SUCH marvellous effects may be gained by proper draping of those windows... and, in draping, the hardware is extremely important. The name "Kirsch" is recognized as a symbol of good Drapery Hardware by 20,000,000 women in America who have bought "Kirsch" time and again.

Write for FREE Kirsch Book on Draperies. It will be a revelation to you

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54

Empress Hotel The Canadian Pacific Hotel at VICTORIA



OUTDOOR and indoor recreative variety in a mild, spring-like climate, fresh and bracing all the year through.

Special Low Rates on American Plan

from October 15, 1929, to April 30, 1930, including room with bath and meals, also privileges in Crystal Garden, swimming pool, showers, Badminton courts, carpet bowling, promenades.

Rate for a Month

\$225.00	\$187.50
Single person	Per person double room

Weekly Rate

\$56.00	\$45.50
Single person	Per person double room

For minimum stay of two weeks

European Plan if preferred—Room with bath, \$4.50 per day and up; double, \$7.00 per day and up; for a period of a month or more, lower rates quoted by Manager. *Meals a la Carte or Table d'Hote.*

Enclosed Bus Service, on regular schedule, once per day: Oct. 15, 1929, to April 30, 1930, to and from Colwood and Oak Bay Golf Courses. Fare: 25c each way for guests.

1

COMING EVENTS AT THE EMPRESS

Yuletide Festival (2nd Annual)
December 23 to 30, 1929.

Sea Music Revue (2nd Annual),
January 15 to 18, 1930.

Empress Hotel Mid-Winter Golf Tournament (2nd Annual), Mid-February, 1930.

COME TO VICTORIA—and the New Empress! For full information or reservations, ask any Ticket Agent of the Canadian Pacific or write: The Manager, Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C.

TO BE REALLY LIVABLE ----



a living-room must cater to one's mental as well as one's physical comfort!

Physical comfort plus mental comfort . . . that's the secret of living-room charm! Ease for the body, and rest for the mind! Rest for the mind implies, of course, beauty . . . not the beauty of cold informality, nor yet the beauty that runs to riot in color and design . . . but the beauty that achieves an atmosphere of delightful informality without sacrificing either dignity or elegance . . . in other words, the beauty that expresses quiet perfect harmony!

If you would achieve that kind of beauty . . . the beauty that will make your living-room truly livable, the one setting of universal harmony, of priceless charm, of enduring satisfaction, is a floor of Seaman-Kent Hardwood!

**SEAMAN-KENT
HARDWOOD
FLOORING**

PRODUCED IN CANADA

FOR REAL QUIETNESS



A Complete Toilet Unit

Much better than separate tank and bowl

Being a self-contained unit the T N toilet adds new beauty to the bathroom and is in perfect harmony with all up-to-date fixtures. It is moulded in one piece from high grade vitrified china, designed in true pedestal style. Stands only 20 inches high over all.

The T.N operates with a new centrifugal flush which cannot be heard outside the bath room

This modern toilet ends the embarrassment caused by the noisy wash-down flush of ordinary wall tanks. It permits perfect privacy in the use of the bathroom. And because there's nothing to attach to the wall, installation is very simple. There are only two connections to make.

Your nearest plumber or this office will promptly give you full details and rough estimate of complete installation charges.

The Galt Brass Company Limited,
75 Adelaide Street West Toronto, Factory, Galt, Ont.

Makers of the famous Teck Flush Valve

Western Representative: V. I. MILLER, 230 Princess St., Winnipeg

THE PRICELESS PRIVILEGE OF PRIVACY
THE T.N. TOILET

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 91

Industries in Canada be asked to compile tables of the industries of their respective Provinces (products of field and factory), in order to promote trade between the Provinces."

In line with this resolution, and knowing that education is more quickly advanced if presented in a concrete form, Mrs McGregor further suggested that, as diversified industries are engaged in by each Province, of which the other Provinces are ignorant, portable exhibits be prepared by each Province showing the products peculiar to that Province, these exhibits to be shown at each Provincial Women's Institute Convention, thus bringing home to Canada at large a first-hand knowledge of what is produced and grown under the Canadian flag.

For example Quebec produces home-spun hand-woven linen and celanese, but the great mass of buyers throughout Canada are quite unaware of this. Saskatchewan has the finest pottery clay in Canada, which is manufactured into very superior utensils at Medicine Hat. British Columbia produces seeds, bulbs and shrubs which are fully equal, if not superior to those grown in California, Washington and Oregon. Women are astonished to find that cosmetics are produced in Canada, when from childhood days they have always regarded cosmetics as necessarily imported articles. The sentiment is growing daily to give preference to Canadian fruits and vegetables in season and to Canadian manufactured products. This sentiment will be the greatest bulwark for Canadian prosperity which can be raised. Fully developed it takes the place of any anti-dumping clause and against which foreign power cannot prevail.

Sunset

By Mary Matheson

Sunset in radiant gown proclaims the stars
Ere night lets down his shadowy, western
bars,

Listens a moment to the lark's refrain
Singing his heart out to the hills again,
Whispers to parched lands of diamond dew
So soon to strengthen all the earth anew,
Hushes the drowsy trillings of the birds
And breathes of coolness to the grazing herds
As o'er the plains the shadows weave their
way

With kindly message for the closing day,
Now, filling all with tints of gold and rose
His garnered beauty through each shadow
glows,
Then softly sighing — light as swallows
skim—
Glides into night behind the last gold rim.

Robin Red

By F. Eleanor Nichols

A robin high in a blossoming tree
Sang a lilting song so merrily,
And he made this saucy message plain
"There'll be cherries ripe for me again."

And I smiled to hear that rascal red,
For I knew full well 'twas the truth he said,
That many a cherry would find its way
To him and his mate on a summer's day.

So I said, "Indeed, you are welcome quite
To every luscious cherry bite,
If you'll pay me well when the days are long,
With your melody of trilling song."

A Candle

By V. W. Newson

When the night comes—
As come it must—
Take thou this tiny light of mine
And let it burn awhile,
While you dream and rest
Till Day comes up again.

And when the Day comes up
As come it must,
My little light will fail—
So lay it by,
Till dusk draws nigh again.

FREE to Motorists!

These New Pressure Discs

They often cut tire
costs \$30 a year



If you want to save as much as \$30 a year on tires and boost your mileage 1000 to 4500 miles, clip the coupon below.

It will bring you FREE a set of these new Schrader Pressure Discs. The newest development to combat improper inflation, the cause of 80 per cent of all premature tire failures.

You get a set of discs, each stamped with the exact individual pressure each of your tires should carry. Your discs will be specially selected for your specific car. Then you attach discs and maintain pressure they prescribe.

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To test your tires, leading tire engineers recommend the use of the time-proven "direct-action" Schrader Gauge. A gauge dependably accurate and durable.

So obtain a Schrader Gauge today. Use it weekly in conjunction with the Pressure Discs offered here.

Fill out coupon carefully. The information required is essential to get discs for your specific car. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., TORONTO, Chicago, Brooklyn, London.



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Dear Sirs:

Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires.

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No Gray Hair Test This Safe Way FREE



GRAY hair must go! But don't try to end it with any crude, sticky, messy dye which produces a dull, lifeless look that is worse than grayness. Use Brownatone—the quick, sure, safe, harmless method tested and approved by millions. Even close friends do not suspect its use. Brownatone is easily applied by anyone. It does not rub off nor wash out. It is beneficial to the scalp—adds luster to the hair. Takes any kind of wave. Comes in two colors: blonde to medium brown; dark brown to black. All druggists sell Brownatone under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.



Make This FREE TEST

Send name and address to The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O-17, Windsor, Ont., for liberal FREE test bottle of Brownatone. Be sure to state color desired.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

She Says:

"I AM THIN"

Her Friends Say:

"She is Skinny"

How One Very Thin Woman Gained
10 Pounds in 22 Days

If she only knew that she could put on at least 5 pounds of good, healthy flesh in 30 days she wouldn't be worrying about her peaked face, hollow chest and run-down looks.

All of these conditions rob you of attractiveness and make you look old. But worst of all, these may actually be the symptoms of simple anaemia—that dread ailment so often suffered by women.

All over America and even in foreign countries every progressive druggist knows that there is nothing better than McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets to put on firm flesh, round out face and figure and create rich, red blood. McCoy's contains the same kind of essential elements doctors say you must have to attain proper weight, strength and energy.

One woman gained ten pounds in twenty-two days. 60 tablets 60 cents—Economy Size \$1.00. Ask any druggist for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets, and if you don't gain at least 5 pounds in 30 days your money will be refunded.

The Film Studio Make-Up

THE most fascinating spot in a motion picture studio from the standpoint of the layman, is probably the make-up department. At First National Studios this department is in charge of Percy Westmore, president of the Make-up Artists' Association, one of the most expert in his line.

While the space allotted to this important branch of picture-making is not large, it is crammed with material and appliances including the various adjuncts to hairdressing of all kinds, wig-making apparatus, and a collection of wigs and beards, moustaches and eyebrows that would stock a hairstore.

These wigs and other hirsute adornments are carefully segregated, catalogued and indexed. Anything from a Chinese coolie to some notable historical figure can be turned out in rapid-fire order.

With several experienced assistants, a whole band of Mexicans, a modern army, a band of gypsies, dukes, earls or kings and queens, can be prepared with appropriate coiffures, pates bald or fringed, powdered hair, mutton-chop whiskers, wildly flung masses of hair, dainty curls or bangs—nothing, indeed, in the whole range but may be quickly cared for. A man may enter the make-up department wearing the costume of a wild man from Borneo but with a face and head quite ordinary in appearance. In an hour he emerges with rings in nose and ears, kinky wool twisted into inconceivable shapes, a flattened nose and everything associated with such a fantastic characterization.

Wonders may be done with crepe hair. This hair comes in twisted, rope-like skeins. It is drawn through a contrivance which separates and combs out the hair and puts it into workable condition. This is applied with spirit gum to the face and then trimmed to the proper shape. It comes in all colors from red to black, with iron grey, various browns and other shades.

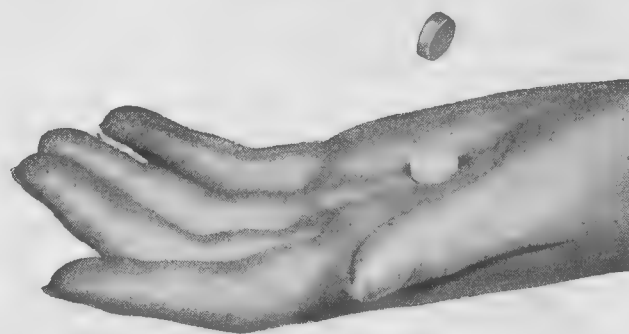
Most moustaches and beards, however, are affixed to gauze, which in turn is fastened to the lip or chin or cheeks with spirit gum—a mixture of ether and cherry gum with strong adhesive properties.

Wigs are also mounted on thin gauze or net, each hair or little bunches of hair sewed securely. These are trimmed, curled, dyed or otherwise moulded into the proper contours. If there is a bald front to the wig, it is pasted to the forehead and with grease paint blended so that the line of demarcation is invisible. Shell wigs are sometimes used for bald effects, but seldom in picture work.

Noses are altered by the experienced use of nose putty, a substance that adheres to the skin and can be moulded just as real putty can be shaped. The proper form having been arranged the greasepaint is applied and blended so that the nose looks perfectly natural. This can also be utilized for making high cheek bones or any malformation of the features, such as a protruding chin. False eyebrows are easily applied just like moustaches. Queer teeth are inserted or the real teeth may be rendered glistening white by special application. In making up for wrinkles, lining pencils are employed and carefully blended lines are drawn, such as crowsfeet, forehead wrinkles, or the furrows about the nose and mouth. A cleft chin is no trick to the makeup artist.

Even the hands may be treated. Shadows are used to render the hands thin and clawlike. False finger nails for Oriental characters are sometimes employed. Even false ears are occasionally used. Wounds and scars are perfectly simulated by the use of collodion to pucker the skin, which is then properly painted to resemble a cicatrice.

Pictures having a modern setting, such as Alice White's "Broadway Babies," Richard Barthelmess' "Drag," or Billie Dove's "Her Private Life," seldom call upon the make-up department unless an unusual characterization is in the cast. On the other hand, Oolleen Moore's "Smiling Irish Eyes," with its Emerald Isles location, calls for native make-ups on the part of many characters, and pictures similar to [Continued on page 94]



Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted. They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for a headache to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is always an antidote. Aspirin offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. Rely on these tablets to relieve almost any pain, but remember that only a doctor can cope with the cause.

You may take Aspirin as often as there is any need. Never hurts the heart. At druggists, with proven directions.

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.



Genuine THERMOS Kits for every school child



Bonnie Blue School Kit with Thermos half-pint Bottle and good space for lunch. Home prepared foods and drinks for growing children for the noon or recess

lunch. Tasty lunches prepared by Mother or Nurse are more appetizing to the growing boy or girl. Give the children what they should have to keep them fit for regular attendance. Kits \$2.50 up—On sale where Drugs and Hardware are sold. Ask for Stronglas Bottles for Kits. They are better. The healthy child needs a strong package.

If your dealer cannot supply, we will send prepaid on receipt of price.

Thermos Bottle Co. Ltd., 1239 West Queen St., Toronto 3

The Film Studio Make-Up

Continued from page 93

Dorothy Mackaill's "The Great Divide" demand special assistance from the make-up department because of the large number of Mexican and Western types.

The stage is less trying to a make-up than the screen, according to Westmore. The lights and distance aid the stage actor. But the camera's eye must be considered and the make-up must be perfect indeed to look natural on the screen. That is why great pains are taken to get a perfect make-up in motion pictures. Of course, colors for the screen make-up are frequently entirely different from those for the stage, owing to the effect of the lights. However, the modern incandescent lighting and the use of panchromatic film have changed this to a large extent and the strange yellow make-up once used for Cooper-Hewitt and Kleig lighting is modified to a more natural color.

Powders of various shades are always used over any make-up to soften the lines and help the blending process. Make-up is now a greater art than ever before, and nowhere, according to this correspondent, is it practised with greater skill than at First National Studios' make-up department.

"HOW MONEY MAKES MONEY"

THIS is the title of an intensely interesting booklet issued by James Richardson & Sons Ltd., Winnipeg. It is different from the average booklet of this nature in that it does not devote much space to investment of large sums of money, but tenders excellent advice on the gentle art of saving, pointing out that if a person will adopt a systematic plan of investment of small sums of money, the financial magic of compound interest will take him along the road to independence at a surprising rate.

An instance is given that \$39.13 saved every month and invested and re-invested at 5½% a year will grow to \$25,000 in twenty-five years.

Securing professional financial advice is now no more difficult than securing medical or legal service, and just as you consult a physician or lawyer on matters that lie outside your special knowledge, so should the advice of competent investment houses be invoked when the question of investment of moneys crops up.

James Richardson & Sons Ltd. invite readers to consult them by mail, and we certainly have no hesitation in urging a wide circulation for "How Money Makes Money," a copy of which will go forward postpaid to every inquirer.

TO THE END OF THE ROAD By Elsie Bourinot

Give me the peace of the twilight hush
When the long, long day is done,
Give me the radiant after-glow
At the set of evening sun;
Give me the breeze that so softly plays,
The scent of the fulking dew,
Give me the light of the stars above
That will lead me home to you.

Give me your hand when the path is steep,
And the darkness overhead,
Give me your smile when the way seems long,
And weary the miles I tread;
Give me your trust when a dark world frowns
And my faith and hope are spent,
Give me your love to the end of the road
And my soul shall be content.

PASTORALE

By Marian L. Ross

I will go out, and walk on the hill,
For the day is brave, and the clouds hang high;
Where the spirit may run as a beam of the sun
And yearning arms embrace the sky.

I will go out where the grass is sweet,
Soothing soft to the feet of the world,
Where the wild deer roams, and the wind of night
Holds for a time his banner furled.

I will go out, as another went,
Up on a hill in the cool of the day;
I will go out, as another went,
Up on a hill, to pray.



This book, sent free, shows new ways to serve more milk in the daily menu. Your family needs more milk. Serve it in their food, in soups, sauces, breads, desserts, candies.

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ROAD construction demands a real shoe

Heavy work on the roads, the farm, etc., demands good wearing, comfortable shoes.

Sismans are the selection of outdoor workers all over Canada. Make sure you see the Sisman tag on the shoes you buy.

The T. Sisman Shoe Company, Limited,
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SISMAN SHOES

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

BOOK NOW TO GET CHOICE ACCOMMODATION
THROUGH SERVICE TO THE SEABOARD

From	Boat	Date	To
Montreal	"Andania"	Nov. 22nd	Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
Montreal	"Ascania"	Nov. 22nd	Plymouth, Havre, London
Montreal	"Laurentic"	Nov. 23rd	Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
Halifax	"Oscar II"	Nov. 25th	Christiansand, Oslo, Copenhagen
Halifax	"Stavangerfjord"	Nov. 25th	Bergen, Stavanger, Oslo
Montreal	"Megantic"	Nov. 25th	Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
Halifax	"De Grasse"	Dec. 7th	Havre
Halifax	"Pennland"	Dec. 8th	Plymouth, Cherbourg, Antwerp
Halifax	"Berlin"	Dec. 8th	Queenstown, Cherbourg, Bremen
Halifax	"Tuscania"	Dec. 9th	Plymouth, Havre, London
Halifax	"Cedric"	Dec. 9th	Queenstown, Liverpool
Halifax	"Gripsholm"	Dec. 9th	Gothenburg
Halifax	"Frederik VIII"	Dec. 9th	Christiansand, Oslo, Copenhagen
Halifax	"Lituania"	Dec. 9th	Copenhagen, Danzig
Halifax	"Athenia"	Dec. 14th	Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow
Halifax	"Baltic"	Dec. 16th	Queenstown, Liverpool

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General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg

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Healthy Hair

Frequent shampooing with Evan Williams "Ordinary" keeps the hair lustrously lovely and healthy.

A special shampoo for every shade of hair... at your druggist.

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MONTREAL

Evan Williams HENNA SHAMPOO

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, conquers Bunions—Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so quickly that thousands report they now wear their new shoes with ease and comfort.

TRY IT ON YOUR OWN UNION—Just send your name and address so we can arrange for you to try Pedodyne and prove the quick, sure amazing results. No obligation. Address—KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. 69-A, 201 Shepherd St. E., Windsor, Ont.

When Writing Advertisers, Please Mention
The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

The Golden Stairs

By Marion Wathen Fox

A CHILDREN'S STORY

LITTLE girl Jessamine lived with her father and mother in a little cottage at the edge of the big forest. In this forest grew many wild flowers, and lived many animals, little and big. But Jessamine never played far into the forest, only at the edge where she could hear her father's and mother's call; but even there she found plenty to enjoy and play with.

At last, however, came a day when a mischievous brown squirrel jumped up and grabbed a nut out of Jessamine's hand and made off with it. Just for fun Jessamine chased the squirrel away in amongst the trees. Both Jessamine and the squirrel enjoyed the chase, and every now and then the squirrel would stop and turn its head and chatter at Jessamine:

"You can't catch me!—You can't catch me!" which of course made Jessamine decide she would keep up the chase a little longer, and then, at last the squirrel dashed off to the side and ran up a tree, held the nut up in its front paws and scolded Jessamine for chasing it. Then if it didn't up and crack the nut and eat it—peeping teasingly through the leaves at Jessamine as it did so, chipping:

"Ha! Ha! I got ahead of you, Jessamine! Just watch me eat the nut!—my, it's good!"

And Jessamine just had to laugh. But she shook her finger at Frisky and said,

"Oh yes, but you climbed a tree, Frisky! That wasn't quite fair, for you know very well that little girls can't climb to the tops of trees! Well, good-bye, I must get back home now, and 'thank-you' for the fun."

But as Jessamine turned to go back home she realized she had gone farther into the wood than ever before. It all seemed strange and new,

But soon, there in the distance she saw a very plain path running in amongst the trees.

"There must be someone living along here," thought Jessamine. "I'll run along the path a little way and see."

She discovered that the path became quite wide, like a road, indeed. A blue-jay was chattering about the trees over her head, so she called out to him,

"Tell me what road this is, please—I did not know there were real roads in the woods."

"Oh that," answered the blue-jay, is Royal Avenue. "If you're going to see the king just follow along till you come to his castle. You know you're in the enchanted part of the forest now, where everything can talk—and all."

"O—h! enchanted forest!" exclaimed Jessamine, so surprised she could scarcely answer. "A king and a castle!" how splendid it would be to see a king and his castle and to have it to tell mother and father about when I go home!—"Oh, yes indeed, thank you, I'll follow Royal Avenue and visit the king."

"I would if I were you," answered the blue-jay."

The First Step

AFTER talking to the blue-jay Jessamine hurried along Royal Avenue in great haste to visit the king and his castle, and wondering greatly about the "enchanted" part of the forest. But after a little she became troubled as to what she should say to the king when she met him.

"Kings are very grand people I have heard," she thought. "And very proud, so I'll likely be afraid of him, then perhaps he'll not want to be bothered with a little girl that lives in just a poor cottage away at the edge of the forest and not in the enchanted part. But it will be lovely to have to tell mother and father about. Of course, there's nearly always something hard to do, before anyone can get anything nice, or even see it, so I guess I'll keep right on till I get a peep anyhow at the king and his castle."

Just then a lovely brown moth with red under its wings flew right in front of her,

"Going to see the king, little girl?" it asked.

"Yes," answered Jessamine, a bit hesitatingly. "Is it far?"

"No, not so very. You'll soon see the golden steps."

"Golden steps? O—h!" and she began to run.

Soon a deer peeped round the trees at her.

"Going to see the king, little girl?" asked the deer.

"Yes, is it far?"

"No, not so very. You'll soon see the golden steps."

Then Jessamine ran the faster, for it just seemed as though she couldn't wait a minute to get to the golden steps.

In a little while, sure enough, she saw a long golden stairway at the end of Royal Avenue, with beautiful flowers and trees growing all about its sides.

"My it's beautiful! But what a lot—a terrible lot of steps, and such steep steps!" exclaimed Jessamine as she drew nearer the steps. "I'm afraid I'll never, never be able to climb so many. There must be—most a hundred."

"No, only twenty-five," answered something at her side. And there perched on the very first step was, a blue-bird.

"Of course thirty steps, even if they are gold, is quite a lot for a little girl like you to climb," kept on the blue-bird, who seemed wanting to be friendly. "But now, you sit down on this step by me for a minute and I'll tell you the secret of how to climb those steps easily."

So Jessamine sat down on the very first golden step by the blue-bird, and the blue-bird told her:

"Don't keep thinking about how many steps you have to climb, but just go a little way at a time—say five steps, and then sit down and rest and look down the steps and say, 'My, what a lot of steps I have come.' Then before you know it you'll be right at the top."

"Oh, thank-you, blue-bird. I believe that would be a lovely plan. I'm sure it's very kind of you to tell me. But why has the king so many steps to his palace?"

"Better ask him when you get to the top," laughed the blue-bird.

"I—I—m sort of afraid of the king, he'll likely be so grand and—"

"Nonsense!" laughed the blue-bird, almost as though the idea of being afraid of the king was a joke. "Now you just listen to me," and off it flew to a lovely branch that was leaning over the side of the steps and sang the most beautiful song Jessamine had ever heard, and the song seemed to ring right into her heart and make her forget all about being afraid of the king.

"Thank-you! Thank-you! That's going to help me climb the first five steps anyhow—and I'm glad I've made a friend on the very first step," called out Jessamine as she got up from the step.

The Fifth Step

"ONE — two — three — four — five," counted Jessamine as she climbed the first five steps of the golden stairway, and then, just as the blue-bird had advised, sat down on the fifth step, and looking down, said happily:

"My, what a lot of steps I have climbed already! Well, I'll take a little rest before I climb the next five."

That's a good plan," answered a big yellow butter-fly with two brown spots on its wings, who had been fluttering over a lovely blue flower right at the end of the step on which Jessamine sat. "Are you going to see the king, little girl?"

"Yes, but why has he so many steep steps to his castle?"

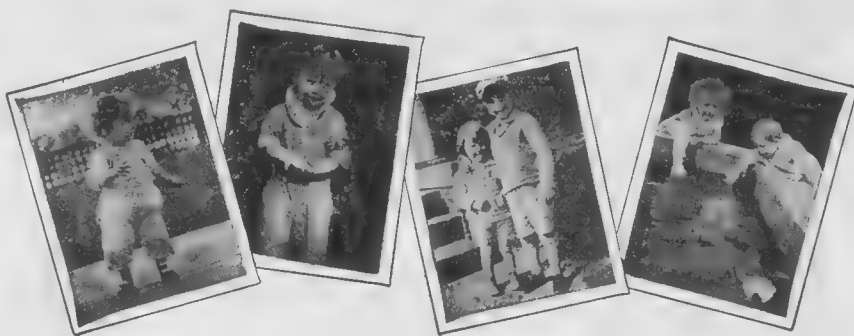
"Oh, you'd better ask him when you get to the top," laughed the butter-fly, flying over to Jessamine and lighting right on her lap.

It seemed so friendly, that Jessamine told it about the blue-bird's advice of resting on every fifth step and looking down, and all. [Continued on Page 96]

SNAPSHOTS

don't grow up

When your Boy becomes
a Man and your Girl
becomes a Woman, you'll
wish for more reminders
of their childhood days



LATER on, when they step out for themselves, snapshots of their early years will become your most precious possession.

Today you are looking ahead. Tomorrow you'll want to look back, to see them as they are now, as they never will be again.

This is the time when your Kodak can be of greatest help, the time to take more snapshots than you have ever taken before.

They change so quickly. You can almost see them getting taller, broader, more mature. Perhaps now you're tucking them into bed, buttoning up their clothes, cutting up their meat in little pieces, and keeping them away from open windows. But in only a few years more they'll be telling you what to do and looking the part.

Keep Your Kodak Handy

When your Boy becomes a Man and your Girl becomes a Woman you'll wish for more reminders of their childhood days. Don't leave this wonderful period to the fickleness of memory. Keep your Kodak next to your hat and coat. Then you won't miss any picture chances.

Then, too, snapshots are fun to take. That is another reason for the extraordinary popularity of Kodaks. They are on sale everywhere and at prices that do their bit toward bringing down the high cost of living. The Brownie, a genuine Eastman camera, sells for as

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What's more, your dealer can show you Eastman cameras that actually increase your picture-taking opportunities. These are the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Everyone can take good pictures indoors, outdoors, on cloudy days and brilliant ones, with these marvelous new Kodaks. Ask to see them.

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Thus not a single real excuse has been left you! Remember that your children grow up, but snapshots remain the same as long as you live.

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24

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The Golden Stairs

Continued from page 95

"My, that was fine advice, and I am sure the blue-bird was quite right," answered the friendly butterfly. "But there's something else that will make your climbing easy; Enjoy things as you go along. Have you looked over the sides of the steps much?"

"N—o, you see I've just been watching the steps, and then, of course there was what the blue-bird said to think about, and it's lovely song."

"Certainly, but it's a pity to miss anything of beauty that is about. And then, you see, the king has all those lovely flowers and trees, and things about the sides just on purpose to make it pleasant and enjoyable for those climbing the golden steps."

"O—h! How lovely of him!" exclaimed Jessamine, running over to the end of the step with the butterfly now perched on her shoulder.

"Oh—they are the loveliest flowers and plants and trees I have ever seen!" and now Jessamine's eyes were wide with wonder at the beauty surrounding the golden stairway. "I did not know there were so many beautiful things in the whole world—won't mother and father be surprised when I tell them about these!"

Just as the butterfly was about to fly over to the flowers Jessamine remembered—"Oh, wait a minute, dear butterfly," she called, "I want to ask you something—are you afraid of the king?"

The butterfly seemed to think this a joke, "Afraid of the king? Why, certainly not. Are you?"

Jessamine nodded her head.

"Well, you won't be when you know him."

"That's just it—I don't know him; he'll be a stranger when I first meet him, and I won't know what to say to him, or anything, and he'll be proud and—and so grand and—you see I'm only a poor little girl and am not used to kings."

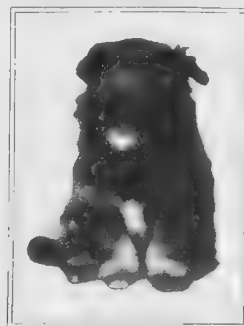
"Now, my dear, you just forget it. Fear can spoil anything. You just keep humming the blue-bird's song, and admiring these lovely things along the way and—" with that the butterfly flew away.

"Good-bye, and thank you—and it's been lovely making another friend," called out Jessamine.

"One—two—three—four—five," counted Jessamine climbing up the next five steps that seemed even shorter than the last five, because she was thinking about the blue-bird and the butterfly and seeing something new and beautiful over there amongst the trees and flowers all the time. She was enjoying them so, that she even forgot about being afraid of the king, so that when she sat down on the tenth step and said—oh, so happily,

"My, what a lot of steps I have climbed!" And what a lovely, lovely time I am having!"

To be concluded next month.



Alas

By Vera V. Robertson

My little dog being some months old
(And I boasted clever for his age),
One afternoon I approached his mind
With themes beyond the puppy stage.

I spoke to him of wondrous things
That he would very likely see,
But he simply turned his little head
And yawned, and yawned at me.



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Musical Notes

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THE SHY DEBUSSY

DEBUSSY was probably the shyest person who ever had to appear before the public as an artist and he was never at home on the platform. At one concert of modern music at which he played a new work of his own he was so uncertain of himself that he had someone by him to turn over the pages of the music, though it was a work that most people would play from memory. When he got sat down in front of the piano he scratched nervously in his beard and then made a sudden start without any of the usual preliminary modulating. At the end someone threw him a bunch of violets. Debussy saw them fall, glanced shyly at them, ran off the platform, but stopped by the door. Then hesitating, he suddenly turned back, ran towards the flowers quickly, picking them up, and disappeared at a trot.

COMPOSERS AND THEIR STOMACHS

WHILE some of the men whom we have to thank for our best music had to struggle hard for the necessities of life, and then were not always successful in obtaining them, others have lived in luxury and have even been famous as gourmands.

Rossini, for one, was quite an epicure. It is told that he once gave his picture to his provision dealer, with the words, "To my stomach's best friend," inscribed on it. The merchant thought this too good an advertisement to lose, and so he had the whole thing engraved on his bill-head and circulars.

Dussek was a notorious glutton; in fact over-eating and drinking brought him to his death-bed. His patron, Prince Benevenuto, besides paying him a good salary, furnished him seats for three at his tables and it was no infrequent thing that Dussek consumed the provisions at all three places.

Many a time was Handel caricatured in England as an overfed glutton. In one fanciful engraving he was pictured as a huge hog sitting on the organ bench surrounded with cabbages and strings of sausage. There was some cause for this, as witness the following: Intending to dine at a certain inn, Handel ordered dinner for three. He waited a while, and as the dinner was not brought in, he asked why the delay. The waiter replied:

"It shall be sent up, sir, as soon as your company arrives."

"Den bring up de dinner prestissimo. I am de gombany!"

Star Shine

By Laura A. Ridley

*Star that twinkles in the sky,
Would you ever stoop to spy
At a kneeling maid;
At a maiden on her knees,
In her room above the trees,
Lonely and afraid?*

*Is it true, or does she think
That you look at her and wink
As her prayers ascend?
She is mortal and must pray:
God seems often far away,—
Won't you be her friend?*

*As she lies awake at night
She can see you beaming bright,
And she loves your beams;
Therefore, distant, friendly star,
Shining on her from afar,
Grant her pleasant dreams.*

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"The King's Lodging" In Kent

By E. G. Meeres

SOMEONE has written:—"An emerald
set in moonlight—a garden caressed
by a river."

On the slender estuary which borders
the little Kentish town a boat lay
moored. John Cordingley stepped into
it and pulled leisurely out into the
stream, letting himself drift some
distance with the swift current which
swept in from the sea. Across the flat
country to the right, the sunset—over
such uninterrupted opportunities for
glory—stained his course with crimson
and gold, and shot opalesque shafts
through the huddle of roofs and houses
of the town, turning them into a violet
haze.

Rounding a bend in the river, he came
in sight of a pleasant sixteenth-century
house, set rather far back, with lawns
running sheer to the water's edge, and
well guarded by tall poplar trees, which
stood stately and indifferent, casting
straight shadows on the silver of the
river which was gleaming now under a
rising moon.

Cordingley rowed close to the bank
and throwing a rope over a gnarled
stump, drew himself within landing
distance. No steps helped here. This
garden kept its secrets too safely to
allow an easy entrance; and, knocking
out his pipe, he made his way as best
he could up the bank. Reaching the
top, he found himself standing on a
wide, stone-flagged pathway, chequered
with close grass.

Before him, the house, heavily wrap-
ped with large-leaved ivy, showed dark
and mysterious. A high wall protected
the garden and at one side, a beauti-
fully carved stone gateway could be
seen. Little purple and blue flowers
chased a pattern through borders of
sweet alyssum, on either side of the
flagged pathway; their mingled perfume
drifted towards him and lost itself in
the tang of the salt breeze coming in
over the marshes.

Silken-sheened lawns surrounded the
house, almost tenderly, as if attempting
to soften its air of aloofness. A little
fountain was playing near the house,
its rain-like murmur being the only
sound in the garden.

"Lucky Dick Farrell!" thought
Cordingley, "to own such a heavenly
retreat from the smiting heat of London
pavements! Farrell, an artist friend,
whom he had met on a walking tour
in Spain, had given him a general
invitation to visit his old house in Kent
whenever the spirit moved him. And
now the gods had decreed a journey
to the little town and the realization
of his promise.

The moonlight was capping the pop-
lars now, filling the garden with
strange, shadowy shapes; the flags at
his feet seemed suddenly whiter, then,
a shadow blotted the whiteness and as
swiftly disappeared, as a huge owl
swooped over and obscured itself in the
mist of the marshes.

In this garden, Cordingley reflected,
Elizabeth had walked, four hundred
years ago. He imagined her pointing a
royal, white, finger at the coast, de-
manding the mileage to Flanders! How
angry she would have been if she had
heard the guns rumbling over there a
few years ago! In her day, the fleet
would have been drawn up where the
marshes now stood, for royal reviews.

He crossed the lawn to the house
and pulled an old iron bell, which
jangled harshly through the stillness of
the garden. The windows were sud-
denly flooded with light and an elderly
man-servant appeared. Cordingley was
told that his friend was away in Paris,
but had left orders that he should be
given the freedom of the house and
garden.

He entered a low, wide hall, panelled
throughout, with sloping uneven floors
and rare furnishings. Here several
doors were set unexpectedly in angles
of the walls. An old ingle nook was
built in a corner, holding one panel in
its border of linen-fold, on which was
carved a quaint device. Probably the
coat-of-arms of the original owner.

Going up a wide, oak staircase, with
its low, easy steps so dear to earlier
days, he reached a spacious landing,
and found his way to the Queen's room,
a large chamber, beautifully propor-
tioned and richly panelled. It was
empty save for a great four-poster, set
against the wall. A small fireplace
with a severe chimney-piece faced the
door. Through the wide, miniature-
paned window, overlooking the river,
the moonlight streamed across the oak
floor, chasing the darkness to the far
corners of the room, and adding an
illusion of undiscerned space.

Dropping down on the deep window-
seat, he unfastened the casement and
looked out over the river. His boat
was shifting uneasily on the moving
currents, as the tide flowed swiftly in
from the sea. Lights on a far head-
land, shone out like yellow diamonds
in the moonlight. Over the intervening
marshes, a mist was softly rising. Long
years ago, he mused, Augustine must
have come up that channel.

Closing the casement, Cordingley
walked to the centre of the room. He
could almost feel the presence of those
sleepers who had dreamed here so many
years ago, pressing on his unconscious-
ness; moving and shaping themselves in
the strange atmosphere which pervaded
the room. Ladies, high collared; and
courtiers, ruffled and velveted; almost
hear too, the soft pad of deer-hounds
feet on the shining floor and feel their
great, sad eyes meeting his. What, he
wondered, was the explanation of the
perplexing riddle of atmosphere! Some-
times more real and arresting than
ordinary daylight. Was the past after
all, more powerful than the present?

From the lower hall, invited by an
open doorway, he entered a lighted
room, but paused on the threshold,
rivetted by such sudden beauty. Beamed
ceiling, panelled wall and sloping floor
ending in an exquisite window with a
low seat.

Here was complete harmony of line
and coloring. A tone so divine as to
defy outline almost entirely. Like
Robert Browning's musician, Abt Vog-
ler, who, taking three notes and mixing
them with another "in his thoughts,
framed not a fourth, but a star!"; so,
the creator of this room had taken its
three dimensions and adding a fourth
from his own soul, had created a star
so divinely perfect, as to extinguish
all sense of confining space.

An indescribable longing for music
came over him; for, at all times of
strong feeling, he had a strange need
of notes under his fingers. But his
friend was not a musician, and no piano
was to be found there. Moving to the
window which opened upon a pathway
in the garden, he stepped through it,
and found himself in full view of the
river which had by now risen almost
level with the lawn.

Against the high wall of the garden,
a roof of a neighboring house could be
seen, and from a hidden window be-
neath, a voice came out to him. Its
lilting notes had a strangely haunting,
pathos and persistence:—"...of beauty
...of beauty... is a joy... a joy, for
ev...er!"

The oppression and heat of London
and, the memory of a particularly
sordid case he had been defending there,
was suddenly lifted from his brain, like
a burden thrown off, and for a moment,
he was whole.

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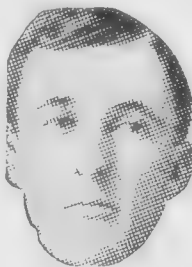
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Children's Cosy Corner

By Bobby Burke

DEAR Boys and Girls:

Quite brilliant! That is the word we must use about a large number of our girls and boys in regard to the Quotation Competition. Some give evidence of considerable thought and others have been prepared in a most painstaking and careful manner, but we think the first prize of a camera should go to Margaret Hogg of Huxley, Alta., who not only gives us a quotation for every day during the holidays, but the same have been admirably chosen. Congratulations, Margaret, for you evidently see many beautiful things in life and we welcome you to our corner.

The second prize undoubtedly is deserved by John Tuthaluk, Seech P.O., Manitoba, whose book of quotations is very neatly compiled and shows John to be a lover of nature and all writings concerning same. It is not so easy to decide about the third prize as both Anastasia Wolfe of Vonda, Sask., and our old friend R. L. Scouler of 1610 Tenth Avenue E., Vancouver, B.C., have sent in very commendable book of well selected "Quotations," but we must say that Anastasia's neat hand-writing gives her a few more marks, otherwise the merits are about the same, so we have decided to give a prize to both of them. If you will write us a little note, Anastasia, telling us whether you prefer a book of poems or a story-book we will send you the one you would like. Daphne Wallace of Highland Park, Westboro, Ontario, is also close in line to the prize-winners and certainly deserves the gold button we are sending her.

The Puzzle Competition

WELL girls, your eyes are not so sharp as the boys, for the only three who found five lambs were Katie Keller, Salvador, Sask., Carson A. White of Watson, Sask., and Harold Baker; only Harold forgot to put his address on his letter. If you will let us know where you live, Harold, we will send your gold button. Quite a number of both girls and boys found four lambs, but they overlooked the one who had its head down eating grass.

Something Received

SEVERAL charming letters have reached us but unfortunately we have not the space to write about them this month, but we do want to welcome all the new members.

Gracie Townsend, P.O. Box 26, Victoria, B.C., who is twelve years old would be very glad if some of the other Cornerites would write to her. She has a pet dog called Toby.

Our Competition

ALBERTA first! I hope all the Alberta Cornerites are ready, or getting ready for the Alberta page. We want so much to fill one of the big W.H.M. pages. Verses, pictures, stories about Alberta, riddles from Alberta boys and girls, recipes; in fact any of the many things such as you have seen in the C.C.C. we want for the Alberta page. Get ready!

A GREAT ADVENTURE

IT WAS a hot afternoon in July and Enid and Roger sat underneath the old apple tree talking. "It's so hot," sighed Enid, "I've read every book in the house except Dad's. I'm so tired of having nothing to do, and everyone is on their holidays too."

"Yes, and we aren't able to go until next month. It's a shame, I think," and Roger got up and started to walk away, thought again, and then came back and sat down on the hammock with such a bump that he nearly upset Enid.

Enid and Roger were twins and as they had just gotten over the measles were not going away until the following months, so they were wanting something to do.

"Oh, there's the postman" said Enid suddenly, and they sprinted over the lawn toward a jolly-faced man who had just appeared on the walk.

"There's one for each of you this time," he said, handing the children two violet envelopes.

"Oh, thanks," said Enid and Roger both at once. "I wonder who it's from?"

"The two ran back and there followed a 'good many' muttered explanations on Roger's part, ending in joyful shouts.

"Just think, a whole month spent at the seaside with Uncle Rex! What luck," said Roger.

"And our cousins will be there too," said Enid.

The two spent the afternoon in planning and it seemed a very short time to Enid. Mother's voice was heard calling them and of course the tale had to be told and the letters read and it was decided that they would start on the train the next noon for Uncle Rex's big house.

"And it's an awfully old house, too," Mother says," said Roger, just as he was climbing into bed that night.

The next morning went quickly and Enid and Roger were soon speeding on the train towards Pine Grove. After travelling three hours in the train they stepped on to the platform.

"Oh, there's Uncle Rex and Una and Lloyd in the car waiting for us," said Enid. And they were greeted joyfully and they soon found themselves speeding in the car to Pine Grove. They came in sight of a great brick mansion in less than five minutes and the children were fairly in raptures over it; Una and Lloyd, who were twins like Enid and Roger, had arrived at their uncle's that morning and as none of the children had been there before they were naturally quite excited.

"Oh, let's explore," exclaimed Roger, "I'm just aching for adventure."

"No, no! You can do that tomorrow. Let's have supper first," said Uncle Rex.

The next morning they weren't satisfied until they had looked into every nook and corner.

"Let's go for a walk and see something new," suggested Lloyd.

"No, we'll row up the lake. It's so hot that it would be nice and cool," said Roger.

No sooner said than done and they were soon skimming over the blue water in a little rowboat.

"That looks like a cave, doesn't it?" said Lloyd, after they had been out quite awhile. "We'll row over and see anyway."

They found a big entrance and soon had the boat safely tied. They all jumped out and quickly made their way down a long passage. Finally Roger stopped.

"Why, it's awfully long. It must lead some place though," said Roger.

"I read a story once," began Lloyd, "where a man was in a dark hallway and he heard some chains rattle and turned his head slowly—slowly—slowly, and he saw—" "Oh, please stop," said Enid. "Let's go back. We're not doing anything standing here. It's awfully dirty, too."

"Oh, come on a little farther," said Roger. "That's a door isn't it?" he said, going a little farther. "Oh, look, it's not locked, either."

He gave the door a push and with a loud creak it opened. The rest followed him and found themselves in a small closet and then Una spied a small trap door.

"Oh, look!" she said and pointed to the door.

They ran and pushed it open and climbed onto a cement floor. Suddenly a light was flashed in their faces and a familiar voice said: "Hello, who's there?"

"Uncle Rex!" shouted Enid and fairly flew to his side.

"Why, what's this?" he said, quite surprised. "I heard a noise in the cellar so I thought I'd come and see who's here. Hey, what's that door?"

The children showed him the passage and told him about it.

After further discovery they saw it was a large passage leading from the sea to the cellar of the old mansion.

"And to think I didn't know about it," said Uncle Rex. "Well, come and have a soda."

"It was something new anyway," said Enid, and after that she always called it: Her Great Adventure.—Yvonne Graham, 205 Oakwood Avenue, Winnipeg.



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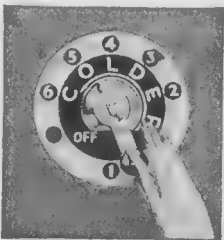
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Oratory is Out of Date Now

NEWSPAPERS East and West have been commenting on the remarkable fact that Senator Sir George Foster, the "grand old man" of Canadian public life, who first became a Cabinet Minister at Ottawa in 1885, in the Government of Sir John A. McDonald, spent his eighty-second birthday last month at Geneva, where his presence was required on League of Nations business. None of the newspapers have mentioned the fact that he first became a noted figure in politics because of his oratory. This era into which Sir George has survived has lost patience with oratory. The world has no use for eloquence now. No longer do immense audiences assemble to be swayed by orators. Graces of speech and manner in public speaking are at a discount. Time was when the kind of speaker described as "a born orator," of whom it was usual to say that it was a pleasure to hear him speak, even when he had nothing to say, found his pathway strewn with flowers. The speaker who is effective now is the one who speaks with businesslike directness and clearness, is master of his subject and wastes no time on ornaments and graces.

The Prairie Chicken

IT WOULD be deplorable beyond words if the prairie chicken were to be exterminated. It would be nothing short of a damning reflection on the people of Western Canada if the prairie chicken followed the buffalo on the trail to extinction. Under the protection provided by the game laws of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the prairie chicken, it is satisfactory to know, is not vanishing, but is on the increase. It is a cleverer bird than the partridge in taking cover, and more delicate in flavor when served up for the table. It feeds for itself, unlike the pheasant on the preserves in England upon which such great sums of money are spent. They used to say that when a pheasant was flushed on one of those preserves it meant: "Up goes a guinea." And when the first gun was fired: "Bang goes thruppence"—the cost of the cartridge. And when the bird fell: "Down comes two shillings"—The price for a pheasant in the London market. The prairie chicken does not need coddling. One makes a meal for a strong man. Half a chicken does for an ordinary person. The prairie chicken is a highly desirable resident of the West.

Anti-Gradgrindism

LORD WILLINGDON'S advice, in a recent address, that "devotion to facts should not blind us to the performance of imagination in our thinking," we should all take to heart. Facts and figures are of fundamental importance, of course, but much of what is best and most essential in life is entirely outside of, and above, hard facts and cannot be brought into any table of statistics. As we grow wiser we come to understand facts and figures better and learn to put some imagination into our view of them—and so a fact in a statistical table can blossom for us, like Aaron's rod. Too great devotion to facts and figures should never be allowed to choke imagination, which is the very bloom of life. "Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts," says Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, in the first sentence of the first chapter of "Hard Times." And he goes on in his dull, self-sufficient, pompous way: "Facts alone are wanted in life. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts. Nothing else will be of any service to them. Stick to Facts!" No reader of Dickens needs to be told that much unhappiness befell Mr. Gradgrind and his family through this rigid devotion

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

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ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

to facts. There is such a thing as fact-craziness. In our passion for facts, we can easily miss something better. None of our Governors-General has ever said a wiser thing than Lord Willingdon has said in the words that stand at the head of this article. They deserve to be inscribed on the walls of every educational institution in Canada. For there may still be left some instructors of youth like Mr. McChookum, of whom it was written: "If he had only learned a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more."

Men and Women

A READER of The Western Home Monthly, in a letter of comment on some recent utterances on this page, expresses vigorously his belief that the world is becoming too much feminized, and ends his letter with this: "Fortunately there are still so many women who in character are children that we are unable to avoid loving them." In regard to which utterance The Philosopher cannot help saying to the writer of that letter (though it will annoy him): "are not these words one more proof of the fact that we men are the sentimental sex?" Another reflection which occurs to The Philosopher is that very many wives always, and most wives often, look upon their husbands as children—their attitude towards their husbands is largely maternal. Perhaps the wisest conclusion to be drawn is that it is true for us all, men and women, that we are happiest when our companions are young at heart.

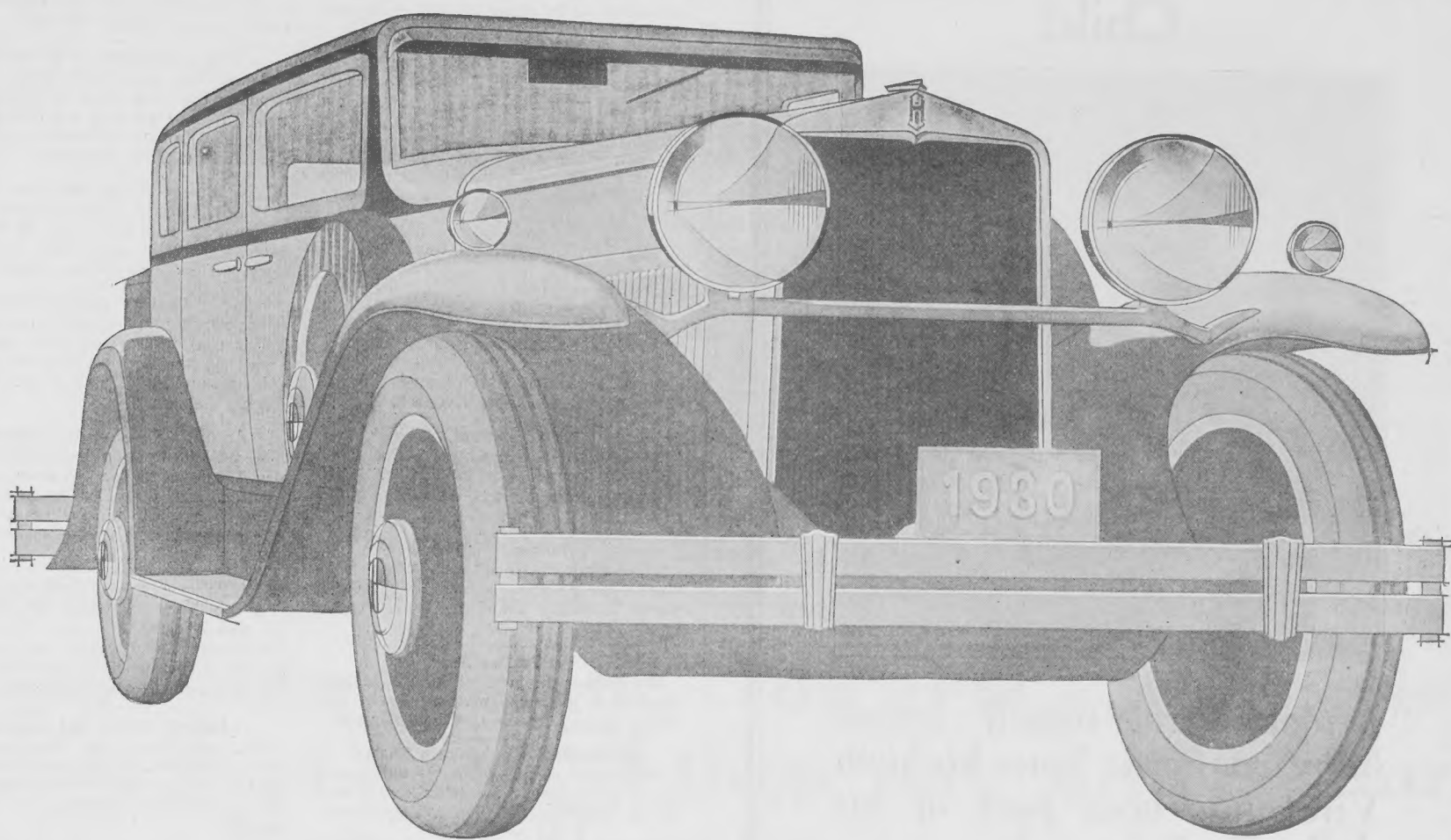
To See Our Lives as They Are

HOW easy it is to judge somebody else! It is a wholly different matter to judge oneself. Few of us are able to let the judge that is within us sit in judgment upon ourselves, separating the realities from the unrealities, the gold from the dross, in our characters and in our lives. But that is the first step towards self-knowledge, the first step along the one-and-only road to self-mastery. A quarter of an hour a day devoted with calmness and sincerity to trying to see ourselves as we really are would be a difficult daily quarter of an hour to most of us for a good many days, but in time we might come to obtaining a view obtained from an airplane. Or like seeing a whole valley at once from a mountain-top. We should see every part of the valley in its true size and in relation to the rest of the valley. That sort of view of our lives would help most of us to organize our lives a little better, perhaps.

Airplanes That Cannot Rise

IN REGARD to a number of current novels (all written outside Canada) which he has been reading, The Philosopher has to record his conclusion that their covers are too far apart. Or, to say it more plainly, that there is not enough between their covers that is worth reading. How seldom we find a book which lifts us up and carries us away on a flight from which we alight with a feeling that we have had a new view of human life and of the world! Too many books are like airplanes that we are invited to climb into by a man in aviator's costume who starts the propeller going and works at his levers and gadgets, but is unable to take us up off the ground. Too many reveal only the unimportant and uninteresting fact that their writers' minds are ridden by sex. Some others are not written out of deep thought and feeling and knowledge of life, but because their writers are unfortunately mistaken in imagining that they can produce something which the world will read with eager gladness and reward them for with fame and fortune.

"THE GOAL OF YEARS HAS BEEN ATTAINED"

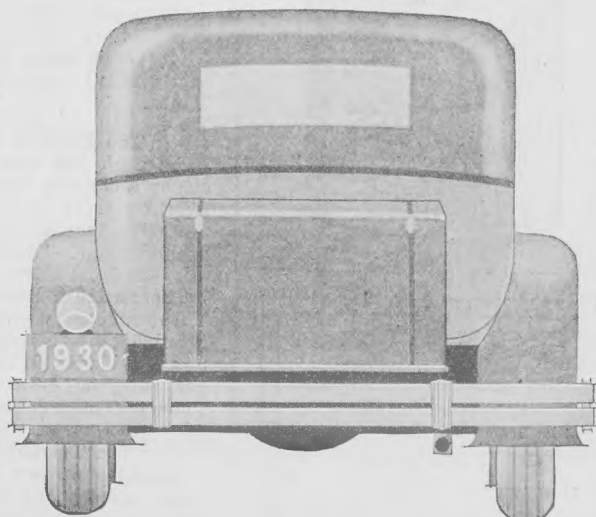


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WITH 20% INCREASE IN POWER: 25% DECREASE IN PRICE

It has long been the ambition of Hupp engineers to build a Hupmobile at a price within the reach of new multitudes . . . But each year they have said: "Let's wait a while. Let's wait until we can build, not just another automobile, but a greater Hupmobile. A car that will add new lustre to Hupmobile's 21-year prestige" . . . Today, this goal of years has been attained—in the new 1930 Hupmobile Six . . . It is a car which Hupp is proud to call a Hupmobile because it is a Hupmobile in every detail of its design and construction . . . It is powered by the selfsame Hupmobile motor which made the Hupmobile Century Six the most spectacular success in Hupmobile history . . . *It is 100% a Hupmobile—but a more powerful Hupmobile. With its time-tested Hupmobile engine made still smoother and sweeter running . . . It is 100% a Hup-*

mobile—but a handsomer Hupmobile. Made still smarter by further advances in Hupmobile's innovation of tailored sheet metal and by new, lower-swung and dashing lines . . . It is 100% a Hupmobile—but a still sweeter riding and driving Hupmobile. Made more comfortable by more seat and leg room and by many engineering refinements, adding to speed, safety, ease of control and restful traveling.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horsepower. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m. p. h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile Century Six engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft; minimum vibration at any speed . . . Improved 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . Long springs of matched tensions, with improved hydraulic shock absorbers, not subject to temperature variations . . . Cam and lever steering gear, guides with a touch. No strain. No wheel fight . . . Safety tri-spoke steering wheel . . . Foot operated dimmer control . . . Non-glare slanting windshield, full ventilating type . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Unusually generous head room . . . Further advancement of Hupmobile's introduction of tailored sheet metal concealing chassis attachments . . . Sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . New 6-inch chromium hub caps with concealed hub bolt . . . New front fender parking lights of same design as headlights. Custom equipment—6 wire or disc wheels, two spare side-mounted in fender wells . . . available at slight extra cost.

The World's most Beautiful Child



LIONEL BARNETT.

"I took Virol myself before baby was born. Since his birth Virol has been part of his daily diet."

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. E. Barnett, Mother of the child whose photograph is shown above.

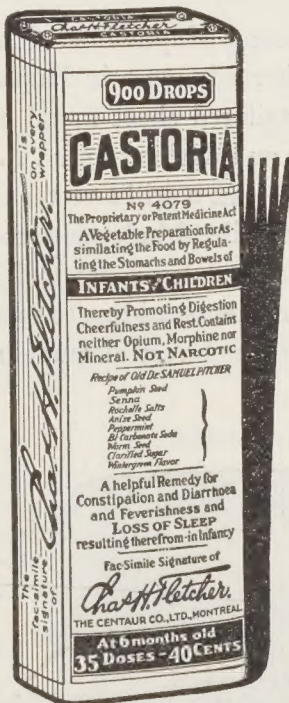
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The upsets of Children

All children are subject to little upsets. They come at unexpected times. They seem twice as serious in the dead of night. But there's one form of comfort on which a mother can always rely; good old Castoria. This pure vegetable preparation can't harm the tiniest infant. Yet mild as it is, it soothes a restless, fretful baby like nothing else. Its quick relief soon sees the youngster comfortable once more, back to sleep. Even an attack of colic, or diarrhea, yields to the soothing influence of Castoria.

Keep Castoria in mind, and keep a bottle in the house—always. Give a few drops to any child whose tongue is coated, or whose breath is bad. Continue with Castoria until the child is grown! Every drug store has Castoria; the genuine has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.



Why Not Join Our Charmed Circle?

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY Winnipeg

Enclosed find one dollar for which send The Western Home Monthly for one year to—

What the World is Saying

Sometimes It Sounds Like Murder
So radio is killing jazz. Well, that's something to be thankful for. — Saskatoon Phoenix.

This Era of Disclosures
One-half of the world knows one-half of the other pretty well by now. — New York World.

Then We're All 10 p.c. Mysterious
Every man who knows himself knows at least ninety per cent. about every other man. — Toronto Globe.

By Tariff, or Immigration Law?
A new effort is to be made to keep foreign lemons out of the United States. — Milan Corriere della Sera.

More Than That of Family Trees
The forestry experts tell us that, rightly considered, half of every tree is under ground. — Quebec Evenment.

And Echo Answers "Who?"
The Province of Quebec has increased its debt. But who hasn't? Once again we would ask: Who? — Kingston Whig-Standard.

Listen to This!
The word "Listen!" has never been known to be the preface to anything worth listening to. — Brantford Expositor.

Is It Possible?
We gather from a fashion magazine that girls will be wearing their legs longer this summer. — Quebec Telegraph.

Not In One Bite—Like a Cherry
"The instalment system is universal," says a writer. Anyhow, it's the only way to eat a banana. — Calcutta Englishman.

Sometimes So In This Country, Too
In Mexico the most important formality necessary before an election is the issuing of the ammunition. — Toronto Telegram.

From Filling Men's Shoes
A medical authority says that women's feet are now two sizes larger than they were twenty years ago. — Kitchener Record.

And, On Occasion, in Private
It is too bad that so many men do not take time to arrange their thoughts before speaking in public. — Vancouver Province.

It Seems Hardly Worth While
According to a recent unofficial report, a motor car travels two-and-a-half million miles for each person struck. — London Daily Mail.

And Pedestrians in Front of Them
Bicyclists are reported to have attained astonishing speed over short distances immediately behind motor cars. — Montreal La Presse.

Trouble-promoted Peace
The chief industry of Bolivia and Paraguay seems to be getting themselves prevented from fighting each other. — Montreal Gazette.

Especially for Some Politicians
"Shut your mouth and save your life," is a medical writer's advice. It is good advice from more points of view than the medical one. — Brockville Recorder-Times.

The Peril of Pedestrianism
An eagle has been killed by a motor car on a country road in France. Among aviators there is a strong feeling that motorists ought to be content with ground game. — Glasgow Herald.

There's Much Due on Some of Them
Automobile owners do not always keep in mind that their cars will suffer deterioration if left all night where they will get rain, or even dew, on them. — St. Thomas Times-Journal.

The Turning of the Worm
Speaking of new spring clothes, there is no reason why father should not at least have a pair of newly-darned socks. — Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Importance of Keeping a Compact
"This is where I shine," said the girl, as she discovered she had forgotten her vanity case. — Calgary Herald.

The Inculcation of Etiquette
A wife is a person who kicks her husband on the shin when he takes up the wrong fork when they are dining out or there is company to dinner at home. — Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Ye Editor Keeps His Eyes Open
We see there is to be a baking-powder demonstration in town. We have already become familiar with face powder demonstrations. — Sault Ste. Marie Star.

And a Leather Lady's Handbag?
We note by an ad. that a persian lamb lady's coat is for sale. We have never seen that kind of lady. Maybe she has a gold-rimmed lady's pair of eye-glasses. — Regina Leader.

As Victoria Says of Vancouver
A Manchester engineer who sixteen years ago left for America has just written his first letter home. It is thought he was curious to know if it was still raining there. — London Humorist.

A Policeman Who Used His Head
A new York policeman stopped a hold-up man by butting him in the stomach. The business end of that policeman was an end which justified, and was justified by, the means. — Duluth Herald.

Doesn't Sound Unreasonable
We understand the Mexican revolution was caused by the men wanting an excuse to get away from home during the spring house-cleaning. — Nanaimo Herald.

We Shouldn't Wonder
We noticed a news item the other day saying that there had been a small prairie fire in Saskatchewan. It was probably caused by a heated political argument. — Vegreville Observer.

Ye Ed. Becomes Reflective
Have you ever stopped to reflect how far "civilization" has progressed in the past 20 years. Why, less than two decades ago, even you were delightfully shocked by a corset ad! — Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

And Other People's Affairs
An advertisement recommends a device for keeping the human nose in position. What we want is a device for keeping the human nose away from the grindstone. — London Passing Show.

Did You Ever Tell One A Secret?
Scientists, according to an article in a recent scientific publication, are now working with that microscopic creature the amoeba, to discover some of the secrets of man. — Victoria Colonist.

Invading Woman's Prerogative
There is sung now in Italy a Fascist hymn for Mussolini. If he makes the women of Italy wear the costume he is reported to have made up his mind to order them all to wear, he will be in need not only of that hymn but also of prayers. — Paris Temps.

We Have Often Thought So, Too.
A writer of Beauty Hints says that a woman should cultivate a svelte deportment. We should give our whole-hearted approval to this suggestion, if we were only sure what it means. — Prince Albert Herald.

What the Lawyers Left Him
A bold American rum-runner paid income taxes on \$8,500 the other day, giving that as the amount he had left after paying fines and lawyers' fees. — Halifax Mail.

Chicago's Gunmen Do Not Think So
Well, the alky boys may lug machine guns around the streets of this city, but we're not going to let them use cannon or siege artillery. There are certain limits to almost everything — Chicago Tribune.

Pies - 4 types. And a pastry short-cut



DEEP-DISH PRUNE TART

A certain novelist is so fond of deep-dish pie that he eats it with a soup spoon! Mothers may disapprove of the soup spoon but no member of the family will disagree with his choice of dessert. Bake it in a transparent dish and you can almost see the flavour before you taste it. Cover it with a Crisco crust and it becomes pie that is pie.

1 1/4 lbs. dried prunes
about 3 cups water
1/2 cup sugar
2 tablespoons shredded orange peeling

Wash prunes and just cover them with water and soak until puffed. Stew gently in same water with sugar and orange peeling, until swollen and plump. Remove pits. Place in Criscoed deep pie dish (or individual deep dish). Pour in enough juice to fill the spaces between prunes. Place Crisco crust on top. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. (To serve a large pie, cut crust and spoon out the fruit as you would a pudding.)

FLAKIER PIE-CRUST

with a time-saving suggestion

Crisco pie-crust is flakier, more tender—sweet-tasting, too, because Crisco itself tastes so sweet and fresh.

And because Crisco stays sweet, you can keep this pastry-dough, already mixed, in the ice-box for a week and bake a crust just when you need it. The thorough chilling will make the crust even flakier than usual.

2 cups pastry flour 3/4 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup Crisco 6 to 8 tablespoons cold water
Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in well with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add only enough water to hold mixture together. Roll 1/8 inch thick on floured board.

For baked shell, take half of recipe and cover inverted pie plate. Leave enough dough to fold back to make a firm edge. Prick well with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes.

For two-crust pie, bake 10 minutes at 450° F. then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake until filling is done.

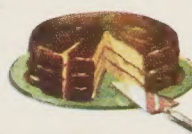


MATTY'S LEMON PIE

I call this Matty's lemon pie because a man from the West told me it was as good as that made by a ranch cook named Matty—and he once rode 10 miles on horseback and rowed a mile across a river just to eat her lemon pie. It's just sweet enough—with an overtone of fresh, piquant fruit, crowned with a pert meringue browned to a golden glow and served in a Crisco pastry shell, as crisp on the bottom as it is around the edge.

1 lemon, juice and grated rind 1 cup granulated sugar
1 orange, juice and pulp 1/2 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, beaten light 2 tablespoons Crisco
3 tablespoons cornstarch 1 1/2 cups water

Beat egg yolks light and stir in mixed dry ingredients. Add liquids, lemon rind and Crisco. Cook in double boiler until thick. Cool. Pour into baked shell. Cover with meringue (2 egg whites beaten stiff blended with 4 tablespoons granulated sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice). Brown in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes.

You taste  milk. You test  eggs. Now, taste  Crisco  -then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor  so improves the flavor of your  -  -  -  -  - 



CRISS-CROSS APPLE PIE

In my travels, I found, up in the Kentucky hills, an old hotel famous for its pies. Every day the menu lists three kinds: "open, criss-cross and covered—all apple."

The criss-cross pie was so different and so good that I brought the recipe home. The pie crust, of course, was Crisco crust. In fact I've found that Crisco is the favourite shortening of good pastry cooks from Halifax to Los Angeles, from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. For somehow a pie-crust made with Crisco does turn out flakier, more tender.

6 large apples 1/2 cup brown sugar
sliced thin 1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/3 cup granulated sugar

1/2 teaspoon nutmeg 1 tablespoon flour
1/8 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons Crisco
Line pie-plate with pastry. Brush with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Place a layer of apples in crust, sprinkle with part of mixture of dry ingredients. Dot with bits of Crisco. Proceed with similar layers until crust is filled, ending with sugar mixture and Crisco on top. Cover with narrow pastry strips to form lattice work. Moisten ends of latticed pastry first so they'll stick to lower crust. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake until filling is done.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL



ONTARIO PINEAPPLE PIE

Between the crusts of this pie is a story that dates back to olden days when sailing vessels plied the seas from England to the Indies and brought home silks, spices and the rare, exotic fruit—pineapple.

"So expensive it was," says the Brantford woman who sent me this recipe, "that it was served only to guests one wished to honour. And thus it became the symbol of hospitality; beds in the guest rooms had pineapples carved on the posts and some houses bore the symbol above their doorways. That is why, centuries later, pineapple pie is our company pie." And how good it is in a crust made with Crisco—a shortening that actually tastes sweet and fresh itself!

1 1/4 cups grated 2 tablespoons Crisco
canned pineapple 2 egg yolks beaten
3/4 cup pineapple juice light
1/4 cup orange juice 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice 1/4 cup sugar

2 tablespoons flour
Mix flour, salt and sugar. Add to beaten egg yolks. Add fruit juices to this mixture and cook until thick in double boiler. Remove from fire and add grated pineapple and Crisco. Line pie-plate with Crisco pastry. Brush with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Pour in the filling. Moisten edges of crust with water. Cover with pastry; bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake 25 minutes.



Free! 12 dozen Time-saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labour. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

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Please send me free the cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

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City _____ Prov. _____



Why was the name *DEAUVILLE* Chosen for this Distinguished Design?



DEAUVILLE, notable among French seaside resorts, show place of fashion. Glittering sands, tea dances . . . dinners starting at midnight . . . costumes. Financiers making holiday . . . diplomats forgetting statecraft . . . royalty at play . . . magnificent women, perfectly gowned. Whether you have visited Deauville as guest from one of the palatial homes nearby . . . or have entered directly into its whirl . . . you know how utter smartness interprets its spirit completely.

That supreme note of what is smart perfectly expresses DEAUVILLE . . . and quite as perfectly describes this new COMMUNITY design. Richly bevelled planes . . . relieved by the ebony glow of platinum surfaces . . . outlines at once elegant and substantial . . . that is DEAUVILLE interpreted in COMMUNITY PLATE. Truly a design that appeals to those persons of taste and position, who make . . . as the French say . . . "the world." As you examine the DEAUVILLE at your jeweler's, you will recognize at once its style, and feeling for smartness, for modernity.

DEAUVILLE teaspoons, six for \$4.25.
Complete service, six places (26 pieces)
\$34.25; for eight places (34 pieces)
\$44.70 Also an assortment of lovely Service Ware
in the DEAUVILLE design. . . . Three piece tea set
(illustrated below) \$50.00. At Your Jeweler's.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

DEAUVILLE



COMMUNITY PLATE

ALSO MAKERS OF TUDOR PLATE

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